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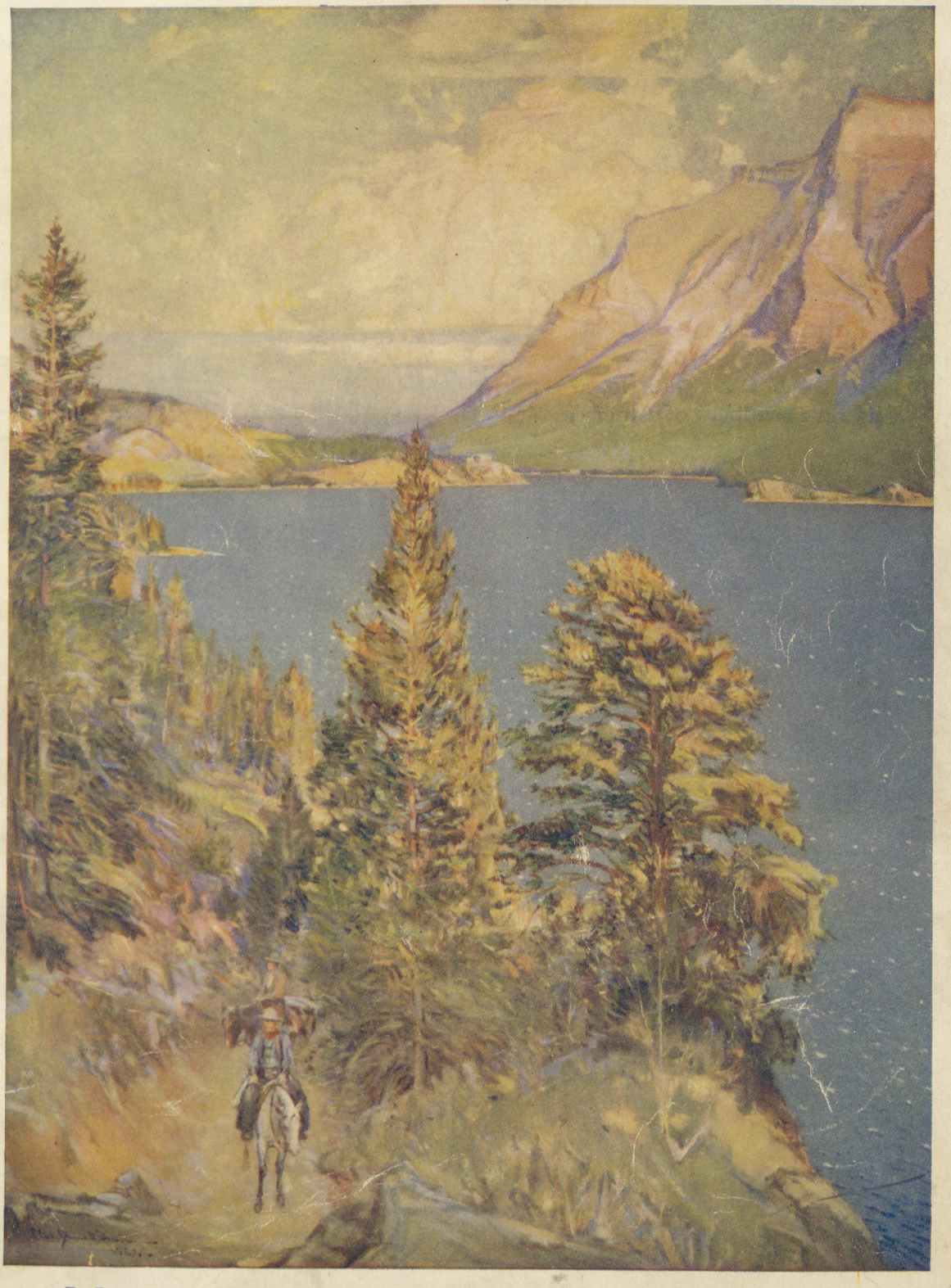
Outdoor America

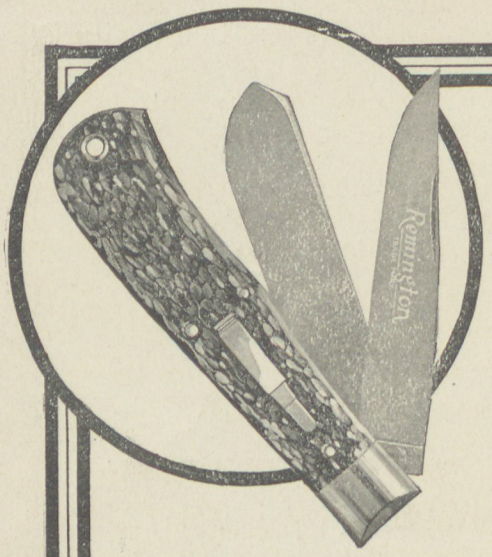
Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME III AUGUST, 1924 NUMBER 1

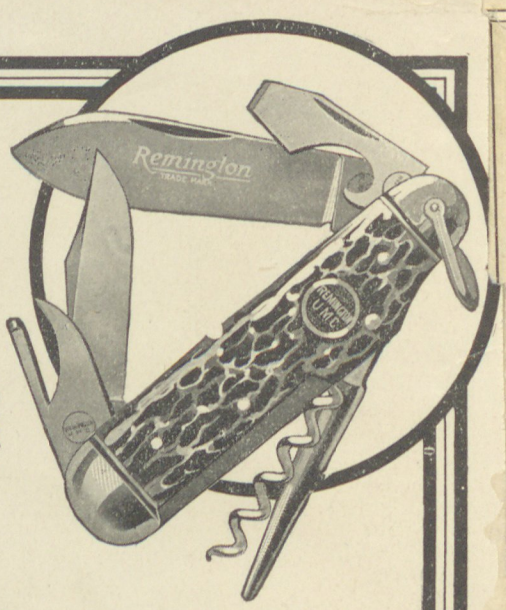


Kenesaw Mountain Landis—Zane Grey—James Oliver Curwood



R 1173

Remington Hunter's and Trapper's Knife. Sticking and Skinning Blades. One of the most popular knives ever designed for hunters and trappers. Stag handle.



R 3843

Remington Camp Knife. Two sharp cutting blades, screw driver, bottle opener, can opener, punch blade, corkscrew. Stag handle.

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HERE are shown four knives made by Remington especially for the out-of-doors man.

They embody all of Remington's intimate knowledge gained by 108 years' association with the sportsmen and professional hunters and trappers of America.

Made of *Remington steel*—to Remington standards of mechanical precision.

See these knives at your dealer's. Examine the precision with which they are made, the care in fitting and finishing. See how each blade has been designed to be exactly right for the kind of work it will be called on to do—whether it is cleaning and scaling fish, peeling potatoes, slicing bacon in the mess kitchen or sticking and skinning big game.

If, for any reason, your dealer is unable to supply you with the knife you want, just write us, giving his name, and we will arrange with him to supply it.

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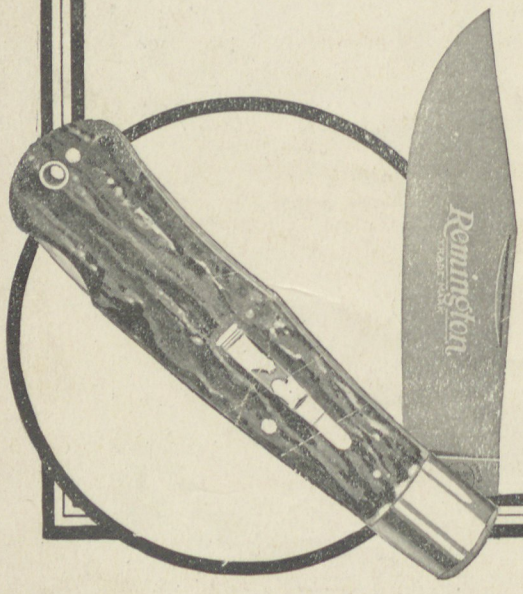
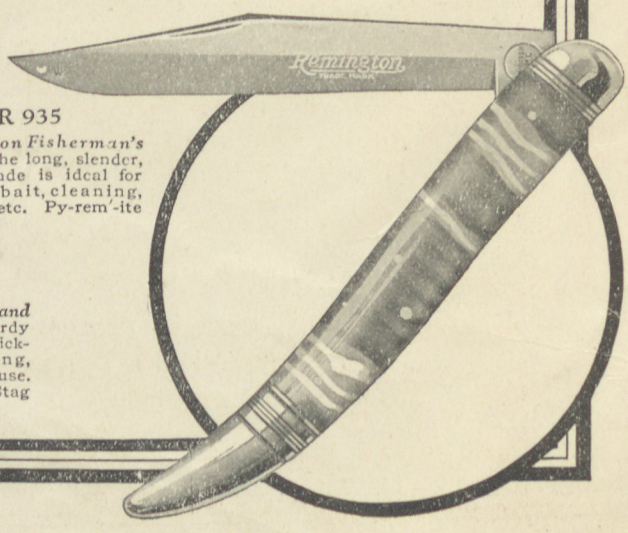


R 1306

Remington Hunting and Fishing Knife. A big sturdy single blade knife for sticking, skinning, scaling, cleaning and general use. Lock back. *Genuine* Stag handle.



R 935

Remington Fisherman's Knife. The long, slender, sharp blade is ideal for cutting bait, cleaning, scaling, etc. Py-rem'-ite handle.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though but twenty eight months old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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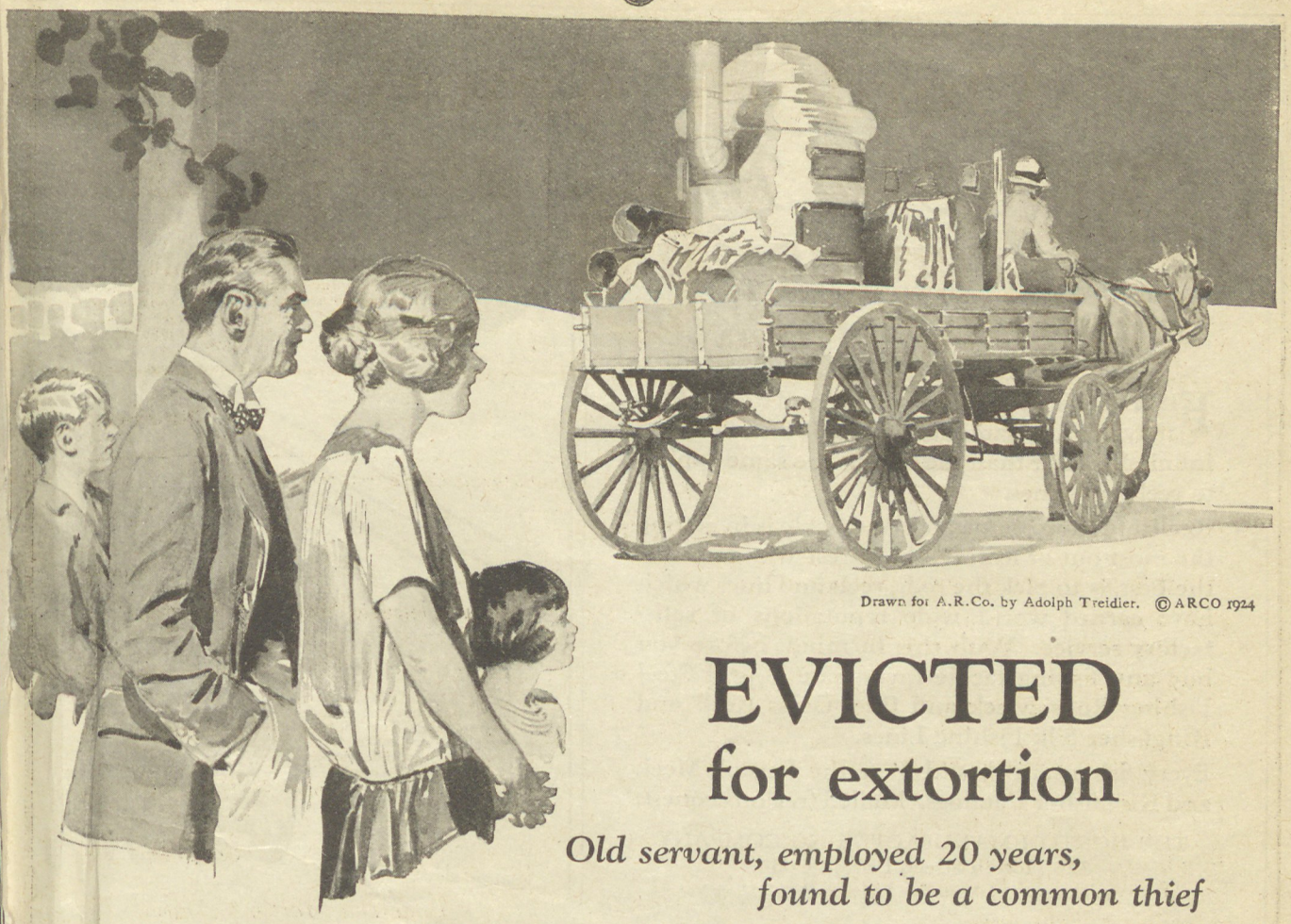


Drawn for A.R.Co. by Adolph Treidler. © ARCO 1924

EVICTED for extortion

Old servant, employed 20 years, found to be a common thief

THIS is the story of the Joneses, who live in an attractive suburb. The dishonest servant was their old-fashioned heater. Fuel bills had been terrible, but the Joneses thought that the cost of replacing the old coal waster would be more terrible.

One day they made a great discovery.

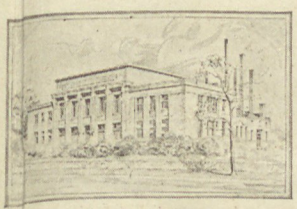
They added up their fuel bills for 20 years and divided the total by three, which gave them the amount that an IDEAL TYPE A Boiler would save.

They were astonished. "Why, in a very short time an IDEAL TYPE A will pay for itself," they exclaimed, "and thereafter it will put a good round sum into the bank every year."

When Mr. Jones is convinced about a thing, he does something about it. The picture above is the last chapter; the old thieving servant has been evicted and an IDEAL TYPE A Boiler is in its place.

Don't you think that there is a good moral in this story for *you?* Write for the book Jones wrote for and get the full facts

In these days of high fuel cost, an old-fashioned heating plant is a wasteful extravagance.



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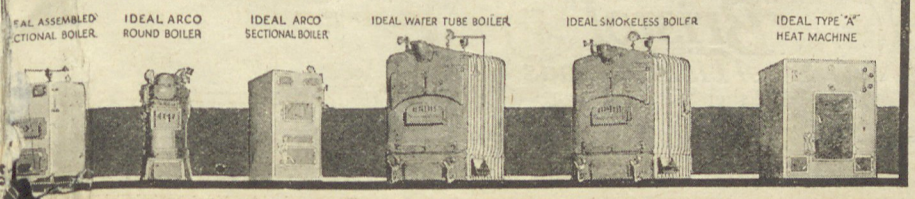
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There Are Big Differences in Fishing Tackle

FISHING Tackle differs as day and night. You may pay the same for two rods and find one infinitely better than the other. The same applies to reels and lines.

Realizing how important your tackle is in getting the most out of fishing, the surest way to select the best, is to pick the rods, reels and lines which have earned world wide reputations of satisfactory service. With this in mind, before you buy any fishing tackle investigate Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Meek and Blue Grass Reels and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines.

Every fisherman should have the Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Catalogs. Mailed free on request.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
328 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.
Manufacturers of the famous Bristol Steel Golf Shaft

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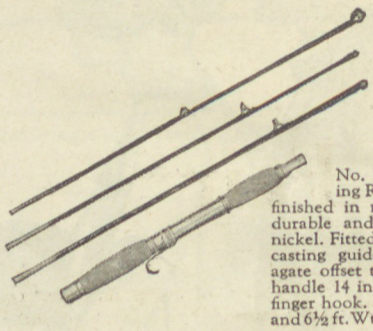
KINGFISHER Saltene Enamel Line is a high class enamel line suitable for fly fishing, brook trout and general lake and stream fishing. Tough, strong and durable. Color: amber, with black check. In 25 yd. coils, 4 connected—100 yds. in box. Price per 100 yds.—14 lb. test, $4.50; 16 lb. test, $5.00; 21 lb. test, $5.50; 25 lb. test, $6.25.



No. 33 "Bristol" Bait-Casting Rod. Handle trimmings finished in new electro-plate, more durable and better looking than nickel. Fitted with three narrow agate casting guides and special design agate offset top. Double grip cork handle 14 in. long, with detachable finger hook. Lengths 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6 and 6½ ft. Wt. about 8 oz. Price $12.00.

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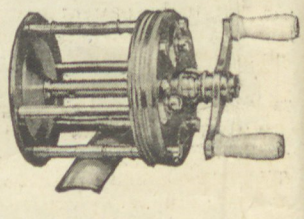

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson

DEDICATED TO THE SPORTSMEN OF OUR NATION

Outdoor America

OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Play Fair

By JUDGE KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS

HUMILIATED, guilty of a crime almost equal to treason, we stand before Mother Nature and humbly ask her forgiveness. Oh, how we need that forgiveness—and looking into the future forgetting the past, we ask her to be patient and to give us a chance to redeem ourselves in the eyes of posterity.

It is a marvelous work which the Izaak Walton League has entered into. A constructive work—a work that will go down in the annals of our country as the only really vital issue for the good of the entire nation that any of us have attempted.

If nations were as good sportsmen as the average well-balanced citizen believes himself to be, or at least as he wishes other persons to esteem him to be, many of the world's problems would be settled and we would live in peace and harmony for time everlasting.

Had this League been organized forty years ago it would have stayed the ruthless hand of commercialism and industry from the most conspicuous ravishment of nature's gifts in the history of the human race and our progress in the world of commerce would have been as great, if not greater, than it has been. And such a policy forty years ago would not only have withheld destruction from a commercial standpoint but would have seriously strained the self-restraint of the sportsmen of that day because the need of conservation seemed remote and fish and game were plentiful.

Our sportsmen of today must act intelligently—that is to say we must have a complete understanding of the other fellow's viewpoint. In this we must not overlook the rights of the coming generations. Just because the generation which preceded us in this great land of ours took what they considered theirs regardless of how we might feel about it, does not indicate that we should follow in their footsteps and continue to destroy our natural heritage. Education is enlightening the world and it is only through a national program of education that we of this League may hope to accomplish our ultimate objective.

Knowledge allied with a determination to win, will move mountains. We have been hopelessly stupid. It has only been in very recent years that men who have preached the A. B. C.'s of conservation have ceased to be popularly regarded as cranks, or at least as gentlemen with a lot of time on their hands which "might well be devoted to some useful purpose."

We have stood by and seen whole states denuded of their forests, and industrial plants pouring poison into our running streams. But this is not the full measure of our guilt. We actually took our money, real money, gold dug from the heart of America and hired ships to carry

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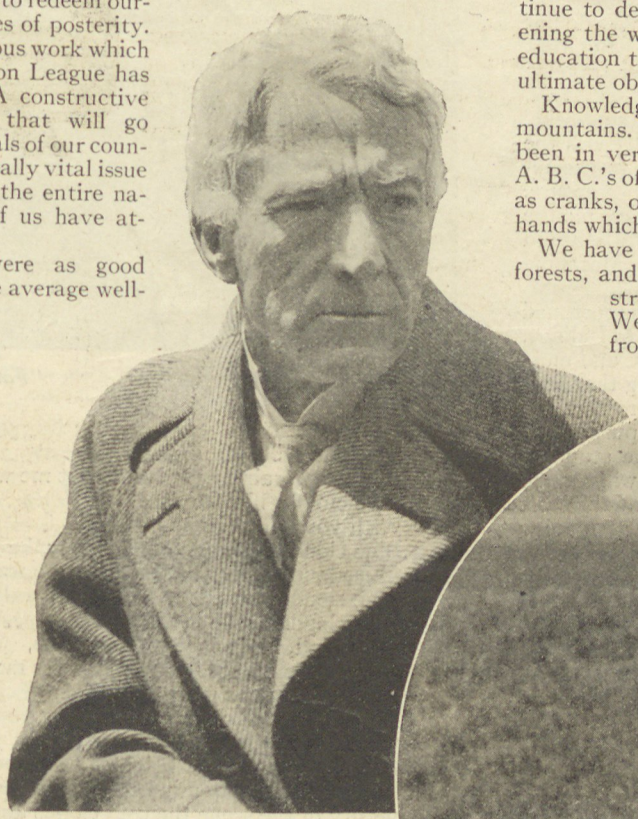


Judge Landis, the "Grand Old Man" of baseball.

Surprise Valley

By Zane Grey.

The same Surprise Valley made famous by Zane Grey's world known novel, "Riders of the Purple Sage."

FROM Kayenta, the last outpost of civilization in northern Arizona, and incidentally the most remote settlement from a railroad in the southwest, to Surprise Valley, Utah, it is four days of very hard horseback riding, over the wonderful upland country of the Painted Desert.

Upland in this case really means up and down land, for the Navajo and Piute trails veritably stand on end. It takes half a day to cross Piute canyon. Standing on the eastern rim one looks across with wonder and awe at the tremendous red and yellow walls below the western rim; and down at the ghastly denuded depths with something of fear and doubt. "We do not go down there?" is the thought that presents itself. But that was exactly what we did, down the Piute trail, never traveled before by a white man!

My guide, John Wetherill, was the discoverer of Nonnezoshe, the great Rainbow Bridge of southern Utah. And I was the first fortunate man, not scientific or archealogical, to accompany Wetherill to see this magnificent phenomenon of nature. That was ten years ago. Upon that trip Wetherill gave me the privilege of naming some of the places that so surprised and delighted me, among which were the Rainbow Trail, Marching Rocks, and Surprise Valley.

On my latest trip, in the spring of 1922, I importuned Wetherill to take me over some country known only to Indians. That was how I came to travel the roughest, wildest and most beautiful trail I ever rode. The danger of traversing the Glass Mountains, the tremendous exertions needful in crossing the canyons, the exquisite coloring and fragrance of the purple sage uplands, the grandeur of the Rainbow Bridge, the stunning surprise of Surprise Valley—these are facts which will always keep that remote and inaccessible section of the Painted Desert the most difficult and beautiful goal for nature-loving Americans.

Not even aeroplanes will ever make it easy to see this wonderland of sage and stone!

The third day out we camped on the brow of an upland of cedar that sloped in league-long benches, green and purple, with outcroppings of yellow and red rocks, up to the grand looming bulk of Navajo Mountain.

And after supper I climbed to the very summit of a lofty rock dome upon which stood one of the mysterious Indian monuments. I learned this time what I had never before known—that these monuments, so striking to the keen eye, marked noble and difficult heights where Indians climbed to pray. If it were needed, that alone would have made them inspiring. But every height I ever attained in that enchanted land left me richer for the splendid spectacle.

I wanted to watch the sun set over the Marching Rocks; and if possible get a glimpse down into Surprise Valley, which we expected to descend late the next afternoon.

The sun was hidden by clouds, and nowhere in the sky or over that vast rock waste shone yet any of the golds or reds characteristic of sunset. The immense dome of the sky dominated both cloud and earth with its intense blue. And standing there, with my hand on the monument, and the cold dry sweet wind in my face, I found myself trying to repeat a Navajo prayer.

"Far below and away,

Blue wind, beautiful chieftess,
Send out a rainbow by which let me walk,
Blue clouds, blue clouds,
With your shoes let me walk,
Blue clouds, with your leggings make we walk,
Blue clouds, with your shirt let me walk,
Blue clouds, with your hat let me walk,
Blue clouds, make it dark behind me,
Blue wind, make it light before me,
Earth Woman, let it rain much for me,
By which let the green corn ripen.
Make all peaceful with me.

Moments spent on such a height fly impreceptibly; and by the time I had fixed in my mind some faint image of the range and immensity of the scene the cold clouds and rocks began to warm with the sunset. These next few moments were to be the end, the glory, the fulfillment of the Indian's day. What a pity white people seldom rise to see the breaking of the morning light! How infinitely much they lose by missing the last steps of dying day, the splendor of the declining sun!

To the west, over the Marching Rocks, where my gaze at last concentrated, the scale seemed the supreme manifestation of nature's sculpturing. Far below and far away, as far as eye could see—two hundred miles—waved the wind and rain-worn ridges of bare stone. And between them, dark lines of cleavage, lay the gorges and valleys, choked with cedar and sage. Soon the purple shadows began to define the canyons and lift the wavy knolls of red rock. Piute Canyon meandered down into that maze, and Escalante Canyon, and San Juan Canyon, and

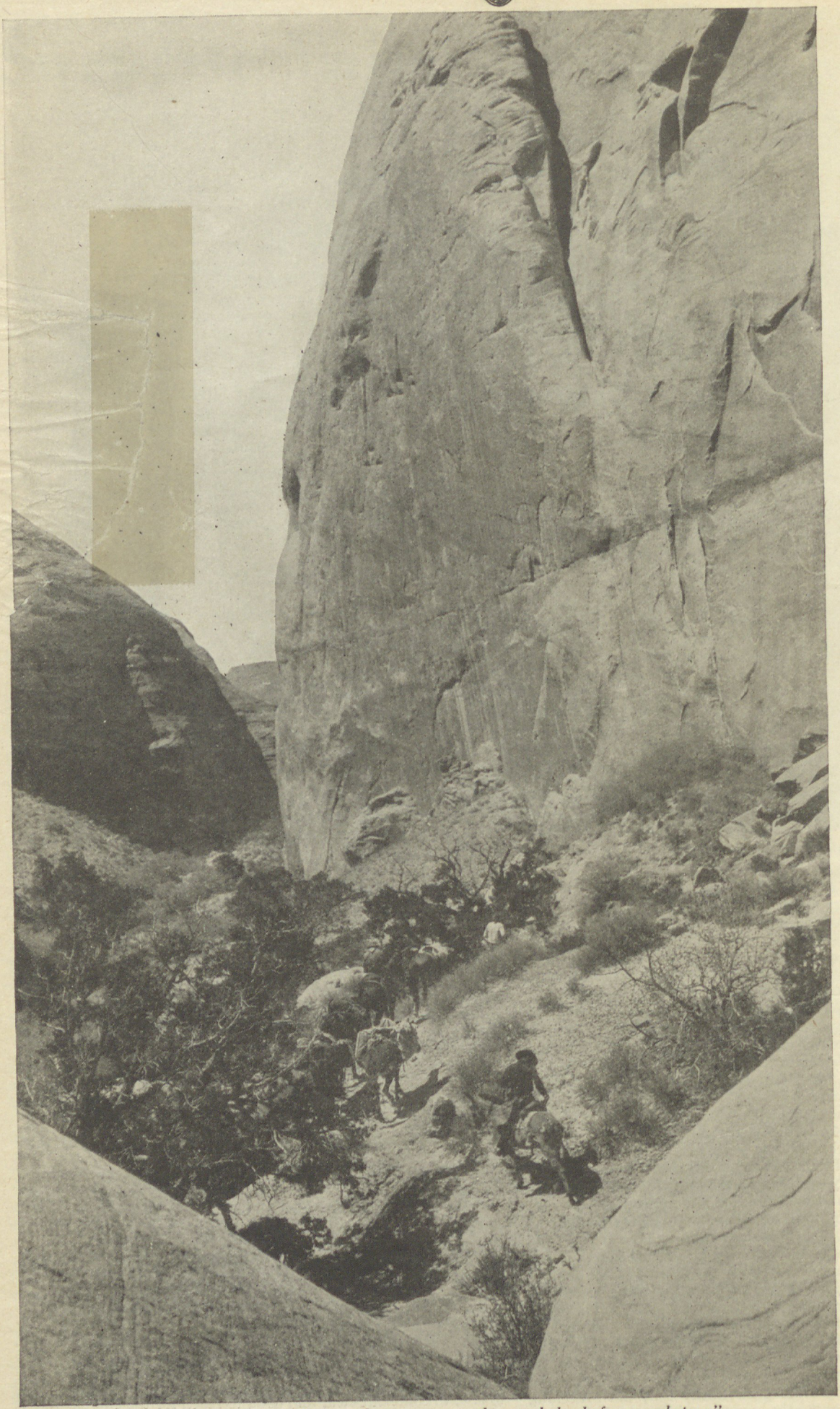
waved the wind and rain worn ridges of bare stone."

the Grand Canyon, all ragged purple lines, strangely illusive and inconceivable, growing dim in the distance. Standing alone, grandly isolated, shrouded in thick sunset haze, loomed Wild Horse Mesa, with its seventy-five mile front of red wall and black-fringed level. It reminded me of my longing to climb where no white man had ever trod; and would now haunt me until that hope was fulfilled. From this mesa, lower down, swept majestic escarpments, level and dark, running out to the world of carved and graven Marching Rocks. Farther around, beyond the blazing center of the west, began the black jagged uplift of the Navajo's Mountain of Light. It sheered up to a round white-patched, black-fringed dome, where pure snow and lofty pine held dominion.

Every moment the spectacle changed, and out over the wasteland there was chaos of light and color. The purple shadows turned to black; the reds and yellows grew less intense. Vast rays of light slanted down from the broken sunset clouds. Before my eyes stretched a belt of naked earth, two hundred miles long and one hundred wide, curving from east to west. No human sight was adequate to grasp its tremendousness and its meaning. Eye of eagle or condor, most delicate and powerful of all organs of vision, must be limited here. There was no movement of anything—only the illusion of the Marching Rocks—no sound, nothing but the stark upflung nakedness of the earth, beyond comprehension to the human mind, exalting to the soul. A world of naked rock, and cedar and sage for the Indian! My heart cried out in pity for the Indians that eventually must be driven from this world, so still, so solemn, so awful, yet a refuge and an abode of life.

The dark walls of granite grew dusky red; the Marching Rocks moved like mammoths, mystic evidences of the ages. Distance was made clear by the lifting of haze, the canyoned shadows, the last piercing light of the sun. It seemed that a million facets of chiselled rock caught this dying glow of sunset and reflected it, throwing the marvel of light upon the clouds. The shadows lengthened and widened and deepened. My sense of color and proportion grew magnified or dwarfed, I could not tell which. Thousands of rock ridges, facing the sun, marched down to meet it.

The air grew chill. Farthest away across the riven rock a grayness blotted out the horizon. The splendid landmarks seemed to be retrenching themselves, receding, dying with the sunset. Every moment grew more solemn. The great light was fading. Over most of the rocky area the strange gray shadow encroached while I gazed; only to the eastward did the bright gleams of sunlight fall upon the highest faces of the Marching Rocks. Again these rays shot slanting from out the rifts in the clouds, growing strong and glorious, vividly lighting for the moment the horizon peaks of white. Then all that far east, as had the north, paled and darkened. It was a blight. It spread towards the sunset. Low down ruddy gleams suddenly caught the van of the Marching Rocks. But that beauty of radiance was ephemeral. It was going—going—gone. The ball of half-clouded fire tipped the slope of the Mountain of Light, and the chasms became veiled in haze of rose. The Navajo's Mountain grew dark and clear against the steel blue sky. All the upland in its shadow seemed bathed in ethereal light. Then the desert darkened. The radiant disc of white fire vanished. The sun had set, leaving a golden glow on cloud and sky. The earth of naked stone seemed to gather power, to rise, to come out clear and cold, to reach for the encroaching twilight.



"Not even aeroplanes will ever make it easy to see this wonderland of sage and stone."

Somewhere down there in that purple haze hid Surprise Valley.

The next morning the Piute trail led round under the brow of Navajo Mountain, and before noon ended in the Rainbow Trail, which I remembered. Not little was the thrill of recognizing landmarks of ten years past!

Down and down we rode, and out across a rolling green barren to the Glass Mountains. Three long trying hours must herein receive only slight mention. These smooth wind-worn hills of stone were formidable in any aspect; but the descent on the far side, where your horse followed in your footsteps, encouraged by your example, was a nerve-racking experience. Wetherill often lost horses here. We had only one accident—a pack mule slipped off the narrow granite, and rolled over twice, to lodge on the rim of a precipice. His escape was miraculous and his rescue difficult.

We descended into the canyons where the Indian paintbrush and Sago lily bloomed in the sunlight. Many a labyrinthine ravine we wound through, riding along the edge of cliffs, under the great rust-stained walls, over the slopes of weathered rocks. It was hot down there. We had left the keen cold uplands behind. Here we could no longer see the cool sparkling white dome of Navajo Mountain. This canyon was one of the dim lines of cleavage we had sighted from the heights above, and

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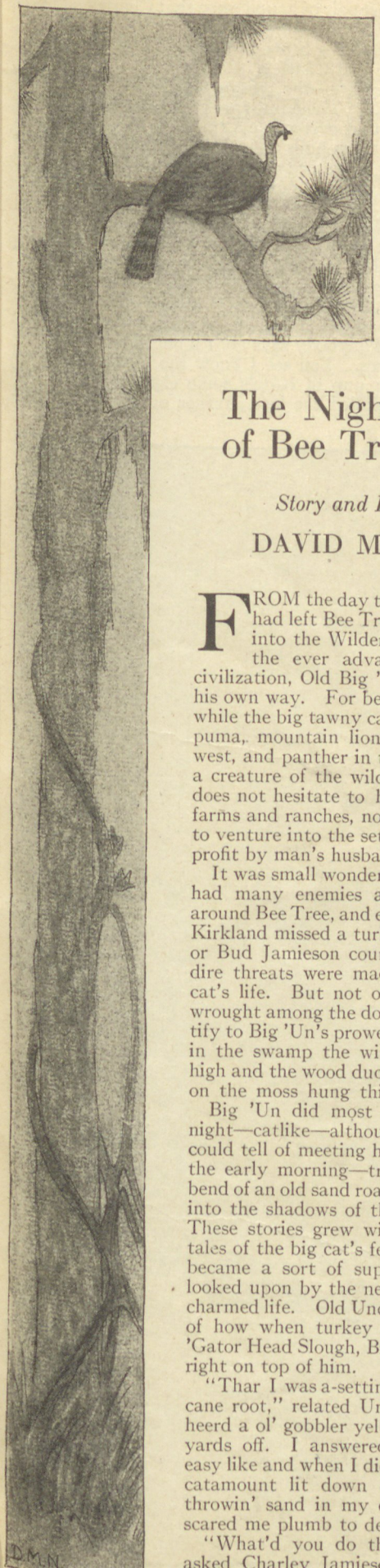


"Old Big 'Un"

The Night Prowler of Bee Tree Swamp

Story and Drawings by

DAVID M. NEWELL

FROM the day that the last panther had left Bee Tree, moving far back into the Wilderness Swamps from the ever advancing outposts of civilization, Old Big 'Un had had things his own way. For be it understood that while the big tawny cat known as cougar, puma, mountain lion in the north and west, and panther in the south, is purely a creature of the wilderness, the bobcat does not hesitate to haunt the outlying farms and ranches, nor even occasionally to venture into the settlements—there to profit by man's husbandry.

It was small wonder then that Big 'Un had many enemies among the settlers around Bee Tree, and every time Old Man Kirkland missed a turkey from his bunch or Bud Jamieson counted two pigs shy, dire threats were made against the big cat's life. But not only did the havoc wrought among the domestic animals testify to Big 'Un's prowess as a killer. Far in the swamp the wild turkeys roosted high and the wood ducks kept a wary eye on the moss hung thickets.

Big 'Un did most of his hunting at night—catlike—although many a darkey could tell of meeting him in the mist of the early morning—trotting around the bend of an old sand road or fading silently into the shadows of the great live oaks. These stories grew with time into wild tales of the big cat's fearlessness until he became a sort of superstition and was looked upon by the negroes as bearing a charmed life. Old Uncle Jim Turner told of how when turkey hunting down on 'Gator Head Slough, Big 'Un had jumped right on top of him.

"Thar I was a-settin' under a ol' hurricane root," related Uncle Jim, "when I heerd a ol' gobbler yelp about a hund'rd yards off. I answered the ol' scoun'el easy like and when I did that dad-blamed catamount lit down on that ol' root, throwin' sand in my eyes and likin' to scared me plumb to death."

"What'd you do then, Uncle Jim?" asked Charley Jamieson, Bud's freckle-faced youngster, his eyes glowing with excitement at the tale.

"Well, sir, I couldn't help lettin' out a surprised squall and when that cat found he had jumped on a *man*, 'stead of a turkey, think *he* was scared? No, sir, he jus' growled under his whiskers and loped off big as you please."

"But why didn't you shoot him?" asked Charley.

"Well, sonny, I reckon it was because—it was because—well, I jus' didn't, that's all."

Charley went home thinking hard. When he had cut the evening's wood supply he lit the lantern and went down to the pasture to set some 'coon and 'possum traps that his uncle, Steve Jamieson, had given him as a birthday present.

"Why couldn't I trap old Big 'Un as well as these other varmints?" he asked himself as he sprinkled some dead leaves over the last trap. "I'll see Uncle Steve tomorrow and ask him." Daylight found Charley on the ridge road that led to his uncle's. Steve Jamieson lived some three miles from Bee Tree, his big, roomy cabin of pine logs hidden in a grove of giant live oaks. Here on winter nights Charley would go and sit wide eyed before the open fire as his uncle related stories of the Seminole war and of days when force was law. Fifty years of frontier life had given Big Steve—as he was called—a rather stern, weatherbeaten look, but behind the grim set of the mouth and the heavy brows was a kindly jovial spirit—of which no one was more aware than Charley.

As the boy reached the gate and entered the yard, he noticed that "Nick" and "Buck," his uncle's two deer hounds, did not rush out to meet him as usual. As he rounded the corner of the house he saw that old "Cotton," Steve's big cow pony, was also gone and a look of disappointment came into his eyes. To make sure of things he climbed up on a log and peered into the big room. The buck horns over the fireplace where were wont to hang his uncle's hunting horn and .44 were empty, and Charley sighed.

"Missed him again—must be over the ridges a-huntin'." As he closed the gate he stopped suddenly. Far away came the faint notes of a horn, three long blows, then silence. Charley grinned.

"Blowin' the kill blow—hope it's a ol' buck."

There was nothing to do but wait and the boy stretched out on the pine needles in the warm sun. In the course of time old Buck and Nick straggled in, gave Charley a half-hearted greeting and limped off to lie down. Finally appeared Big Steve, leading "Cotton," a fine deer across the saddle.

"Well, there's my red-headed nephew," shouted Big Steve as he glimpsed Charley. "Come in and help me strip the hide off'n this ornery kangeroo here. I never see such a runnin' deer—mighty nigh run the dogs to death before I could get a shot, shore a good buck. Never shoot a doe if you can help it, sonny, 'cause without does huntin' would soon be gone fer good. But so, as I say, come in and we'll get the scoun'el dressed."

As they hung the deer up Charley exclaimed, "Uncle Steve, I wonder what made all these scars on his neck and sides."

Big Steve examined the marks carefully, then whistled softly.

"Big 'Un or I'm a liar."

"But wildcats won't jump on full-grown deer, Uncle Steve, you said so yourself," retorted Charley.

"Big 'Un, I'm a liar then, sonny," laughed Steve. "These are the marks of a cat's claws sure. I haven't seen sign of or heerd tell of a panther in these parts for eight year or more, and then, too, you see the scars ain't far enough apart to be the marks of a panther. Besides, if a panther had ever got that good hold on a deer he'd of had the eatin' and not us!"

"But I thought you said—" began Charley.

"I did," replied Big Steve. "They don't; but this one did, if you see what I mean. A big cat will often catch a fawn and even sometimes a small yearlin'. As far as attackin' a grown buck—I never heerd of its bein' done, but it looks as if I'm *a-seein'* of its bein' done. Old Big 'Un must think he is some cat. Guess he was hungry and decided he'd chance this ol' boy—jumped on his back from a limb."

When they had dressed the deer, Big Steve cut off a fore shoulder and wrapped it up in a burlap sack.

"Take that to your daddy, son; and now let's go in and figger a little on how to get rid of this old swamp thief. I see where he has killed and drug off two good-sized shoats of your daddy's in the last week."

"That's what I came to see you about," began Charley eagerly. "I sure would like to catch him."

"Whoa, son, not too fast," replied his uncle. "Jus' you remember that you ain't the only one 'round these diggin's

that wants to catch him—and there's lots who have tried to catch him. This ain't no ordinary cat, this Big 'Un critter. Traps won't do—I've tried traps, and when *I* can't get him—well, there's no use tryin' to trap him. No, it 'peers like dogs is the only way to get him. My dogs won't do it—*can't* do it. He plays with them till he gets a little tired, then throws a big circle or two, makes a dodge, and—the hunt's over. It'll take some real hounds to ever catch Big 'Un—dogs with speed, stayin' power, courage, and a heap of that old never-quit quality. Now if we had my old pack—Bugler, Rowdy, True, Chief, and the two old ladies, Kate and Nell, we'd show him some things—set him plumb on fire."

Big Steve Jamieson's eyes lit up at the memory of his famous pack of bear and panther dogs, and he puffed his pipe awhile in silence. Then—

"They tell me Colonel Hardy will get here Friday week, and this year ain't goin' to content hisself with quail-shootin', but is bringin' down a pack of Maryland foxhounds. Maybe when they catch all the foxes out on the sand hills they'll catch old Big 'Un some fine mornin'."

Charley's face fell.

"I hope not," he blurted out, and then could have bitten his tongue out at what he had said. Big Steve looked up quickly and laughed.

"I know how you feel, partner. I've killed a heap of game but I'd feel kind of biggoty myself if I was to bring in old Big 'Un."

"But isn't there some way I can *try?*" asked Charley anxiously.

"Well, I'll study over it and let you know Sunday at the church," replied Steve. "Now you run on home or Bud'll be over here after me with that big pistol of his, and I'll have to go and live in the swamp with Big 'Un."

When the Bud Jamiesons drew up in front of the little backwoods church the following Sunday morning, Charley's eyes eagerly scanned the row of tethered ponies for old Cotton, but the big horse was not there. As soon as the service was over he hurried out to look again. Still no sign of Steve! Old Man Kirkland, noticing the boy's anxiety, stopped on his crutches to ask—

"What ails you, Charley, lost somethin'?"

"Just a-lookin' for Uncle Steve," replied Charley. "Have you seen him?"

"I seen him soon yestiddy mawnin'," retorted the old man, "a-ridin' his ol' white hoss and a-headin' toward the turpentine still. I hollered out and he says, 'Ef'n you sees my red-headed nephew to the meetin'-house Sunday, tell him to sit tight and say nothin'.'"

With this scanty information Charley had to content himself. The following morning he went again to his traps, and after removing a very unpleasant black and white animal, remarked in disgust,

"Seems like all I can catch is sorry ol' pole-cats and 'possums—can't even catch a 'coon any more. Guess I'll go down to the creek and see if I can see any signs." On the bank of Lost Creek Charley found some "signs" that made his heart beat fast. A patch of rabbit hair and the big prints of a wildcat's pads told the story. It was Big 'Un beyond a doubt. Here he had stolen softly from behind a big oak. There he had paused, crouched and tense for his spring. Charley could fairly see him as he had leaped. The rabbit had made one frantic, futile jump—that was all. Excitedly Charley ran to the house and saddled the old mule.

"Now, you ol' lop-eared donkey, let's go!" he shouted into Balaam's one good ear, and cracked him in the ribs with his bare heels. And Balaam responded nobly.

"What's all this?" cried Big Steve from the porch as he beheld his nephew gallop up, out of breath and excited. "Do you want to kill that poor old mule?"

"Uncle Steve," began Charley between breaths, "Old Big 'Un was right up to our pasture last night and caught a rabbit on the bank of Lost Creek."

"Well, that ain't no reason to run a *old* mule plumb to death," responded Steve mildly. "I 'spect that cat has caught more rabbits on Lost Creek than old Nick has fleas—and, sonny, that's some rabbits!" Steve held up a big forefinger and shook it under Charley's nose slowly.

"Now, partner, you jus' calm yourself, and let old Balaam get his wind and a bit of water, and I'll show *you* somethin'." With much ceremony Big Steve led the way to the shed and threw open the door. There came out the scrawniest, scrubbiest pair of hound pups that Charley had ever seen.

"There!" exclaimed Big Steve proudly.

"There what?" asked Charley.

"Why, there they are—the poison for Big 'Un," retorted Steve in a hurt tone. "Them pups are grandsons of old Kate's—the finest hound that ever made a track in the sand. I've been fifty miles for them pups and paid fifty dollars—which is a sight o' money for a dog, or two dogs—and it's taken me fifty years to learn what those two ornery lookin' pups have in 'em. I know dogs, son."

"But they don't look like much—" began Charley.

"Well, you don't need to take 'em if—" answered Steve.

"Oh, yes! I'll take them, Uncle Steve—I *do* want them," interrupted Charley before his uncle could finish.

"As I said, sonny," went on Steve, "I know good hounds and good horses—I've had to—and them pups will outrun any dogs in these parts and if anybody says no, I'll bet him or whip him whichever he chooses. You see I know the blood. I let old Dad Peters have a pup of Kate's some eight or nine years back—jus' after I killed the last panther on Bee Tree—and

"The rabbits and the wood-ducks kept a wary eye

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

Dad raised these two pups from her. I had to pay well for 'em, but Dad said they were worth it and he knows dogs, too, son. They ain't but a year old and and I'll admit sort of sorry as to looks, but—watch 'em go! Now you get your charger, call your pups, and chase on home 'fore you *do* make me mad. I'll come over Thursday an hour before day and we'll make a raid on old Big 'Un."

When Charley was still a mile or more from home he heard a horn blow—a strange horn—and as he topped a rise recognized Colonel Hardy and several friends riding toward him, followed by the Colonel's pack of foxhounds. A large fox hung from the Colonel's saddle and that estimable gentleman seemed in the best of spirits. At sight of Charley and his two dogs the whole pack burst into full cry and swarmed up the road toward the boy. The two pups, Charley noticed, while they tucked down their tails, did not run, and their bristles rose at the approach of the other dogs.

"Get your coon dogs up on your mule, son," cried the Colonel, roaring with laughter, "before old Sampson eats 'em alive." Sampson, a big spotted hound appeared about to do that very thing, and Charley turned a beseeching face to the Colonel. Before either could speak the two pups had jumped the mighty Sampson and were making it very interesting for him indeed.

"Here! Stop that!" bellowed the Colonel. "Here boy! Get those two devils off before they lame old Sampson for life." Charley could scarcely suppress a grin as he answered, "Yes, sir," and proceeded to switch the pups into submission. Old Sampson retired with considerable loss of dignity and Charley prepared to go his way.

"Where'd you get those two things and what are you going to do with them?" inquired Colonel Hardy. Charley flushed as he answered,

"I got 'em from my Uncle Steve Jamieson and I expect to catch Big 'Un with 'em."

"Oh! you do, do you?" chuckled the Colonel. "I had thought some of doing that myself, but, of course—" and again he went into fits of laughter. Charley rode off with a defiant toss of his head and the pups followed unmolested.

Thursday dawned cool, still, and misty—an ideal morning, thought Charley as he shivered with excitement. This was the day he had looked forward to. The pups had profited

on the moss hung thickets that fringed the ponds and far in the swamps the wild turkeys roosted high."

already by Mrs. Bud Jamieson's cooking, Balaam was feeling exceptionally good, Uncle Steve was waiting at the gate on old Cotton and somewhere in the depths of the swamp lurked—Big 'Un! Charley finished saddling Balaam and joined Big Steve at the gate. Together they rode down toward the swamp, the boy and the man, kindred spirits at heart. The pups trotted behind until they reached the pasture gate, when the larger raised his head, sniffed a moment and then trotted off toward the scrub that edged the swamp. Steve and Charley got off their mounts and walked after the pup. He was whimpering eagerly now and circling fast. Suddenly he raised his head and gave a long, clear cry that thrilled Big Steve from head to foot. "Old Kate over again!" he whispered to Charley. "Let's see what he's trailing."

They bent down and scanned the ground closely.

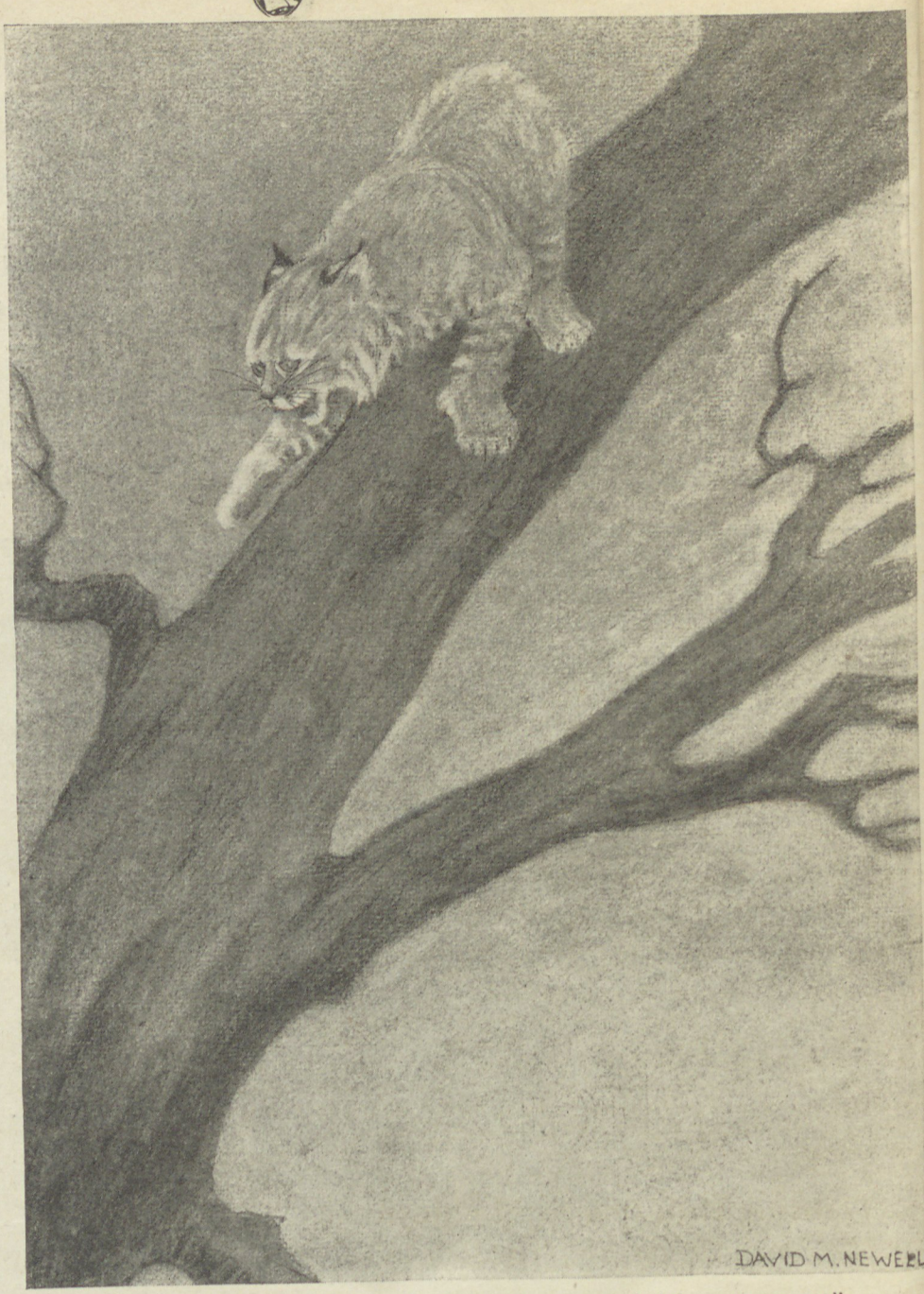
"By Jingo!" cried Steve. "Here it is—Big 'Un as sure as I'm a foot high." Charley hurried to look. There it was, as plain as eye could wish for—the round print of Big 'Un's forepaw on the dewy sand. By this time the other pup had joined in and both were tonguing freely as the scent grew warmer.

"Oh, Uncle Steve!" he cried, wild with joy, "they're going to run him all right!"

"Yes, and they're going to catch him all right," replied Steve grimly.

"Will they kill him when they catch him, Uncle Steve?" asked Charley.

"Not hardly, but they'll make it so hot for him that he'll either climb or bay up in a thicket until we can come up and shoot him," replied his uncle; and then after listening a minute he continued, "and from the way they are barking they will soon have him up and running.



"Twelve feet from the ground, ears back, eyes blazing, crouched the great, grey cat."

They have about got his feedin' trail worked out."

Big Steve was right. The pups were getting close to their quarry, and a sudden shrill cry of excitement from one proclaimed that they had old Big 'Un out of his bed and on the run—or, as it is termed, had "jumped" him. Big Steve threw back his head and uttered an ear-piercing whoop, then, turning to Charley—

"Now, partner, they've got him jumped, and you just listen to them little old runty fire-eaters go." The pups were making the swamp ring with their baying and Charley's blood fairly tingled as he raced after his uncle. Between breaths Big Steve gave directions.

"We've got to stay as close to the chase as we can, son, or they'll get out of our hearin'. Big 'Un is more than apt to head straight for the scrubs over by Bear Bay—the thickest place he can find. The pups'll make it awful hot for him on the way, though—through the open swamp." Big Steve was right. After several experimental dodges in the narrow scrub that fringed the swamp—to see just what sort of dogs he had to deal with—the big cat led straight across the swamp; the baying of the pups growing fainter and fainter and finally dying away altogether. Charley and Big Steve climbed up on a giant cypress log to listen. After straining both ears in vain, Charley sighed, "Guess we've lost him after all, Uncle Steve."

Big Steve grinned as he answered,

"This chase has just begun, sonny. I'm sorry they got out of our hearing, but them pups is even faster than I thought. Don't you worry, though, I know just as well where they're at as if we was with 'em. Let's be movin'!"

Half an hour's hard traveling found Steve and his nephew on the edge of the Bear Bay scrubs and again they stopped to listen. From a mile or so to their right came the distant music of the hounds. A puzzled look came over Big Steve's face.

"Them ain't our dogs," he exclaimed. "Why, there must be fifteen or twenty in that bunch—wonder who it can be. Some Yankee deer hunter from over around Gunbarrel Creek, I reckon." Charley looked pretty glum as he answered,

"But where are the pups?"

"Me an' you don't know, sonny," replied Steve with a shake of his head. "Couldn't hear 'em with all that racket goin' on anyway." The pack was coming nearer, and in spite of his disappointment at losing track of the pups Charley thrilled to the music. Suddenly Big Steve sprang to his feet.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 64]

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Hydra-Headed Pollution

By DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

I AM in receipt of letters from various parts of the country complaining of the pollution of streams by industrial waste, mines and sewage; in some instances of a most flagrant character; in other cases the waters are entirely devoid of animal life; in others the manufacturers are doing something to mitigate the evil, while still others, more considerate and conscientious, have already instituted measures to prevent the evil of pollution by treating the foul water before permitting it to enter the stream. Then, again, there are manufacturers so selfish, or who have so little regard for public opinion and welfare that they continue the unlawful practice in defiance of repeated protests.

The pollution of public waters has been practiced for so many years in certain localities that it has become a task of Herculean proportions to convince the lawless proprietors of their duty to the general public, of the necessity of uncontaminated water for the public health, for the farmer's live stock, and for the maintenance of animal life. These manufacturers are not ignorant of the serious damage they are doing to the public interests, but continue to do so in defiance of the law, of justice, morality and of public opinion; with them it seems to be a case of present personal gain, and after them the deluge. In these extreme cases it is best to try to convince them by precept and example of what has been done by others, and to appeal to their sense of honor, to their duty to their fellowmen, and to co-operate with them in every possible way to endeavor to put a stop to the unlawful practice, and to convince them of the enormity of the offense.

In order to keep our readers fully informed as to what is being done in the way of reform in this matter, or on the other hand, where nothing whatever has been accomplished, we would ask, as a special favor, that members of the various chapters communicate with us in regard to the condition of the streams in their vicinity, informing us if anything is being done to improve them, or to prevent their contamination. *J. A. H.*

Fighting Pollution in Michigan

By CARL M. SAUNDERS

POLLUTION of Michigan streams by tanneries, paper mills and other industries is going to be stopped; No two ways about it. With the Michigan division of the Izaak Walton League of America backing him to the limit, Director of Conservation John Baird has asked for injunctions against six large manufacturing plants which have been polluting Michigan streams. The injunctions will make it possible for Baird to hail the industrial officials into court for contempt of court if they are violated, thus making possible a more severe penalty than the state's pollution law provides.

The show-down in the fight was brought about when the Welch Manufacturing Company of Sparta in Kent County dumped a huge surplus of cleaning fluids into Nash Creek, as a result of which thousands of brook, rainbow and brown trout, black bass and northern pike were killed. The demonstration of what pollution means was the most startling Michigan has ever seen. Instead of slow poisoning as is the usual course when lethal concoctions foul waters, the action of this cleaning fluid was instantaneous. Five cows, which drank from the creek after its pollution, were killed outright and the company has had to pay damages for them. Dead fish lined Nash Creek for a mile and the Rogue River for the entire distance from the spot where Nash empties into it to Grand River. Employes of the Welch Company who were directly responsible were taken into court and fined $100; but the heads of the concern admitted frankly that the fault was theirs and that precautions would be taken immediately to prevent repetition of the pollution.

The state, however, isn't going to be satisfied with promises, now that Director Baird and the Conservation Department have been aroused to an appreciation of the menace. The Welch company and two tanneries in Kent County are included among those against whom injunctions are sought. Others include a branch of Libby, McNeil and Libby, a paper plant and a creamery. Baird says this is only the start. Pollution of Michigan streams must stop without any monkey business. He has the support of the state division of the Izaak Walton League with chapters scattered all over Michigan as well as the approval of all other organizations of conservationists and sportsmen.

Good Work at Stoughton, Wis.

By C. M. CLARK

Sec. Stoughton, I. W. L. A. Chapter

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

"We have caused the Armour Milk Condensery to discontinue emptying milk and other refuse from the plant into the river, and now the manager is thanking us, as it has given him a chance to recover, by better practices, about two per cent of their entire production.

"We have notified the Caretaker of the City Rest Rooms that she is violating the state law by throwing waste and garbage collected at the rest rooms into the river. We respectfully asked her to discontinue the practice, which, if insisted in, would subject her to a fine of from fifty to a hundred dollars. We have filed a copy of the complaint with the City Council, asking its co-operation in the matter.

"The Stoughton Gas and Fuel Company was also notified to cease dumping gas refuse and other offal into the river, and was requested to co-operate with the Chapter to adopt measures to do away entirely with the practice. If this is not done, further pressure of the law will be invoked."

The Fate of the Mississinawa

By G. C. HAND

THE Mississinawa River runs through the counties of Grant and Delaware in Indiana. This river was reserved by the Government as a fishing stream for the Indians on the reservation. As late as 1880 the stream was liberally stocked with fish by the Government. About forty-five years ago I frequently stood on the bank of this stream, where a dam was located, near Jonesborough. When the water was low, so that most of the apron was exposed, the low dam was impassable for the black bass, which would leap in vain to pass the barrier and proceed up stream during the spawning season. There were hundreds of them and it was a sight to gladden the eye of the angler. But they refused to take a bait of any kind at such times. This was probably the best stocked stream in Indiana, and hundreds of black bass responded to my flies during the summer.

Then the great natural gas boom struck that region, and soon after that I moved away. Factories and towns grew like mushrooms. Several years ago I again visited that locality, hoping to cast a fly as in days gone by. I soon discovered that owning to the pollution of the stream from factory waste and refuse from gas wells, that not a fish remained. The once beautiful Mississinawa River of the red man was an open sewer.

(*Is it not obvious that this stream kept clean and clear and wholesome would have been a tremendous asset in the healthful and happy lives of the thousands of workers along its banks?*)

J. A. H.

Good Work in the Ozarks

By G. C. KELLOGG

Pres. Carthage, Mo. I. W. L. A. Chapter

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

Noticing your request for information in regard to action being taken in any section against pollution of the inland streams, I want to say that the Izaak Walton League is new with us, our Chapter is young and our experience limited, but our Sportsmen's Protective League, 340 strong, has been for 4 years very active in the conservation and propagation of fish and game, and the enforcement of laws throughout the Ozarks, and now some 6 other League Chapters in adjoining towns have been organized with a total of about 900 members.

We have a number of fine bass streams in this section, one "Spring River," passing through our city; I am sorry to say that the waters below our city in this river are badly polluted from the city's sewers, but through the influence of the League and sponsored by a petition of farmers below the city owning land abutting Spring River, our City Council called an election and bonds were voted for $110,000.00 to establish septic tanks to take care of the sewage.

Our League also caused some coal mines to shut down, temporarily, when they drained their mines into the river. Of course our people here were in a receptive mood when the Izaak Walton League of America was founded, and 170 of our Sportsmen's League have joined the Izaak Walton League, as well as 340 Sportsmen League members.

Our city is a scant 11,000 population; and you might say this is a city of Sportsmen. We just can't help it; we live in the Ozarks, "the land of a million smiles."

(*Comment. The splendid work to combat the evil of pollution by the Sportsmen's League and the Izaak Walton Chapter, at Carthage, Mo., is greatly to the credit of the organizations mentioned, and is worthy of emulation. It is to be hoped that the perpetuation of the Ozark black bass, famous for their gameness and beauty, may continue world without end. J. A. H.*)

Proving the old saying that there is no rose without a thorn, Mr. Kellogg, in a later letter writes: Arrangements have been made, and contract let to put in septic tanks below the city limits, at a cost of $125,000. Now comes the report that there is waste or drainage from these tanks that flows back into the river and which carries a stench and makes the nearby water unwholesome. What is to be done?

(*It is up to the city to compel the contractor to prevent or remedy such an evil at his own cost. J. A. H.*)

That Old Fishing Hole

By ARTHUR D. NICHOLS

HOW vividly I now recall that when a small boy I used to steal away in the early mornings before school or on Saturdays, and wander up the stream that flowed through our little town,—miles upstream it seemed to me then, beyond the traveled roads and beaten paths, threading my way through the forests and thickets and along the pools, my heart thrilled by the sheer magic of nature's primal wonders.

Using a green willow for a fishing pole and a small bottle cork for a float, I used to sit for hours at a time on the swinging roots of a certain old, gnarled sweetgum tree that stood at the brink of a deep, shadowy pool, watching my bobber and dreaming and listening to the voices of the woods: the chirp of the wren, the liquid notes of the redbird, the whistle of the quail, the shrill cry of the kingfisher; the patter of the leaves and the tinkling and booming of the water over the shoals. Often my reverie was broken by the sound of my float popping under and a vicious tug on my line that almost pulled the pole out of my hand. And what a thrill I would get when I landed a big black perch or a bass or a bullhead. Of course I did not land my fish every time; the biggest fellow always got away, so I believed—as every boy has believed from time immemorial, and my soul paid the usual price in that moment of loss and defeat.

Many years afterward, on a visit to the old home town, I slipped away on a bright morning for a tramp up the stream, for I longed for a glimpse of the old haunts of my boyhood, of the places that were part and parcel of my life as a child. I wanted to taste again the thrill that comes only through communion with the spirit of God's undefiled palaces of the forests.

I had put a fishline and some hooks into my pocket, intending to cut a willow for a fish pole, and had caught a few grasshoppers for bait. I started upstream, having as my objective the deep, shadowy pool, the great lure of my boyhood, with the old, gnarled sweetgum on the bank and its exposed roots on which I had sat to fish and dream so many times in the years long gone.

But I had not wandered far this day before I realized that something terrible had befallen the old stream. Nothing about it seemed familiar. Soon the full realization struck me, like a blow on the heart, that this loved stream of my youth had been utterly ruined; stripped of its once glorious raiment. The great forests that once crowded to its shores on either side were gone; the giant sycamores that, for a century perhaps, had clasped hands across its narrower stretches, had disappeared. The dense thickets, which I used to delight in crawling through, had all vanished. The land on both sides was farmed down to the water's edge. Truly the despoilers had done their work. Even the birds, my happy companions of those delightful pilgrimages of my childhood, were missing. And the stream itself that used to sparkle and leap and tinkle and croon, racing from pool to pool as blue and clean as patches of April sky, had lost its song; it had become but a muddy, sluggish drain ditch, carrying the soil from the farms and the filth from the towns through which it flowed.

At last I reached the old fishing hole, or rather, the spot where it once had been. One look at the dingy water and the hot, barren bank that held no trace of my old sweetgum tree, and a sense of irreparable loss and of loneliness surged over me. I threw my bait away and strode back to town, resolved to raise my voice at every opportunity against the crime of the pollution of our streams.

Brother

By N. E. HUTCHENS

Pres. Toledo Chapter I. W. L. A.

THE family lived in the stock yards district of Chicago and had but a meager share of this world's wealth. Except for the heritage of sturdy God-loving parents and good health the boys were truly poor.

He was a mere boy, but elder brother to a little Scotch lad of Canadian birth who completely idolized him. He was, in fact, a fine lad, but to Walter he was much more—he embodied all of life save that centering about his affection for their parents.

The call of the Out-of-doors was as keen in the heart of Brother as we now know it in Walter, or "Mac" as we know him today. The sound of running water and the blue expanse of beautiful Lake Michigan struck poetic chords in Brother's soul. He loved the water. It was his friend and he trusted it. Beside it or in it Michigan was a thing of great beauty. It made him as buoyantly happy as though he owned the great city upon its shore. And it meant all of that to Walter, plus comradeship with Brother. The heat and grime and odors of the home neighborhood drove the boys to seek solace and joy at the lake.

I can now see Brother returning home from the lake after a wonderful swim, his hair still wet, his face all aglow with boyish exuberance and health; but I can also see the look of apprehension on the face of a devoted mother as she later carries a drink of cold water to the restless lad, tossing wakefully on his hot bed. The mother's look of apprehension soon turns to terror as the doctor says "Typhoid—I fear we'll have a hard struggle."

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

The whole world grows dark to Walter as Brother hovers between Life and Death, turning to utter blackness as Brother slips away.

Then followed despair and grief and a wracking of soul that made life worse than a burden for the lonely lad that was left. Only his mother's love remained and, thank God! that was strong enough in its sweetness to gradually dull the anguish of the grief-stricken boy. The feeling of bitterness that consumed him was increased by the knowledge that the city that should have seen the greatness of its asset in Brother's life had destroyed that life by discharging its sewage into the beautiful inland sea.

The iron that seared the soul, however, wrought a refining proccess in Walter's heavy heart. He became a minister of God. The love which Brother held impelled him to seek and to create a spirit of brotherhood about him, so that the life Brother might have lived, but for a city's greed, should nevertheless go on and on. He is today a tower of strength in the forces fighting to rid both our streams of water and of humanity of the pollution that destroys not only life but souls as well.

When you hear his great address "The Unknown Boy" you will realize that as Brother's spirit ascended a very baptism of fire came down upon the soul of Walter Henry Macpherson. If you sit with him beside a lake or stream you will believe, with me, that Brother's spirit is still talking to him through the purling and rippling of the waters. You will see again the great miracle of beautiful fruit springing up from the death and decay of a shell that for a time but housed the germ. Mac's faith will become your faith, his God your God, and you too will love Brother, to you "The Unknown Boy."

The Days of *No* Sport!

Does the ghost of the boy you used to be
Play hookey now and then
And with his dog and comrade sneak
Back to the river again?

Ah yes, but the river seems not the same
As the river the boys once knew
For on one bank stands a chemical plant—
On the other they're making glue.

Pollution in Pennsylvania

By EDWARD D. MENTZ

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

We have a stream called Mill Creek, which enters into the bay, and most all sewage from the eastern section of the city flows into the bay, which causes terrible pollution and stagnation of waters at the outlet to the bay.

I understand that the German carp thrive quite well in this part of the bay. Is not this contamination of the water detrimental to such game fish as black bass? Sewage from the western section of the city also enters the bay. Before the city became so large I understand that black bass were quite abundant in these waters.

We have a paper mill situated on the bank of Lake Erie, and I believe the used waters are treated in some chemical manner before it is allowed to enter the lake. Could not something be done to eliminate this contaminated condition by establishing a filtration plant at these outlets? One of our councilmen is agitating this question now, but he does not receive the support he should in the matter.

There are many beauty spots along the peninsula where hundreds of bathers flock in the summertime to take advantage of the waters and cool breezes. But a number of cases of typhoid having become evident during this period which is claimed to be directly attributable to bathing in the bay water, our health department has issued a warning to keep bathers out of these waters.

It is too bad that the people can not enjoy these natural resources without fear of becoming poisoned or diseased. As we learn in the classification of property there are some things incapable of absolute ownership, which from their nature makes them so; and among these things are game and fish. It has apparently become necessary for the purpose of insuring the perpetuity of these things to abridge or restrict by law this natural right. Why is it that large cities and corporations are allowed to kill and poison in untold numbers the fish which inhabit our lakes and streams? And if a fisherman happens to catch one fish beyond the limit, or out of season he is heavily fined and possibly jailed; do the former claim exemption?

Hugh Duncan's Bass

By BEN EAST

Prologue

TO every man, who in those long ago years of boyhood, when fish were plenty, and anglers few, spent glad hours under the star filled April sky, stooping a little to keep the light and smoke of the jack out of his eyes, this story is offered, to keep green in his heart the memories, not of the fish he took, but of the peepers in the marshes, and the early spring smells across the quiet lake—to take him back again, one brief hour, into the joy of boyhood.

* * * * *

On the highest branch of a big water maple that overhung the quiet surface of Rapalee, a robin faced the fading western sky, and sung his vesper song.

A dozen rods down the shore from the maple, where a wedge of marsh came up into the hardwoods from the tamarack swamp that fringed the west end of the lake, a pair of bitterns had frogged in the shallow water all afternoon. At times the male gave over his frogging to stand statuesque beside a clump of dead brown grass, and from his long bulging throat, pump out his muffled "Lump-ga-roo! Lump-ga-roo! Lump-ga-roo!"

A nesting song to his brown mate who would hear it again presently, of June mornings, while she brooded in the dew wet marsh grass, on her flat nest.

A spring song with no music of its own, deadened as though the big uncouth bird indeed deserved the name mudpump, that the farm lads put upon him, but still a song essentially of spring on the marshes, with a million peepers tinkling between the bogs about him.

So high in the evening sky, above the robin and bitterns that he defied sight, reaching the earth only as a sibilant passionate meteor of song, a woodcock rose and fell through the thin air.

The sun was an hour below the western tamaracks. During that hour the warm April afternoon had changed into a warmer April evening. First the breeze had died. While the great red orb dipped below the serrated tree fringe, and settled behind a denser lacy tangle of branches, the wind, strong and sweet out of the southwest all day, lessened. Deep blue waves that had carried white crests across Rapalee since morning sunk to ripples of silver. The long tree shadows faded on the bare hills along the east shore, and the silver ripples lessened—grew intermittent. Dusk, imperceptible at first, began to creep up in the eastern sky, and the ripples died. Rapalee was a giant mirror, framed in woods already mysteriously dark, cupping in its depths an opal of evening sky.

Just where the saffron of the sunset dulled into pale blue-green, the evening star hung, a lone silver spike on which the wind had draped a single streamer of lavender cloud.

Spring smells settled over the sunwarmed earth like a blanket as the breeze died out. The damp smell of the marshes where young grass blades lifted with an unheard low rustle. The pungent fragrance of catkins opening into flower on willow and poplar. Above these daintier odors smoke-smell drifted, strong, with the last stirrings of air, from a distant burning marsh.

Dusk deepened. The robin's song ceased, and more peepers joined the chorus already piping in the flooded marsh. The bittern still pumped, but at longer intervals of silence.

A new sound broke suddenly into the evening stillness over the lake. Two mallards, who had floated quietly in the shadowy strip near shore took wing with affrighted splashing. Far down the lake they hurtled down, lifting veils of white spray against the dull glow of the western sky, as the water checked their flight.

From the top of the hill behind the water maple a low voice spoke in suppressed excitement.

"See that, Tom? Hear 'em quack!"

"Swimmin' for the tamaracks down by the outlet," a second low voice said.

From the foot of the water maple, a sand bar leads out halfway across Rapalee. The field behind the hardwood ridge above the lake has long been a pasture field, and on hot August afternoons the cows come down to wade out along the bar, belly deep in the cool wind-stirred water, but still within the lengthening shadow of the big tree. Years of this have made a pasture path down the steep slope of the ridge, that ends in a little hoof tramped sandy cove, just beside the tangle of the maple's exposed roots.

Hugh Duncan and Tom Lane had used this path since they were first old enough to go swimmin' on the sand bar. When at twelve they came into joint possession of a boat, an old square nosed punt, inevitably they chose the little cove for a landing place, and with a length of clothes line, filched from Tom's mother, tied the punt to the boll of the big tree.

Coming along the pasture path tonight, their bare feet had brought them over the crest of the ridge before even the wary mallards heard the light padding of their approach.

For a few minutes after the mallards had alighted on the far end of the lake, the boys stood watching them.

The western sky, reflected in the still water, made a wide saffron strip across Rapalee. On this the ducks were two gliding black dots, floating rapidly, effortless, toward the black shadows of the tamarack swamp that rimmed the saffron. This took them presently, and the lads came down the path to the old punt.

Through a hole in the bow seat they thrust the upright staff of a gasoline jack. Tom, kneeling on the wet boat bottom to fit the point of the staff in the block nailed to the bottom boards, looked up at Hugh, and then out across the dark quiet water.

"S'pose they'll lay up tonight, Hugh?"

The other lifted his face to the sky, studied for a minute the near and far shorelines for a tell-tale trace of silver ripple.

"They ought to, Tom. Wind went down with the sun, and it's been warm now for two days. The shallow water's gettin' almost warm enough to go swimmin'. Le's try it tomorrow, if we're down in our back field, draggin' corn ground?"

Tom's toe went exploringly over the side, down into the chill spring water, till it wriggled in the clean sand of the bottom.

"Sure," he agreed. "Lots warm enough. Your Ma won't need to know it, anyway. Nor mine, neither," he admitted grudgingly.

He clambered up then, and steadied the slender jack staff. Hugh mounted the front seat of the punt, with a battered old can, and the dense odor of gasoline was laid across the light fragrances of the spring evening as the stream tinkled into the soldered pan of the jack.

The peepers close about the boat had fallen silent, while the bumping and scraping noises went on, echoing deeply from the boatsides on the wide sounding-board of Rapalee. Now, when a long spear, with a knife-hewn wooden handle, rubbed smooth by many hands, had been laid the length of the punt, and a paddle, hand sawed from a length of fence board, was put down by the stern seat, the bumping noises stopped and the peepers took up their tinkling chorus again, one by one, timidly, each encouraging the other.

Overhead, the woodcock still swung, sending down whistle after whistle, from the evening sky, to a brown mate who waited, in some open covert, his tumbling descent to the marshes. The bittern and the robin had subsided to silence under the falling darkness. The two lads, waiting by the punt, its final blanketing, talked in whispers, not from necessity, but from habit of years, already spent in the companionship of the shy folk of the marshes and woods. Farm lads know that not even the frogs will pipe close by you, if you talk aloud.

The gray streak above the western swamp faded gradually to a faint smudge.

Tom stood up from the front seat, and studied the dark lake, and the water near the boat. Then he opened the burner of the jack, held up higher than his face, and well out before the punt's nose, by its elbowed pipe, stapled to the long staff. He waited till the soft hiss of the gas spray began, and then struck his match. The flare of the torch, leaping up, red on the sky like a marsh fire, changed the shore, the sandy cove, and the shelving bank of the sand bar together. The shore became a fifty foot lighted circle, with heavy black shadows, walled with a solid curtain of darkness. The sandy cove lay exposed as though suddenly drained of water. The white, clean bottom, the red cluster of a bunch of opening lily pads, a mud turtle crawling unburriedly along, and the shadow of a sunken tree branch, all caught suddenly by the strong torch light. The bank, beginning likewise with clean sand bottom, dropped

"Back again—into the joy of boyhood."

down, swiftly, moss carpeted, into impenetrable gray black depth. Deep down, just within the circle where the light fell away into opaqueness, a bullhead a foot long, nosed along on the moss, exploring. Hugh lifted the spear, letting the tines into the water without a ripple, and the long handle slid through his hands of its own weight. A foot above the sluggish fish he checked it briefly to poise it, and the old punt rocked slightly as he struck. So he brought the first of the evening's catch aboard, pulling him from the barbed tines, against the edge of the bow seat.

Tom let out a little chuckle, and from the stern swung the punt out along the bar. The clumsy paddle dipped, slowly, steadily. Now and then a soft bump sounded as it brushed the side of the boat, at the wrist turn. Save for that, silence held. A silence kept from stillness by the soft trickle of water falling back from the lifted blade, the low hiss of the jack, the peepers all about the shore, and now and again an early night bird calling plaintively from the willows.

Hugh, just behind the jack staff, stooping a little to keep the stream of black smoke from the burner, above his eyes, watched unwinkingly the changing sweep of shallows.

Logs crept into the lighted circle—passed behind. Lily pads, halfway to the surface, made deceptive shadows. These were the lesser things. Boylike, he noted and appreciated them, while busy with the greater. Time and again he swung the lifted spear from one side the staff to the other, poised it—and the old punt rocked gently to his thrust, rattling the jack in its fastenings.

Once a muskrat sailed by just ahead, diving, a brown streak, trailing silver bubbles. The lad let him go with a whispered, "See him, Tom?"

They slipped down the shore to the fringe of marsh where the bitterns had frogged. The tall male, asleep in the reeds close shore, awaked at the sudden brightness, and flapped awkwardly up, quanking frenziedly. Tom laughed softly, "See him, Hugh?"

"Couldn't. Light in my eyes. Mud-pump wasn't he?"

"Yeah."

When they changed places, halfway down the shore, bullheads, pike, bluegills and dog-fish flapped and splashed in the water gathering in the bottom of the leaky old boat. They stopped a few brief minutes, the punt's nose thrust up between two bogs while they bailed her dry. Then the slow, still paddling began again.

On the southwest shore of Rapalee, where the tamarack swamp gives way to a higher growth of ash and maple that fringes more hardwood knolls, Hugh turned the punt into a narrow necked cove. Back in the bend of this a fallen ash lay out from shore its full length, in the shallow water.

When the jack light picked up the tangle of its branches, flinging them back on the shore in long bars of shadow, Tom spoke across his shoulder in a whisper.

"S'pose the old bass'll be layin' up tonight, Hugh?"

"He most always is."

Thirty feet more, and there in the little opening among the water-logged branches that the lads had known for his lair since the first night they speared around Rapalee, the old bass was laying up.

Emerson Hough, famous author and conservationist, who loved all boys and yearned to keep intact for them their heritage of outdoor joys.

Longer than Tom's arm, he was, and many times as thick! Down the broad, bronze-green back, close to the great erect dorsal fin, floated tiny streamers of moss.

He lay there, among the tangle of branches, fearless of the light it seemed, big red rimmed eyes turned up toward the passing shadow of the boat, fins fanning lightly, and the wide gills opening and closing with steady slow rhythm.

Tom's voice was a thread of sound.

"Shall I spear him, Hugh?"

"No—let him go."

"You always say let him go."

"I know. He's so old, an' big, someway. I kind'a' look ahead to seein' him here, every night when we come spearin'."

"I'd like to get him, though," Tom argued.

The punt's speed increased ever so slightly.

"We got enough big ones without him, Tom. Maybe he'll bite this summer. Gee, I'd like to get him on the end of a good limber willow pole!"

"He won't bite," Tom declared stubbornly.

Time after time, since that first spring night, when Hugh himself had missed the big bass because of his youthful lack of skill, the boys had crept of June mornings, or of windy September afternoons, out along the trunk of the fallen ash, and dangled a kicking grass frog, or a live six-inch shiner, before the known lair of the big bass. Always with like result. Whatever the season, or time of day, whatever the bait they offered, the old monarch, glutted on tid-bits of his own choosing, from the circle of reedy shallows where his rule was undisputed, disdained their lures.

Sometimes when the light was right, and he was lying up rather high in the ash top, they saw him. Seeing him, or not, they always crept back from the log, and went away, disappointed, to fish in some other place.

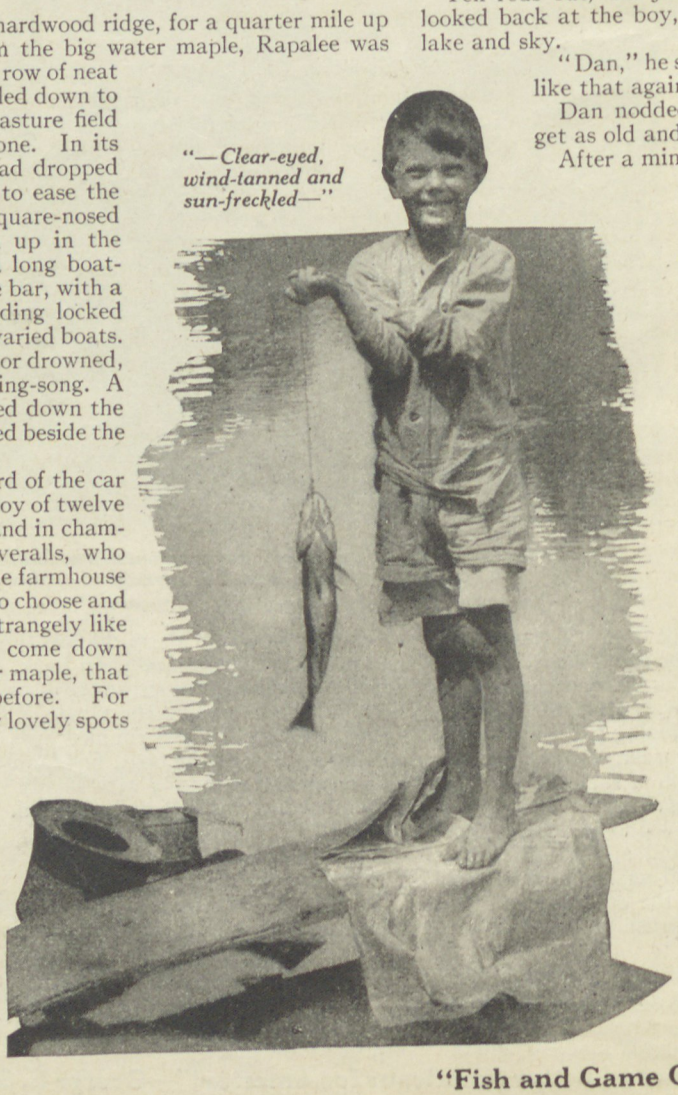
"He won't bite," Tom repeated sullenly. He shifted his hand ever so slightly on the spear handle, and the punt shot ahead with a lurch that all but flung him backward across the center seat.

"Let's try him again, Tom," Hugh said, and laughed aloud at the other boy, scrambling on the slippery bottom for his balance.

The circle of jack-light passed on. In the opening among the ash tips, the old bass was still laying up, his big gills working quietly.

On the highest branch of the big water maple a robin perched and sang joyously to the green June world. A half mile away, across and down the lake, a bittern stood at the very edge of the water, only his javelin head showing above the rippling marsh grass, and pumped lustily to a brown mate, hidden in a flat hollow between the bogs, fifty feet back in the marsh, "Lump-ga-roo! Lump-ga-roo!" Far up in the bright morning sky a woodcock circled, a dipping, rising speck of black against the vast blue arch. The music of warm spring air across his pulsing wings came down faintly, a trembling whistle, sweet and clear across the wind ruffled lake, the wide marshes and fields.

Along the crest of the hardwood ridge, for a quarter mile up and down the shore from the big water maple, Rapalee was buttressed with a double row of neat cottages. The path that led down to the sand-bar from the pasture field beyond the ridge, was gone. In its place a wide graveled road dropped down the slope, angling to ease the grade. Where the old square-nosed punt had rested, drawn up in the little white sand cove, a long boathouse thrust out over the bar, with a dock along the end, holding locked to its rings the chains of varied boats. The heavy purr of a motor drowned, finally, the woodcock's wing-song. A big olive gray car dropped down the graveled road, and stopped beside the boathouse.



"—Clear-eyed, wind-tanned and sun-freckled—"

From the running board of the car a boy stepped down. A boy of twelve or thirteen, barefooted, and in chambray shirt and faded overalls, who had ridden down from the farmhouse above the pasture field, to choose and unlock a boat. A boy strangely like the farm lads who had come down the path to the big water maple, that April evening years before. For lakes may change, lonely lovely spots become crowd-ridden, forests melt away, and men grow old and even die, but boyhood, rooted in the brown fresh turned earth of spring fields, nurtured in the early summer sun, mellowed to thoughtfulness in the richness of the harvest months, and ripened, lastly, into meditation by the long lonely solitude of winter upon the fields—country boyhood, is ever the same. Clear-eyed, wind-tanned, and sun-freckled—fine as the growth of a sapling in the golden green spaces of a forest!

From the car itself two men stepped down. Both past the noonhour of middle age. Both keen eyed, clean shaven and with close cropped graying hair. Both attired in the well chosen garb that only prosperous men wear when they seek an outing. Beyond these points the likeness did not extend. The one was of that quality of stoutness that bespeaks a big man, once well knit, but past prime, now, and growing shapeless, like an old orchard tree, too long unpruned. His movements were deliberate. Not slow, as much as gravely sure. Seemingly almost ponderous, though, beside the quickness of his spare framed friend.

They sat down together on the running board and fitted their rods together, with the delicious lack of haste that foretells big adventures ahead—adventures big enough that they will wait, even upon the deliberate lagging of an angler.

The heavier of the two turned, as he finished joining together his four and a half foot steel rod.

"Dan," he said, "you're always bragging about what you do with flies. There are fish in this lake. Not minnows. I'll just bet you twenty-five dollars that I more than double your catch this morning. Figure either way you want, pounds or numbers, over the limit size."

The other lifted the dainty ten foot withe of bamboo, in his hands, to sight lovingly along its slender length to the gracefully dipping tip.

"Make it fifty dollars, Judge Tom, and I'll bet you," he stated calmly. "Pound basis only."

"Done," the Judge said in a heavy judicial tone, and picked up his big square tackle box.

On the dock the farm lad watched them, grinning, as they rowed out along the sand bar. Once he glanced covertly over his shoulder at a long cane pole that leaned against the lowest branch of the big maple, behind the boathouse, and his grin widened.

Ten rods out, the Judge, rowing, rested on the oars, and looked back at the boy, still standing on the dock, watching lake and sky.

"Dan," he said soberly, "I'd give all I've got to be like that again!"

Dan nodded. "Looks that way to us when we get as old and withered as we are, Judge."

After a minute the Judge unhearing, spoke again, musingly. "I was once," he said slowly.

"You used to live near here too, didn't you say this morning, Judge?"

Judge Tom chuckled.

"Sixteen years, Dan! Sixteen years I never missed seeing the first snow fall around Rapalee, or hearing the ice break out in the spring. The old wood colored house up there where we stopped this morning for the boat was Hugh Duncan's place. We lived across the road, down a quarter mile. Old buildings are all burned down now." His face clouded momentarily, then cleared. "Doesn't seem just the same, without the old house, but the lake is here anyway." His sturdy old arm went back and straightened, and a hundred feet down the bank a light splash sounded as the wooden plug alighted. Even as he tightened the rod a bass struck, and the two fell silent during the brief, tense fight that followed.

"Two and a half," the Judge appraised his gleaming bronze quarry, as he lifted it on the gaff-hook.

Dan's eyes held a twinkle. "Two," he said tersely. The twinkle faded as the Judge glanced at him.

"You've heard me tell about Hugh," the Judge said after a few minutes. Dan was sending a gray buck-tail fly into the little lanes between the lily pads. "We've had some great days around the old lake here,

Hugh and I. Used to hunt in the fall, every sunshiny Saturday, for squirrels, along that ridge yonder. Rainy days, we laid down there in the cove by the outlet, behind a willow blind, and waited for mallards. Got them too! There were flights in those days, Dan! Winters—" his voice fell away in a breathless gasp, at the swirl and splash that sounded suddenly, close shore, where Dan's fly had just settled on the quiet water. The fly rod arched double as Dan set his hook against the running fish, and then save for the swish of line, the hum of the reel, and the bumping of oars, silence fell.

Landing a live fighting arc of green-bronze on a ten foot rod, if the other tackle be right, is not landing the same fish on a sturdy bait rod. It was twenty minutes later that Dan brought his prize aboard. Lying in the bottom of the boat it might have been a twin of Judge Tom's catch.

"Four pounds," the fly fisherman proclaimed.

The Judge snorted.

"Winters, we run a trap line clear around the lake," he said, and at Dan's hearty laugh his own chuckle broke forth.

After a minute he glanced down the shoreline of Rapalee, toward the outlet, and his face sobered again.

"Sometimes I think I'd rather have just one of those days back, than all the trips I've had in the last ten years. We used to hurry home from school to go over the line. Dusk—that gray winter dusk—falling before we finished, and from the top of that ridge across there you could see the kitchen window lights—Hugh's and mine, both."

A dozen rods down the shore the bittern began his hollow spring call. "Hear that, Dan?" the Judge cried. "Old mud-pump! Bet a dollar he's got a nest back there in the marsh grass somewhere! Bet Hugh could find it too, in five minutes. Hugh and I used to find Helldiver's nests, mornings like this, before the breeze come up, by watching for the little thread of fog that trails up from 'em. Ever do it, Dan?"

The spare man nodded. The oars were lying quiet on the water now. For the minute both had forgotten to cast. Dan held up a warning finger. "Sh'h—" he whispered. The woodcock climbing higher in the sky, with the mounting sun, for a last ecstatic hour of the late morning had sent down a faint sweet whistle. The Judge's face lighted. Close overhead a kingfisher interrupted harshly as he winged erratically up the lake. The judge cast his wooden plug again, and at its splash the male bittern lifted clumsily. The kingfisher had stopped, hanging above the shallows where midway of Rapalee the sand bar shelves off into cool green depths. The Judge, watching the suspended bird, forgot his cast. Forgot to reel. The white bait floated at the edge of the pickerel weed, unattended, moveless save once when it bobbed to a pointing motion of the Judge's rod tip.

"That's where we lost Hugh," he said, and swung the rod to point the end of the bar beneath the watchful kingfisher. "One hot August afternoon—and old Rapalee here is always cold underneath. He jumped off the end of the sandbar, there, and never came up. It was evening when we found him, down at the foot of the bank."

The Judges stern old eyes blinked once under their bushy gray brows, and for a time neither fisherman spoke. When the Judge turned abruptly to his reel, his friend knew that the angling in boyhood memories was, for the time, done.

Photo by H. M. Albaugh

"Boyhood—country boyhood, is ever the same."

The first move of the rod bobbed the floating bait again, and from some point beyond the fringe of reeds, a heavy fish surged and struck it.

Dan lifted him finally, for the Judge, on the gaff hook. A long jawed, scarred old veteran, darkly mottled from the depths he had kept to, these years.

"Seven or eight pounds," the Judge decreed, "and pike don't count," he admitted moaningly.

Down by the outlet, where the shoreline of Rapalee runs into the little cove, the Judge lifted from overside the two strings of fish and inspected them. Save for the one big pike they were mediocre fish, and the Judge's string even held more pickerel than bass.

"Dan," he declared, "this lake is getting like the rest of them. No big ones left, and the small ones few and far between."

The other studied the catch a minute. "Why, I don't know, Judge. That looks like a fair bunch to me. Course we'd have more bass if you'd use flies—"

The Judge's snort broke him off. "Flies!" he cried. "Fish! Why, Dan, blast your thick old head, there was fish in here when I was a kid that would have swallowed a book-full of your flies, with so much room in their gullets to spare that you couldn't have set a hook!"

Their laughter rolled out together, and the kingfisher, headed down the lake, swung over them to know the cause. Above the little cove he stopped, to hang again, screaming.

The Judge, watching him, felt another door of boyhood unlock. "Dan," he began, soberly, "we used to spear this lake, Hugh and I. Ever spear?"

Dan nodded.

"Funny," the Judge said slowly, "I know it's unsportsmanly but I'd rather be a kid again and go spearing just one night, than to fish a hundred days!"

Dan's eyes sparkled. "I know," he agreed. "It wasn't the fish you caught. It was the night, and the jacklight on the bottom, and the shadows, and the smells, and the night noises!"

Judge Tom's heavy head nodded agreement. "That's it," he said, "we've speared around old Rapalee, here, lots of nights and not get half a dozen bullheads even, and went home and to bed happier than kings! But Dan, in that little cove ahead there, the gran'dad of all bass lived. We've seen him, Hugh and I, I'll bet fifty times. There was an old water logged ash just off shore, and he used to lay up there, in the ash top, every warm night. Sometimes he run, and sometimes he laid still while we floated clear past."

"And you never speared him?"

A slow negation. "Hugh wouldn't let me. Always said, 'Let him go, Tom. Maybe he'll bite next summer.' But he never bit."

The Judge's eyes studied somberly the shore of the little cove. "I'm glad we didn't spear him, though," he said. slowly. "As Hugh said, he'd been here long enough he deserved to live. Guess he stayed a long time after Hugh left Rapalee—and after I did too, for that matter."

The light breeze had drifted the boat into the throat of the little cove. The Judge straightened suddenly.

"Dan, there's a snag of that same old ash

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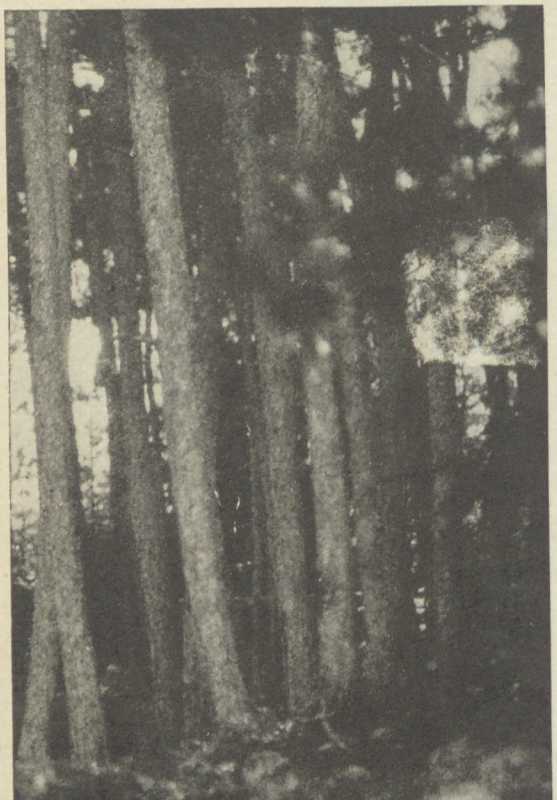
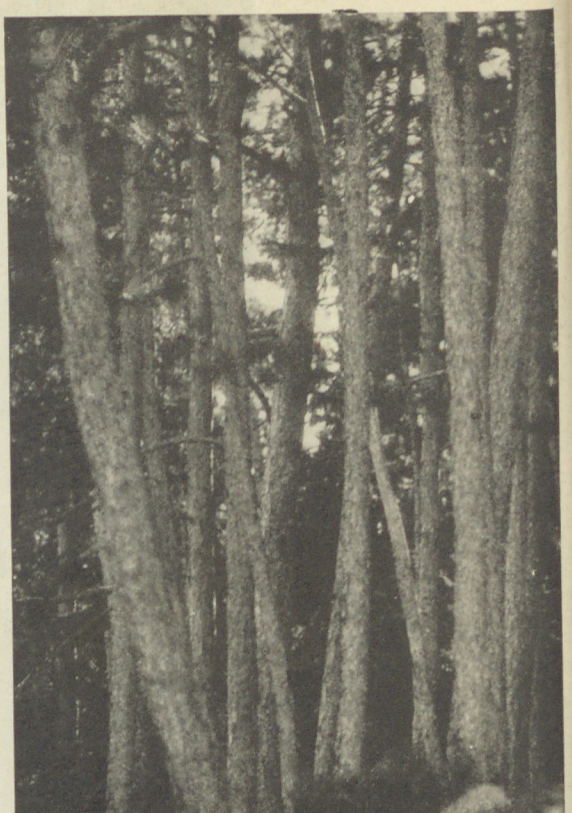


The Story *of the* Tree



By
HON. MARTIN L. DAVEY
Congressman from Ohio

Speech made in the House of Representatives April 17, 1924

I WOULD like to give you a connected story of the tree as a living thing and a story of forest devastation as it has been progressing in this land of freedom and opportunity.

Most folks, unfortunately, do not realize that the tree is a living, breathing organism. It is just as much alive as you and I. It breathes; it has a circulation; it digests its food; it has sexual processes. It is perfectly true that it has no nervous system as we have in the human body.

It lacks the power of locomotion. It has no intelligence as we understand that term, but it does have the power to adapt itself to its environment. In fact, it adapts itself amazingly well. Where trees grow close together, they grow one-sided in order to accommodate themselves to each other. Where they grow thick, they grow tall in order to reach the sunlight. Frequently the roots of a tree travel long distances around boulders and almost insurmountable obstacles in order to reach the source of their food and water supply. In all of these elemental things the tree is just as much alive as man himself.

The tree breathes through its leaves chiefly. I hope that all of you some time will take occasion to look at the underside of a leaf through the microscope. You will find there a myriad of little openings or cells into which the air penetrates just as truly as it does into the human lungs, and in those cells the air is separated into its parts, just as it is in our lungs. The carbon dioxide is extracted from the air and is taken into the body of the tree as part of its food material, and the oxygen is thrown off for the benefit of man and all animal life. It is true that the breathing process does not follow the principle of the bellows movement, as in the human lungs, and yet it is actual breathing in just as true a sense as that which takes place in our own bodies.

The tree has a circulation that is just as real as our own. Way down underneath the ground, where the roots are working day after day, they gather up the food in liquid form. The area of the roots is approximately equal to the spread of the top. If you see a tree whose top is 50 feet in diameter, its root area is approximately the same. The all-important hair roots are largely out at the ends of the whole root system about under the edge of the branches. It is this myriad of hair roots that gather up the food in liquid form and send it up through the body of the tree to the leaves.

I suppose all of you have seen a cross section of a tree. This is the same as the top of a stump. Just imagine you are looking at the cross section of a tree now. In the center you see the pith. That was there from the time it was a baby tree. Around the pith is a layer of wood, which represents the first year's growth; and around that a second layer, which represents the second year's growth; and around that a third layer, which represents the third year's growth, and so on out to the bark. In the beginning these central cells were active sap-carrying tissues, but as the tree grew in size these central cells became more and more dormant—that is to say, filled up more and more with mineral elements—so that they became less and less active. But as you go outward toward the bark you find that the cells are more and more active as sap carriers, so that the last few layers, meaning the last few years' growth, are the active sap-carrying tissues. It is in those outer wood cells that the crude sap is carried upward from the roots to the leaves. Outside of the last layer of wood is what is called the cambium layer, where all the growth and healing take place, and outside of everything else is the bark, which serves the twofold purpose of protecting the living tree and providing the cells in which the digested food material can travel back in its downward flow.

Now, then, this food material having been pumped out of the soil by the hair roots is sent up through the small roots to the large ones, then through the trunk to the limbs and out to the twigs and then to the leaves, where it undergoes the wonderful chemical change that makes it available as food material. After having been digested it is then sent back in the inner cells of the bark all the way down to the same little roots from whence it came, building all the way down and depositing this food material out of which the structure of the tree is created.

The tree digests its food in just as real a sense as man himself. This food material, that has been pumped up from the roots, undergoes in the leaf a marvelous chemical change under the influence of the sunlight and is transformed into available food material. Thus we find the leaf is both the lungs and the stomach of the tree.

The leaf is the most important thing in all the realms of life. It is the one and only connecting link between the organic and the inorganic worlds. There are only two minerals that man can take into his system and assimilate—water and salt—and these only in limited quantities. Everything else that we eat and, in fact, most of the things that we wear come to us through the leaves of vegetation—not of trees alone but of all vegetation.

It is the leaf which takes the dead mineral elements from the soil, the inorganic elements, and transforms those minerals into organic, living cells and makes it possible for them to feed the whole of the living world. And thus it appears that the great God who created the world and the life that inhabits it made of the lowly leaf the greatest and the most important instrumentality of that life.

The tree has sex processes that are just as real and just as beautiful as in any other form of life. The male and female exist as positive factors.

Now, I would like to tell you a little about another phase of the great tree question that seems to me of monumental importance. This has to do with the subject of forest devastation and its bearing upon the present and the future of America. In order that you may understand that what I am about to say is not the product of my imagination, I want to read to you very briefly from the report of the United States Forest Service that was published nearly four years ago. This followed a resolution by the United States Senate calling upon the Forest Service for such investigation and report. It was the most exhaustive investigation ever made in this country. Among other things this report says:

(1) That three-fifths of the original timber of the United States is gone, and that we are using timber four times as fast as we are growing it. The forests remaining are so located as greatly to reduce their national utility. The bulk of the population and manufacturing industries of the United States are dependent upon distant supplies of timber as the result of the depletion of the principal forest areas east of the Great Plains.

(2) That the depletion of timber is not the sole cause of the recent high prices of forest products, but is an important contributing cause whose effects will increase steadily as depletion continues.

(3) That the fundamental problem is to increase production of timber by stopping forest devastation.

The virgin forests of the United States covered 822,000,000 acres. They are now shrunk to one-sixth of that area. Of the forest land remaining and not utilized for farming or any other purpose, approximately 81,000,000 acres have been so severely cut and burned as to become an unproductive waste. This area is equivalent to the combined forests of Germany, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal. Upon an enormous additional area the growth of timber is so small in amount or of such inferior character that its economic value is negligible.

Some 300 years ago our forefathers came to the eastern shores of this country and discovered a land that was endowed as richly as anything in the history of the world. Those who had landed in Virginia under Capt. John Smith found what seemed to be a veritable paradise. They sent back word to the mother country that they had discovered a land of inexhaustible fertility, and so it seemed; but today you can go into the State of Virginia and buy thousands of acres for almost a song, because it has been robbed of its fertility and it lacks the power of producing things necessary for man and animal life. Those who landed on the rock-bound coast of New England came face to face with a wonderful covering of trees, magnificent trees everywhere; but today that wonderful supply of native timber is three-fourths gone. About half the remaining supply is in the State of Maine, and that is largely of pulp-wood varieties. The New England States today, that originally were so richly endowed, import 30 per cent of their own consumption and will import more and more as time goes on. About 50 years ago New York State was the greatest producer of timber in the Union, and today the great Empire State has so far depleted its timber resources that it produces only 10 per cent of its own consumption. It produces 30 board feet per capita and consumes 300 feet.

Then the tide flowed to Pennsylvania—Penn's Woods—which was so named because of its wonderful covering of trees; but today Pennsylvania produces less than enough for the Pittsburgh district alone, about 20 per cent of its own consumption. But that is not all of the sad story of Pennsylvania. I wonder how many of you have taken a daylight ride across the Alleghenies. I hope everyone of you will do so and look out across those hills, as I have, and see for miles and miles the desolate waste.

This is what happens out in the native woodlands. The rain

comes down through the leaves and settles into the loose, porous soil and finds its way into the subsoil, and from there to the springs which feed the little streams, and they in turn feed the rivers. But man comes along and cuts away the forest covering, leaving behind him the debris, the leaves and chips and small branches, making a veritable tinder box and a constant fire hazard. Then the fire sweeps over the land and destroys the remaining vegetation. Then, when the rain comes down, it sweeps across the surface of the land and takes with it the fertile top soil that nature has taken centuries to build up. It is said that it takes nature 10,000 years to make an inch of fertile top soil. The whole lower Mississippi Delta, in fact the whole lower valley, is made up of rich top soil that has been swept down from the interior.

There is in Vinton County, Ohio, one township of 10,000 acres that tells the sad story of what has happened. I have this on the authority of a representative of the forestry department of Ohio. He told me that two years ago he went down to this place that was once covered with a magnificent growth of trees. The large trees had been cut away for lumber purposes and the smaller trees had been cut down to be used as mine props. Then the fire swept over the land and destroyed the remaining vegetation, followed by floods that took the fertile top soil. He told me that just three families exist in this whole township of 10,000 acres, and he went out across this land looking for other signs of life. He said, "I could not find a bird and not even a rabbit." So the destruction of timber is of more far-reaching importance than merely the loss of lumber.

Some 35 or 40 years ago the tide turned to the Lake States—Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. About that time men came back from that section, which was then covered with an apparently inexhaustible supply of wonderful white pine, and they told how this supply could never be cut away, and yet today it is almost gone. The original supply of white pine in the Lake States was estimated to have been 350,000,000,000 board feet. Today it has been reduced to 8,000,000,000, and it will be all gone in about 10 years commercially. The section from which I come—Ohio, and west from there, Indiana and Illinois—has almost ceased to be a factor in the production of lumber, and yet that section in years gone by produced wonderful hardwoods. A gentleman told me of the magnificent trees that were cut down at the time of the Civil War. Great oaks, 4 feet in diameter, were sent from northwestern Ohio to build the *Monitor*, which proved the turning point in the Civil War, and yet that section is now practically denuded. Still I see even today trucks going out bringing in one by one the last remaining specimens of the primeval forest.

To the south of that section, in the southern Appalachian region, there was and still is a very considerable reservoir of hardwoods, but the Government estimates that this supply will be gone commercially in from 18 to 20 years.

In the South Atlantic and Gulf States there was a wonderful supply of yellow pine, and yet that supply which was considered inexhaustible is four-fifths gone. It is estimated that it will be all gone in from 15 to 20 years from a commercial standpoint. There still remains in the southern Mississippi section one last great reservoir of timber, including the wonderful cypress, but the Government estimates that this supply also will be gone in from 20 to 25 years. So that within the next 25 years—most of us I hope will live that long—we will see a time when the great eastern section of the United States will be practically denuded of its timber from a commercial standpoint.

There still remains, however, a very impressive quantity of trees for lumber purposes in the West—Washington, Oregon, California, northern New Mexico and Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana. If you look at the figures you would probably conclude that this supply in the West also would be inexhaustible, and yet the Government estimates that it will be all gone commercially in from 30 to 40 years.

However, even today we are paying the price of our destruction as this steadily dwindling supply is being pushed farther and farther away from the centers of population. Some 30 years ago Chicago, which is perhaps the greatest lumber market in the country, secured its supply largely from the surrounding States. The freight rate was then about $3 per 1,000 feet. Today the Chicago market receives its supply chiefly from the far South and the far West, and the freight rate is now about $13 per 1,000 feet, making an increase of $10 per 1,000 feet for freight alone. I am not in the forestry business, and have no foresters in my organization, nor have I any trees to sell. Our work is as distinct from forestry as dentistry is from medicine. Neither am I in the lumber business, and I have not even a remote financial interest in that business; yet I wish to express my earnest conviction that we will never again buy lumber as cheap as we have in the past, and the price of lumber will increase steadily from now on. This will be the result of the most simple economic causes.

In talking with Gifford Pinchot some two years ago, he made a significant statement. He said to me:

"Mr. Davey, in my judgment there will be a lumber famine in this country within 25 years, and such a lumber famine will make itself felt before the end of the 25-year period."

Do you believe that these things do not affect you and me? Stop to think, friends, that about one-fifth of the total lumber products of this country is consumed in the manufacture of boxes, barrels, and crates for the transportation of your manufactured products and food supplies from one section of the country to the other. Nearly one-half of the lumber products is consumed on the farms of America for the production of our food supply. Lumber and its products enter into every phase of American life, and no one could do business as it is now done without it.

For you who love the great out of doors, to hunt and fish and tramp, there is a sinister threat in the fast declining timber area. Let me say, friends, that without the forest home there can be mighty little game, and without a continuous and adequate supply of water there can be mighty few fish. Fish can not live in streams that are alternately raging torrents and dried up bottoms. The whole question of an adequate water supply for the cities of America is involved in this matter of forest conservation and reforestation. It has a more direct bearing upon the life of this country probably than any question that can come before our people.

I am reliably informed that the city of Columbus, Ohio, was threatened with a water famine a year ago last summer, just as many other cities have been threatened in the recent past. The people of Columbus were warned that there was a bare three days' supply in the reservoir. Their water is taken from the Scioto River, which was nearly dried up. Nothing but a providential rain saved them from the catastrophe. This condition is due very largely to the destruction of the woodlands around the headwaters of these streams. It is the woodlands that hold the water in check and allow it to seep out gradually. Without that there can only be alternating floods and droughts.

There is just one thing more that I want to say. All of us have heard for years past of the famine conditions in China. That country once had a wonderful covering of trees, very similar to that in America; but China, did what we are doing in America, cut away its trees and allowed the land to be burned over. The vegetation was destroyed over vast areas; then the water swept over the land and carried with it the fertile top soil. So there are millions of acres in China that constitute a barren waste not capable of producing vegetation. China has one crop in seven years, and in the other years of that period must look to the world for food to feed her teeming millions.

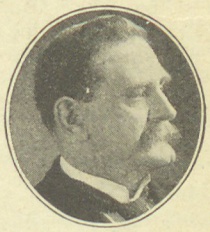
China has become, and will remain for long years, a land of perpetual famine because she has destroyed her forest covering, subjecting herself to the devastation of alternating floods and droughts, and has sacrificed the fertile top soil over such a vast portion of her domain.

No nation in the history of the world was more richly blest by the Creator in the matter of its natural resources than America. It seems that God Almighty created here His richest garden plot, out of which could be built up a new nation of great power, great purpose, and great possibilities. America can not long remain the great land of freedom and opportunity unless we protect and conserve the very things which have made us what we are. My plea to you and to all in this land that was originally so blest, a land of great promise and boasted opportunity, is that we wake up and conserve the remnants of our once great forest wealth and begin to reforest while yet there is time. I beg of you to consider this problem as among the very great and far-reaching things affecting America.

That is my plea to you. I think there is nothing that affects the future of America more, and very few things that are of equal importance. Even though we may not personally suffer within our lifetime, let us do the thing that is obviously our duty, and protect America, and keep it worth while for other men in the future to live in and to admire and to love.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson



J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

A Tennessee Highlander

TO the mountains I will clamber,
Where the huts of good men be,
Where the soul expands in freedom,
Where the winds are blowing free.

To the mountains I will clamber,
Where the dark pines cleave the sky,
Where brooks brawl, and birds are singing
And the clouds sweep proudly by.

Fare-ye-well, ye polished salons,
Polished dames and lords, awhile:
To the mountains I will clamber,
Thence look down on you and smile!
Heine.

"A MAN cannot take money for a thing like that."

Many years have passed since, on a point of the Cumberland Mountains, at the Bon Air Spout Spring on the stage road which, in the days before railroads, was used for travel between Nashville and Knoxville, on a dark night after a heavy storm, by the light of a dim lantern, these words in a level, unimpassioned tone, were said to me by a mountaineer, whose steady, penetrating, clear blue eyes foreclosed all argument. They still ring in my ears as they did on that impressive occasion, but always with intenser force, when something mean, sordid, selfish or money grasping brings out in contrast the true nobility of soul that animated that simple, unschooled man, who, under the most primitive conditions and the hard struggles they imposed, had worked out a philosophy of life, that could, without hesitation, submerge all self interest in the sense of obligation to service for a fellow man.

I never saw him before that night, but summering for twenty years on the mountains had made me familiar with his kind. I had hunted, fished, camped and travelled with many of them and knew their nature. They were all poor and many of them desperately poor, and yet, although they rarely asked a favor, they seldom, if ever, denied a request that they could perform. This is well illustrated by an instance known to me. A stranger lost on a rainy night stumbled into the cabin of a solitary mountaineer, who invited him to a seat by the fire, and as was their custom, asked no questions. Upon being told that he had eaten nothing since the day before the host excused his absence. He was gone for more than an hour. The stranger stood looking through the window at the forked lightning, whose vivid flashes lit up the weird mountain scenery. He had glimpses of an approaching figure and saw the man enter with a small sack, from which he cooked a supper of corn bread, bacon and coffee. He made no apology and no explanation. The next day when the guest had somewhat learned the country, he knew that his host had walked several miles in the dark rainstorm to borrow from a neighbor. And yet if he had been seriously suspected of being a revenue officer, or had by some act or word offended the code in which was enshrined this mountaineer's amour propre, there might have been a tragedy instead of an act of hospitality, which, measured by the means to bestow it, far transcended the lavish entertainments of the rich.

There were no locks on any doors in the country. Everything stood wide open, except, of course, in cases of feud, and these I never heard of in that section. They were further to the East and mainly in Kentucky.

At times our fishing and hunting parties would leave everything but blankets, coffee pot and skillet on the plateau for several days and nights while we fished in the Gulf of Caney Fork River, and never lost anything. No one can suppose that they were unknown. Whoever ventures into those mountain fastnesses, does it with full knowledge that nothing escapes observation. It was an accepted saying that you could hang up your coat in the woods and it would rot without molestation.

I had been fishing in some remote gulch, with the mountains towering all around, on a stream interlaced with laurel, rhododendron, and azalea, where the beams of the sun never penetrate, except near the meridian hour, and seemed remote from all the world, when looking up into the dense foliage I have seen eyes incuriously gazing at me, and then heard the quiet salutation "Any luck, stranger." The first time it happened I felt uncanny, although I was in no way surprised. The madding world swinging around its axis and in its orbit gives them but little concern.

Some of my friends, many years ago, tramping through the mountains were camping on a trout stream in a deep gorge, wholly inaccessible to any kind of vehicle. A mountaineer, well up in the nineties, sauntered down a trail, passed the compliments of the day, bunched himself on a rock and manifestly bent on bringing his ultramontane knowledge up to date, began by asking, "Anything much going on in the world?" One of the party replied, "Yes, something of great moment. Cleveland's message on Venezuela has greatly riled England, and there is talk of war." The antediluvian looking "pestered" and bewildered, drawled out, "England! Is that old thing standing yit? I thought Old Hickory busted her up at New Orleans."

They have analytical minds and a keen sense of humor. Tim Dodson told me how stupid his landlord was in arithmetic. He rented corn land on the basis of one-third to the landlord and two-thirds to the tenant. The usual mode of division was to haul two loads to his crib and every third load to the landlord. One year there was a disastrous drouth, and an almost complete failure. He only made two loads and hauled them to his crib. When the landlord complained that he had not gotten his one-third, he declared with imperturbable gravity. "By ganny, I did not make but my two-thirds."

They are a virile, brave, sound stock, 100 per cent Americans. From these came mainly the 31,000 white troops that Tennessee furnished to the Union Armies during the Civil War and many, though not in the same proportion, who served the Confederacy. It was from the ancestry of such people that the Volunteers, who mustered under John Sevier, crossed the mountains and at King's Mountain helped the Kentuckians, under Shelby, and the Virginians, under Campbell, destroy Ferguson, a battle which Jefferson said turned the tide of the Revolution. From the same sectoin came Farragut, the great admiral of the Civil War, and from across the line in Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln.

From this stock was Sergeant York, who the official report showed "practically unassisted captured 132 Germans, took about 35 machine guns and killed no less than 25 of the enemy." In decorating him with the Croix de Guerre with Palm, Marshal Foch said to him, "What you did was the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of

Europe." When his regiment came out of the Argonne Forest he was taken from the ranks and passed in review before other regiments, and under orders from Headquarters was sent through the war zone, and as a guest of honor to cities in France. President Poincare received him with impressive ceremonies. In New York and Washington there were receptions and banquets in his honor. The people crowded about him with impetuous enthusiasm. At the stock exchange in New York, business was suspended to receive him and the members carried him around on their shoulders. The House of Representatives stopped debate to cheer him. But the crowning glory of all to America was, when this simple soldier, who had been feted, flattered and honored as no soldier of such humble rank had ever been, put aside all the blandishments that money could offer and scorning to capitalize his service to his country, refused a guarantee of $75,000 to appear in a moving picture play, and another proposition of $50,000 and then offers ranging up to $1,000 a week to appear in vaudeville and theatrical engagements. He did not dally with them. His refusal instantly followed their proposal. He preferred to the great world, and all it offered, his poor, but ancestral home, established by his great-great-grandfather in the "Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolf." The State of Tennessee truly interpreted his spirit, when it put upon the special medal it conferred upon him the words "Service Above Self." In narrative, but always within the hovering of the same spirit, I have wandered far from my story.

Judge J. M. Dickinson on "Tennessee."

Although it was sultry on the mountain and threatening in the valley, I agreed to take my little granddaughter, Martha, about eight years old, on a ride down the mountain, and to the stalactite caves over toward Hickory Valley and Milk Sick Mountain. It meant a long ride for a youngster, but she had a splendid pony that could easily make the round of 15 miles before nightfall. The first stretch of about three miles wound along the plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, a beautiful table land about 2,000 feet above sea level, with luxurious growth of oak, red, white and black, hickory, gum, poplar, dogwood, redbud, chestnut, buckeye, mulberry, walnut, cucumber, cedar, short leafed pine, white pine, hemlock, mountain laurel, holly, rhododendron and many other kinds. In season there was a riot of wild flowers, vines, blackberries, and huckleberries. It was traversed by numerous small streams, some of which were perennial. Springs of clear cool water, soft and sweet from the sandstone, were abundant. One not approaching the escarpment could ride for 70 miles or more through beautiful forests and natural meadows, along and across purling streams and never know that he was on a mountain. Yes, a good horseman would, for he would find that no horse unless breathing the ozone of the mountain, could sustain so long, without fatigue, the grilling stride. We soon came out to the brow at old Bon Air, where there was a famous free stone spout spring that never increased or diminished in volume or temperature, in summer or in winter, in all the years of its tradition. It was at the very top of the mountain and flowed into a wooden trough, close to the road, where it had refreshed man and beast from time immemorial. It was known to the earliest pioneers, who first crossed the Cumberland Mountains to Middle Tennessee, long before the Revolutionary War, when that territory was a part of North Carolina. Indian arrow heads and stone utensils were abundant in that vicinity down to my time.

There was near by a renowned healing chalybeate spring, a specific for bowel and stomach troubles.

Because they were on the great stage highway, from the East to the West, they were known throughout the land.

What stirring memories are invoked!

The stage was a high, heavy, spacious vehicle. There were generally two places outside with the driver, three in the heavily cushioned leather rear, three seats in the middle, with a wide heavy movable support which was made taut when the passengers got in, and three seats in the front like those in the back, but facing to the rear. Those embarking, unless in special cases on account of sickness or infirmity, made a large part, if not the entire journey continuously. They slept sitting up or lolling, as best they could. It was a terrible gruelling test of endurance. They were generally called Concord stages. The baggage was put in a receptacle behind called a boot, and was covered with leather aprons and strapped in. The body was hung high on immense leather springs and folding steps let up and down. This was on account of the deep streams they forded. When very long hills or mountains required the horses

Old Virginia Hospitality

IN the early days when men did not go to Court for money damages, to satisfy wounded domestic honor, slander, or insult, but took a more prompt and effective means, a Virginian who felt that he had been grossly wronged, and yet was restrained by the fact that he was a church Elder, notified the offender that he ought to administer condign punishment, but would forego that pleasure, provided that he would never cross his path again in life.

Years passed, and mindful of the warning a meeting was shunned.

One dark, stormy, rainy night, the man got bewildered and lost, rode to a light and knocked for admission and shelter. To his astonished eyes the door was opened by his avowed enemy, who, when he saw him drenched, bedraggled and shivering with cold, invited him in, gave him a hot toddy, dry clothes, and a bounteous supper, had his horse stabled, and bestowed him in comfortable quarters.

After breakfast, the horses were ordered and both rode away together. A sense of beatitude pervaded the guest and he was congratulating himself that bygones were bygones, and that the outrage had been forgotten, when his host reined up his horse, dismounted, and said: "That is my corner tree, you are no longer on my land and I am free from the bonds of the law of hospitality. I told you that if you ever crossed my path I would thrash you, and now I am going to redeem my promise."

Jackson and Grant

THE first time I ever saw Dr. Eliot was when in '71 (I believe), as President of Harvard, he conferred the degree of LL.D. upon President Grant in Latin. When the same degree was conferred by Harvard upon President Jackson someone asked him if he understood what was said and he replied: "I never knew much Latin and about all that I now remember is *e pluribus unum*, but I caught enough to know that he was talking about Liberty, and why a man should talk about such a live thing as Liberty in a dead language, I cannot understand."

to walk, passengers availed themselves of the opportunity to stretch their legs.

While travel was generally safer in those days than in many parts of America now, men usually were armed with a pair of derringers and dirk or bowie knife. While it was regarded as a proper precaution, I do not recall that I ever heard of any weapon being called into requisition. The stage stands were about ten or twelve miles apart, located usually at springs and upon streams where water was abundant.

The horses were finely bred and well groomed and flashed resplendently in rich harness. There were usually six. The driver was the grand mogul. It was the acme of a boy's ambition. When he blew his horn and sent out that curling whip like a huge, live, black snake, with a long keen cracker, popping viciously over the heads of the leaders, Jove hurling his bolts was a tame figure in comparison.

Except going up or down steep places the gait was a long swinging gallop of full ten miles an hour. It was expected to make about 200 miles in 24 hours. The horses were changed nearly every hour. When a stand was approached, where a meal was to be taken, the driver wound his horn, and then by blowing successively, gave notice of the number of passengers. We came in at full speed, with a blare, a clatter and dash that would make a circus seem tame. Dogs were out howling and yelping. The door steps were filled with eager gazers. Fresh horses, fully harnessed, were rearing and champing at the bit. A hostler grabbed the bit of each stage horse covered with lather and foam. The driver and all the passengers rushed to the wash stand and the table. The meal was abundant and excellent. Eggs, ham, bacon, sausage, milk, fried chicken, beaten biscuit, waffles and cakes came in endless profusion. When everyone was

A mountaineer's home near Bon Air, Tennessee.

adjusted and ready the horn rang out, the fresh horses were champing the bit, the driver was again supreme, all tumbled in and were on the next stretch. Some of these hostelries were famous; most are long since in ruins.

All of the Congressmen, Senators, merchants and business men of the early days travelled that road. Sometimes they went more leisurely on horseback or in their own carriages. General Jackson generally went in his own carriage, drawn by four thoroughbred Pacolet mares. Long before the Civil War, sugar and cotton planters, from the South, largely from Louisiana, resorted to Bon Air on account of the waters, the high elevation and beauty of the scenery. They brought their carriages, horses and servants. The hotel and buildings were burned by jayhawkers during the Civil War. I have been told by old inhabitants that knew, that at times there were over five hundred people there. I have inspected the foundations and stone chimneys and can well believe it. I have seen the old telltale mint bed, and the deep rock cave with its broken down door where the fresh meats were kept.

We stood on the great flat sand stone point and gazed with rapt vision over the valley 1,000 feet below and then over five successive ranges of mountains, and Short Mountain standing out a solitary figure 50 miles away. Many names were cut with a cold chisel in that hard stone, and many dates, some half a century old. Generations had stood where we were standing and had looked out on the same mountains older than recorded time, and yet always young in their glorious verdure. In my mind's eye were visions of the olden time. Bright fairy forms flitted along the foliage screened paths. Young lovers with

Buck Horn Lodge, Martha and Helen Dickinson.

clasped hands wandered by. I could hear the neighing of the horses, the clatter of dashing riders, see the old planters at the card tables on the porches, hear the click of the glasses crowned with bouquets of fresh and fragrant mint, and then in my dreaming fancy I heard the measures of the old time music, and saw the stately couples as they swept by in the waltz, the schottisch, the mazurka, the lancers, the minuet and the Virginia Reel. The scene was so real that I turned toward the old Hostelry. The forms and fancies faded into the forest background. Nothing stood out but broken chimneys and the ruins of the vanished glory of a colorful and appealing civilization that had passed forever.

Our way did not lead down the mountain by the stage road, but turning abruptly to the left we followed a rough, rocky, precipitous path through dense woods and came into the valley on a lonely country road. I expected to follow this into a mountain fastness and return by another way. As easily happens in a rough country, I went astray. All the time we rode at a hard gallop, and as I did not come to where I expected to ascend the mountain, I became uneasy and went faster, as night was approaching and flashes of sheet lightning and heavy winds sweeping down the mountain showed that a storm was imminent. I heard a wagon in the distance, pushed the horses to a run and overtook it. I was not greatly surprised to learn that I had taken the wrong turn and that I had come six miles out of the way. This added twelve miles to the long ride that I had planned for the child, but there was nothing to do but buckle to it. She was game, did not need any heartening and her pony was equal to the demand. As we sped in the rain over the road whose darkness

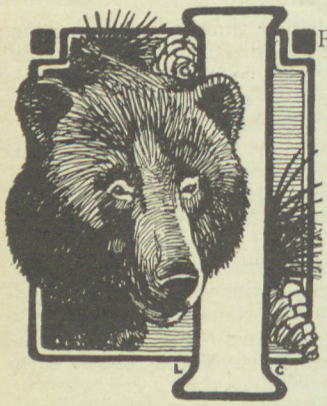
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 61]

The Grizzly King

Illustrations by L. J. Cronin

By
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER TEN



IF IT had not been for Langdon, this day of the fight between the two bears would have held still greater excitement and another and deadlier peril for Thor and Muskwa. Three minutes after the hunters had arrived breathless and sweating upon the scene of the sanguinary conflict Bruce was ready and anxious to continue the pursuit of Thor. He knew the big grizzly could not be far away; he was certain that Thor had gone up the mountain. He found signs of the grizzly's feet in the gravel of the coulee at just about the time Thor and the tan-faced cub struck the Bighorn Highway.

His arguments failed to move Langdon. Stirred to the depth of his soul by what he had seen, and what he saw about him now, the hunter-naturalist refused to leave the bloodstained and torn-up arena in which the grizzly and the black had fought their duel.

"If I knew that I was not going to fire a single shot, I would travel five thousand miles to see this," he said. "It's worth thinking about, and looking over, Bruce. The grizzly won't spoil. This will—in a few hours. If there's a story here we can dig out I want it."

Again and again Langdon went over the battlefield, noting the ripped-up ground, the big spots of dark-red stain, the strips of flayed skin, and the terrible wounds on the body of the dead black. For half an hour Bruce paid less attention to these things than he did to the carcass of the caribou. At the end of that time he called Langdon to the edge of the clump of balsams.

"You wanted the story," he said, "an' I've got it for you, Jimmy."

He entered the balsams and Langdon followed him. A few steps under the cover Bruce halted and pointed to the hollow in which Thor had cached his meat. The hollow was stained with blood.

"You was right in your guess, Jimmy," he said. "Our grizzly is a meat-eater. Last night he killed a caribou out there in the meadow. I know it was the grizzly that killed 'im an' not the black, because the tracks along the edge of the timber are grizzly tracks. Come on. I'll show you where 'e jumped the caribou!"

He led the way back into the meadow, and pointed out where Thor had dragged down the young bull. There were bits of flesh and a great deal of stain where he and Muskwa had feasted.

"He hid the carcass in the balsams after he had filled himself," went on Bruce. "This morning the black came along, smelled the meat, an' robbed the cache. Then back come the grizzly after his morning feed, an' that's what happened! There's yo'r story, Jimmy."

"And—he may come back again?" asked Langdon.

"Not on your life, he won't!" cried Bruce. "He wouldn't touch that careass ag'in if he was starving. Just now this place is like poison to him."

After that Bruce left Langdon to meditate alone on the field of battle while he began trailing Thor. In the shade of the balsams Langdon wrote for a steady hour, frequently rising to establish new facts or verify others already discovered. Meanwhile the mountaineer made his way foot by foot up the coulee. Thor had left no blood, but where others would have seen nothing Bruce detected the signs of his passing. When he returned to where Langdon was completing his notes, his face wore a look of satisfaction.

"He went over the mount'in," he said briefly.

It was noon before they climbed over the volcanic quarry of rock and followed the Bighorn Highway to the point where Thor and Muskwa had watched the eagle and the sheep. They ate their lunch here, and scanned the valley through their glasses. Bruce was silent for a long time. Then he lowered his telescope, and turned to Langdon.

"I guess I've got his range pretty well figgered out," he said. "He runs these two valleys, an' we've got our camp too far south. See that timber down there? That's where our camp should be. What do you say to goin' back over the divide with our horses an' moving up here?"

"And leave our grizzly until tomorrow?"

Bruce nodded.

"We can't go after 'im and leave our horses tied up in the creek-bottom back there."

Langdon boxed his glasses and rose to his feet. Suddenly he grew rigid.

"What was that?"

"I didn't hear anything," said Bruce.

For a moment they stood side by side, listening. A gust of wind whistled about their ears. It died away.

"Hear it!" whispered Langdon, and his voice was filled with a sudden excitement.

"The dogs!" cried Bruce.

"Yes, the dogs!"

They leaned forward, their ears turned to the south, and faintly there came to them the distant, thrilling tongue of the Airedales!

Metoosin had come, and he was seeking them in the valley!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THOR was on what the Indians call a *pimootao*. His brute mind had all at once added two and two together, and while perhaps he did not make four of it, his mental arithmetic was accurate enough to convince him that straight north was the road to travel.

By the time Langdon and Bruce had reached the summit of the Bighorn Highway, and were listening to the distant tonguing of the dogs, little Muskwa was in abject despair. Following Thor had been like a game of tag with never a moment's rest.

An hour after they left the sheep trail they came to the rise in the valley where the waters separated. From this point one creek flowed southward into the Tacla Lake country and the other northward into the Babine, which was a tributary of the Skeena. They descended very quickly into a much lower country, and for the first time Muskwa encountered marshland, and travelled at times through grass so rank and thick that he could not see but could only hear Thor forging on ahead of him.

The stream grew wider and deeper, and in places they skirted the edges of dark, quiet pools that Muskwa thought must have been of immeasurable depth. These pools gave Muskwa his first breathing-spells. Now and then Thor would stop and sniff over the edge of them. He was hunting for something, and yet he never seemed to find it; and each time that he started on afresh Muskwa was so much nearer to the end of his endurance.

They were fully seven miles north of the point from which Bruce and Langdon were scanning the valley through their glasses when they came to a lake. It was a dark and unfriendly looking lake to Muskwa, who had never seen anything but sunlit pools in the dips. The forest grew close down to its shore. In places it was almost black. Queer birds squawked in the thick reeds. It was heavy with a strange odour—a fragrance of something that made the cub lick his little chops, and filled him with hunger.

For a minute or two Thor stood sniffing this scent that filled the air. It was the smell of fish.

Slowly the big grizzly began picking his way along the edge of the lake. He soon came to the mouth of a small creek. It

was not more than twenty feet wide, but it was dark and quiet and deep, like the lake itself. For a hundred yards Thor made his way up this creek, until he came to where a number of trees had fallen across it, forming a jam. Close to this jam the water was covered with a green scum. Thor knew what lay under that scum, and very quietly he crept out on the logs.

Midway in the stream he paused, and with his right paw gently brushed back the scum so that an open pool of clear water lay directly under him.

Muskwa's bright little eyes watched him from the shore. He knew that Thor was after something to eat, but how he was going to get it out of that pool of water puzzled and interested him in spite of his weariness.

Thor stretched himself out on his belly, his head and right paw well over the jam. He now put his paw a foot into the water and held it there very quietly. He could see clearly to the bottom of the stream. For a few moments he saw only this bottom, a few sticks, and the protruding end of a limb. Then a long slim shadow moved slowly under him—a fifteen-inch trout. It was too deep for him, and Thor did not make an excited plunge.

Patiently he waited, and very soon this patience was rewarded. A beautiful red-spotted trout floated out from under the scum, and so suddenly that Muskwa gave a yelp of terror, Thor's huge paw sent a shower of water a dozen feet into the air, and the fish landed with a thump within three feet of the cub. Instantly Muskwa was upon it. His sharp teeth dug into it as it flopped and struggled.

Thor rose on the logs, but when he saw that Muskwa had taken possession of the fish, he resumed his former position. Muskwa was just finishing his first real kill when a second spout of water shot upward and another trout pirouetted shoreward through the air. This time Thor followed quickly, for he was hungry.

It was a glorious feast they had that early afternoon beside the shaded creek. Five times Thor knocked fish out from under the scum, but for the life of him Muskwa could not eat more than his first trout.

For several hours after their dinner they lay in a cool, hidden spot close to the log-jam. Muskwa did not sleep soundly. He was beginning to understand that life was now largely a matter of personal responsibility with him, and his ears had begun to attune themselves to sound. Whenever Thor moved or heaved a deep sigh, Muskwa knew it. After that day's Marathon with the grizzly he was filled with uneasiness—a fear that he might lose his big friend and food-killer, and he was determined that the parent he had adopted should have no opportunity of slipping away from him unheard and unseen. But Thor had no intention of deserting his little comrade. In fact, he was becoming quite fond of Muskwa.

It was not alone his hunger for fish or fear of his enemies that was bringing Thor into the lower country of the Babine waterways. For a week past there had been in him a steadily growing unrest, and it had reached its climax in these last two or three days of battle and flight. He was filled with a strange and unsatisfied yearning, and as Muskwa napped in his little bed among the bushes Thor's ears were keenly alert for certain sounds and his nose frequently sniffed the air. He wanted a mate.

It was *puskoowepesim*—the "moulting moon"—and always in this moon, or the end of the "egg-laying moon," which was June, he hunted for the female that came to him from the western ranges. He was almost entirely a creature of habit, and always he made this particular detour, entering the other valley again far down toward the Babine. He never failed to feed on fish along the way, and the more fish he ate the stronger was the odour of him. It is barely possible Thor had discovered that this perfume of golden-spotted trout made him more attractive to his lady-love. Anyway, he ate fish, and he smelled abundantly.

Thor rose and stretched himself two hours before sunset, and he knocked three more fish out of the water. Muskwa ate the head of one and Thor finished the rest. Then they continued their pilgrimage.

It was a new world that Muskwa entered now. In it there were none of the old familiar sounds. The purring drone of the upper valley was gone. There were no whistlers, and no ptarmigan, and no fat little gophers running about. The water of the lake lay still, and dark, and deep, with black and sunless pools hiding themselves under the roots of trees, so close did the forest cling to it. There were no rocks to climb over, but dank, soft logs, thick windfalls, and litters of brush. The air was different, too. It was very still. Under their feet at times was a wonderful carpet of soft moss in which Thor sank nearly to his armpits. And the forest was filled with a strange gloom and many mysterious shadows, and there hung heavily in it the pungent smells of decaying vegetation.

Thor did not travel so swiftly here. The silence and the gloom and the oppressively scented air seemed to rouse his caution. He stepped quietly; frequently he stopped and looked about him, and listened; he smelled at the edges of pools hidden under the roots; every new sound brought him to a stop, his head hung low and his ears alert.

Several times Muskwa saw shadowy things floating through the gloom. They were the big gray owls that turned snow white in winter. And once, when it was almost dark, they came upon a pop-eyed, loose-jointed, fierce-looking creature in the trail who scurried away like a ball at sight of Thor. It was a lynx.

It was not yet quite dark when Thor came out very quietly into a clearing, and Muskwa found himself first on the shore of a creek, and then close to a big pond. The air was full of the breath and warmth of a new kind of life. It was not fish, and yet it seemed to come from the pond, in the centre of which were three or four circular masses that looked like great brush-heaps plastered with a coating of mud.

Whenever he came into this end of the valley Thor always paid a visit to the beaver colony, and occasionally he helped himself to a fat young beaver for supper or breakfast. This evening he was not hungry, and he was in a hurry. In spite of these two facts he stood for some minutes in the shadows near the pond.

The beavers had already begun their night's work. Muskwa soon understood the significance of the shimmering streaks that ran swiftly over the surface of the water. At the end of each streak was always a dark, flat head, and now he saw that most of these streaks began at the farther edge of the pond and made directly for a long, low barrier that shut in the water a hundred yards to the east.

This particular barrier was strange to Thor, and with his maturer knowledge of beaver ways he knew that his engineering friends—whom he ate only occasionally—were broadening their domain by building a new dam. As they watched, two fat workmen shoved a four-foot length of log into the pond with a big splash, and one of them began piloting it toward the scene of building operations, while his companion returned to other work. A little later there was a crash in the timber on the opposite side of the pond, where another workman had succeeded in felling a tree. Then Thor made his way toward the dam.

Almost instantly there was a terrific crack out in the middle of the pond, followed by a tremendous splash. An old beaver had seen Thor and with the flat side of his broad tail had given the surface of the water a warning slap that cut the still air like a rifle-shot. All at once there were splashings and divings in every direction, and a moment later the pond was ruffled and heaving as a score of interrupted workers dove excitedly under the surface to the safety of their brush-ribbed and mud-plastered strongholds, and Muskwa was so absorbed in the general excitement that he almost forgot to follow Thor.

He overtook the grizzly at the dam. For a few moments Thor inspected the new work, and then tested it with his weight. It was solid, and over this bridge ready built for them they crossed to the higher ground on the opposite side. A few hundred yards farther on Thor struck a fairly well-beaten

Call o' the Dawn

By MICHAEL LANE

NOW to the eastward
The red dawn is breaking.
Crimson clouds float
In a clear sea of light.
White on the sear earth
The hoar frost is lying,
In the new radiance
It gleams jewel bright.

THE venturous east wind
To rovers is calling,—
Linger no more!
Ye who love the lone trail;
Wide paths and far paths
Wait for your coming,
Hear how they call
In the lone wolf's wail!

caribou trail which in the course of half an hour led them around the end of the lake to the outlet stream flowing north.

Every minute Muskwa was hoping that Thor would stop. His afternoon's nap had not taken the lameness out of his legs nor the soreness from the tender pads of his feet. He had had enough, and more than enough, of travel, and could he have regulated the world according to his own wishes he would not have walked another mile for a whole month. Mere walking would not have been so bad, but to keep up with Thor's ambling gait he was compelled to trot, like a stubby four-year-old child hanging desperately to the thumb of a big and fast-walking man. Muskwa had not even a thumb to hang to. The bottoms of his feet were like boils; his tender nose was raw from contact with brush and the knife-edged marsh grass, and his little back felt all caved in. Still he hung on desperately, until the creek-bottom was again sand and gravel, and travelling was easier.

The stars were up now, millions of them, clear and brilliant; and it was quite evident that Thor had set his mind on an "all-night hike," a *kuppatipsk pimootao* as a Cree tracker would have called it. Just how it would have ended for Muskwa is a matter of conjecture had not the spirits of thunder and rain and lightning put their heads together to give him a rest.

For perhaps an hour the stars were undimmed, and Thor kept on like a heathen without a soul, while Muskwa limped on all four feet. Then a low rumbling gathered in the west. Thor grew uneasy, and sniffed in the face of it. Livid streaks began to criss-cross a huge pall of black that was closing in on them like a vast curtain. The stars began to go out. A moaning wind came. And then the rain.

Thor had found a huge rock that shelved inward, like a lean-to, and he crept back under this with Muskwa before the deluge descended. For many minutes it was more like a flood than a rain. It seemed as though a part of the Pacific Ocean had been scooped up and dropped on them, and in half an hour the creek was a swollen torrent.

The lightning and the crash of thunder terrified Muskwa. Now he could see Thor in great blinding flashes of fire, and the next instant it was as black as pitch; the tops of the mountains seemed falling down into the valley; the earth trembled and shook—and he snuggled closer and closer to Thor until at last he lay between his two forearms, half buried in the long hair of the big grizzly's shaggy chest. Thor himself was not much concerned in these noisy convulsions of nature, except to keep himself dry. When he took a bath he wanted the sun to be shining and a nice warm rock close at hand on which to stretch himself.

For a long time after its first fierce outbreak the rain continued to fall in a gentle shower. Muskwa liked this, and under the sheltering rock, snuggled against Thor, he felt very comfortable and easily fell asleep. Through long hours Thor kept his vigil alone, drowsing now and then, but kept from sound slumber by the restlessness that was in him.

It stopped raining soon after midnight, but it was very dark, the stream was flooding over its bars, and Thor remained under the rock. Muskwa had a splendid sleep.

Day had come when Thor's stirring roused Muskwa. He followed the grizzly out into the open, feeling tremendously better than last night, though his feet were still sore and his body was stiff.

Thor began to follow the creek again. Along this stream here were low flats and many small bayous where grew luxuriantly the tender grass and roots, and especially the slim long-stemmed lilies on which Thor was fond of feeding. But for a thousand-pound grizzly to fill up on such vegetarian dainties as these consumed many hours, if not one's whole time, and Thor considered that he had no time to lose. Thor was a most ardent lover when he loved at all, which was only a few days out of the year; and during these days he twisted his mode of living around so that while the spirit possessed him he no longer existed for the sole purpose of eating and growing fat. For a short time he put aside his habit of living to eat, and ate to live; and poor Muskwa was almost famished before another dinner was forthcoming.

But at last, early in the afternoon, Thor came to a pool which he could not pass. It was not a dozen feet in width, and it was alive with trout. The fish had not been able to reach the lake above, and they had waited too long after the flood-season to descend into the deeper waters of the Babine and the Skeena. They had taken refuge in this pool, which was now about to become a death-trap.

At one end the water was two feet deep; at the other end only a few inches. After pondering over this fact for a few moments, the grizzly waded openly into the deepest part, and from the bank above Muskwa saw the shimmering trout darting into the shallower water. Thor advanced slowly, and now, when he stood in less than eight inches of water, the panic-stricken fish one after another tried to escape back into the deeper part of the pool.

Again and again Thor's big right paw swept up great showers of water. The first inundation knocked Muskwa off his feet. But with it came a two-pound trout which the cub quickly dragged out of range and began eating. So agitated became the pool because of the mighty strokes of Thor's paw that the trout completely lost their heads, and no sooner did they reach one end than they turned about and darted for the other. They kept this up until the grizzly had thrown fully a dozen of their number ashore.

So absorbed was Muskwa in his fish, and Thor in his fishing, that neither had noticed a visitor. Both saw him at about the same time, and for fully thirty seconds they stood and stared, Thor in his pool and the cub over his fish, utter amazement robbing them of the power of movement. The visitor was another grizzly, and as coolly as though he had done the fishing himself he began eating the fish which Thor had thrown out! A worse insult or a deadlier challenge could not have been known in the land of Beardom. Even Muskwa sensed that fact. He looked expectantly at Thor. There was going to be another fight, and he licked his little chops in anticipation.

Thor came up out of the pool slowly. On the bank he paused. The grizzlies gazed at each other, the newcomer crunching a fish as he looked. Neither growled. Muskwa perceived no signs of enmity, and then to his increased astonishment Thor began eating a fish within three feet of the interloper!

Perhaps man is the finest of all God's creations, but when it comes to his respect for old age he is no better, and sometimes not as good, as a grizzly bear; for Thor would not rob an old bear, he would not fight an old bear, and he would not drive an old bear from his own meat—which is more than can be said of some humans. And the visitor was an old bear, and a sick bear as well. He stood almost as high as Thor, but he was so old that he was only half as broad across the chest, and his neck and head were grotesquely thin. The Indians have a name for him. *Kuyas Wapusk* they call him—the bear so old he is about to die. They let him go unharmed; other bears tolerate him and let him eat their meat if he chances along; the white man kills him.

This old bear was famished. His claws were gone; his hair was thin, and in some places his skin was naked, and he had barely more than red, hard gums to chew with. If he lived until autumn he would den up—for the last time. Perhaps death would come even sooner than that. If so, *Kuyas Wapusk* would know in time, and he would crawl off into some hidden cave or deep crevice in the rocks to breathe his last. For in all the Rocky Mountains, so far as Bruce or Langdon knew, there was not a man who had found the bones or body of a grizzly that had died a natural death!

And big, hunted Thor, torn by wound and pursued by man, seemed to understand that this would be the last real feast on earth for *Kuyas Wapusk*—too old to fish for himself, too old to hunt, too old even to dig out the tender lily roots; and so he let him eat until the last fish was gone, and then went on, with Muskwa tagging at his heels.

CHAPTER TWELVE

FOR still another two hours Thor led Muskwa on that tiresome jaunt into the north. They had travelled a good twenty miles since leaving the Bighorn Highway, and to the little tan-faced cub those twenty miles were like a journey around the world. Ordinarily he would not have gone that far away from his birthplace until his second year, and very possibly his third.

Not once in this hike down the valley had Thor wasted time on the mountain slopes. He had picked out the easiest trails along the creek. Three or four miles below the pool where they had left the old bear he suddenly changed this procedure by swinging due westward, and a little later they were once more climbing a mountain. They went up a long green slide for a quarter of a mile, and luckily for Muskwa's legs this brought them to the smooth plainlike floor of a break which took them without much more effort out on the slopes of the other valley.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

"The dogs were now barking like mad. Their wiry crests stood up like brushes, and their snarling fangs were bared to their red gums."

From the moment Thor looked out over the northern limits of his range a change took possession of him. All at once he lost his eagerness to hurry. For fifteen minutes he stood looking down into the valley, sniffing the air. He descended slowly, and when he reached the green meadows and the creek-bottom he *mooshed* along straight in the face of the wind, which was coming from the south and west. It did not bring him the scent he wanted—the smell of his mate. Yet an instinct that was more infallible than reason told him that she was near, or should be near. He did not take accident or sickness or the possibility of hunters having killed her into consideration. This was where he had always started in to hunt for her, and sooner or later he had found her. He knew her smell. And he crossed and recrossed the bottoms so that it could not escape him.

When Thor was love-sick he was more or less like a man: that is to say, he was an idiot. The importance of all other things dwindled into nothingness. His habits, which were as fixed as the stars at other times, took a complete vacation. He even forgot hunger, and the whistlers and gophers were quite safe. He was tireless. He rambled during the night as well as the day in quest of his lady-love.

It was quite natural that in these exciting hours he should forget Muskwa almost entirely. At least ten times before sunset he crossed and recrossed the creek, and the disgusted and almost ready-to-quit cub waded and swam and floundered after him until he was nearly drowned. The tenth or dozenth time Thor forded the stream Muskwa revolted and followed along on his own side. It was not long before the grizzly returned.

It was soon after this, just as the sun was setting, that the unexpected happened. What little wind there was suddenly swung straight into the east, and from the western slopes half a mile away it brought a scent that held Thor motionless in his tracks for perhaps half a minute, and then set him off on that ambling run which is the ungainliest gait of all four-footed creatures.

Muskwa rolled after him like a ball, pegging away for dear life, but losing ground at every jump. In that half-mile stretch he would have lost Thor altogether if the grizzly had not stopped near the bottom of the first slope to take fresh reckonings. When he started up the slope Muskwa could see him, and with a yelping cry for him to wait a minute set after him again.

Two or three hundred yards up the mountainside the slope shelved downward into a hollow, or dip, and nosing about in this dip, questing the air as Thor had quested it, was the beautiful she-grizzly from over the range. With her was one of her last year's cubs. Thor was within fifty yards of her when he came over the crest. He stopped. He looked at her. And Iskwao, "the female," looked at him.

Then followed true bear courtship. All haste, all eagerness, all desire for his mate seemed to have left Thor; and if Iskwao had been eager and yearning she was profoundly indifferent now. For two or three minutes Thor stood looking casually about, and this gave Muskwa time to come up and perch himself beside him, expecting another fight.

As though Thor was a thousand miles or so from her thoughts, Iskwao turned over a flat rock and began hunting for grubs and ants, and not to be outdone in this stoic unconcern Thor pulled up a bunch of grass and swallowed it. Iskwao moved a step or two, and Thor moved a step or two, and as if purely by accident their steps were toward each other.

Muskwa was puzzled. The older cub was puzzled. They sat on their haunches like two dogs, one three times as big as the other, and wondered what was going to happen.

It took Thor and Iskwao five minutes to arrive within five feet of each other, and then very decorously they smelled noses.

The year-old cub joined the family circle. He was of just the right age to have an exceedingly long name, for the Indians called him Pipoonaskoos—"the yearling." He came boldly up to Thor and his mother. For a moment Thor did not seem to notice him. Then his long right arm shot out in a sudd swinging upper-cut that lifted Pipoonaskoos clean off t ground and sent him spinning two-thirds of the distance to Muskwa.

The mother paid no attention to this elimination of her o spring, and still lovingly smelled noses with Thor. Muskw however, thought this was the preliminary of another treme dous fight, and with a yelp of defiance he darted down t slope and set upon Pipoonaskoos with all his might.

Pipoonaskoos was "mother's boy." That is, he was o of those cubs who persist in following their mothers through second season, instead of striking out for themselves. He h nursed until he was five months old; his parent had continu to hunt tidbits for him; he was fat, and sleek, and soft; he wa in fact, a "Willie" of the mountains.

On the other hand, a few days had put a lot of real met into Muskwa, and though he was only a third as large Pipoonaskoos, and his feet were sore, and his back ached, landed on the other cub like a shot out of a gun.

Still dazed by the blow of Thor's paw, Pipoonaskoos gave yelping call to his mother for help at this sudden onslaugh He had never been in a fight, and he rolled over on his ba and side, kicking and scratching and yelping as Muskwa needle-like teeth sank again and again into his tender hide.

Luckily Muskwa got him once by the nose, and bit dee and if there was any sand all in Willie Pipoonasko this took it out of him, a while Muskwa held on f dear life he let out a stead stream of yelps, informing h mother that he was bein murdered. To these cri Iskwao paid no attention a all, but continued to sme noses with Thor.

Finally freeing his bleedin nose, Pipoonaskoos shoo Muskwa off by sheer force superior weight and took t flight on a dead run. Musk wa pegged valiantly afte him. Twice they made th circle of the basin, and i spite of his shorter leg Muskwa was a close secon in the race when Pipoona koos, turning an affrighte glance sidewise for an in stant, hit against a rock and went sprawling. In anothe moment Muskwa was at him again, and he would have con tinued biting and snarling until there was no more strength left in him had he not happened to see Thor and Iskwao disap pearing slowly over the edge of the slope toward the valley.

Almost immediately Muskwa forgot fighting. He wa amazed to find that Thor, instead of tearing up the other bear was walking off with her. Pipoonaskoos also pulled himself together and looked. Then Muskwa looked at Pipoonaskoos and Pipoonaskoos looked at Muskwa. The tan-faced cub licked his chops just once, as if torn between the prospective delight of mauling Pipoonaskoos and the more imperative duty of following Thor. The other gave him no choice. With a whimpering yelp he set off after his mother.

Exciting times followed for the two cubs. All that night Thor and Iskwao kept by themselves in the buffalo willow thickets and the balsams of the creek-bottom. Early in the evening Pipoonaskoos sneaked up to his mother again, and Thor lifted him into the middle of the creek. The second visual proof of Thor's displeasure impinged upon Muskwa the fact that the older bears were not in a mood to tolerate the companionship of cubs, and the result was a wary and suspicious truce between him and Pipoonaskoos.

All the next day Thor and Iskwao kept to themselves. Early in the morning Muskwa began adventuring about a little in quest of food. He liked tender grass, but it was not very filling. Several times he saw Pipoonaskoos digging in the soft bottom close to the creek, and finally he drove the other cub away from a partly digged hole and investigated for himself. After a little more excavating he pulled out a white, bulbous, tender root that he thought was the sweetest and nicest thing he had ever

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 53]

A Letter From the President

IT is a pleasure to take my place, so far as that is possible through the medium of a letter, among those who will participate in the Victory Dinner of the Chicago Chapter of the League on June 30th. Having had the opportunity to make some contribution to your good work by signing the bill creating the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Game Fish Refuge, I feel a strong interest in your celebration of the passage of the measure. I am sure it represents a highly desirable step in the development of national policy.

—CALVIN COOLIDGE

Reconstruction at Antlers

By
JAMES O. LEWIS

Illustrations by Frank Stick and H. W. Winingarth

"I AM sending you into the southern part of the old Indian Territory to stay a while with my friend Cal Parsons," prescribed old Doctor Swope. "You'll go down there and see fringes of wild cow country hanging desperately to cotton fields and if you look hard enough for it, a rippling of romantic restlessness under the surface of quiet farming. You'll come back with nerve instead of nerves. You'll get well if you don't get shot. Good luck."

That is how I happened to be standing in the rear of a day coach headed for Antlers and looking diligently for some of those promised undulations beneath the blanket of visible prosiness. In the back seat were two men, one of whom I thought would be a personification of the thing I sought. He wore a white Stetson, flannel shirt and corduroy trousers stuffed into the decorated barrels of run over boots. During the quiet of a station stop I heard his reply to a question from his companion.

"I foller after cattle." As he said it he leaned over and brushed dust from the tracings on his leg covering, which I had taken for insignia of his boasted calling. Then I found the romance of him.

A woman came in with two small children tagging her. She held a baby, crying, in her arms. Here was opportunity for my gallant cowboy to show his colors which he did by turning to converse comfortably with his seatmate, while the woman held to the back of his chair to steady herself. The baby cried more loudly. Then I heard a soft, deep voice speaking to the mother.

"'Scuse me, ma'am, mabe I c'n git you a seat." This speaker was an ordinary appearing chap wearing the ever present wide hat but otherwise dressed as any traveler might be. He dropped his hand upon the young boor's shoulder.

"Would you-all let this lady set heah?" he asked politely. The seated man glanced up at him then away through the window. The quiet fellow spoke again and I saw his hand on Boots' shoulder tighten, "'Scuse me, I thought maybe you-all'd let the lady have this heah seat," his voice was courteously soft until the last two words. These came like a muffled pistol shot, "*Will you?*"

"Yes, I guess so if she wants it," Boots said shakily, getting up.

"I reckon she needs it. Hate to botheh you, but much obliged." All hardness was gone from him. The affair was closed.

This man was beyond doubt the active symbol of that waning Mecca I sought. He accepted my invitation to sit in the Pullman smoker with me where the easy grace of him was a tonic to my ragged nerves. He talked pleasantly of many things. When he straightened his legs out into the aisle I saw why his trousers fit so snugly about his calves and why his gait seemed stiff and wobbly; he wore high boots with riding heels. Oh, I was looking for things implied by Doctor Swope's hints. I'd found one now. I knew why the ringer in the day coach had given way to this man's request. The ringer had, with the low instinct of his kind, recognized a Derby winner. I followed that tip.

Cliff Howard, he said his name was. He told me he roamed about the whole "Territory" but did not "set ve'y steady on any little range." I asked him if he knew Parsons at Antlers.

"Yes, Seh, I know Cal Parsons," he answered. "I used to ride range fo' Cal when he had stuff all oveh this heah nation. Are you goin' to Cal's place?" He took for granted a previous acquaintance with "Cal" and was apparently expecting my affirmative reply.

"Well then, Seh, we're liable to see one 'notheh some more, I'm goin' theah myse'f." He was openly pleased so we were well acquainted by the time we changed trains at Durant. Howard had to wait over night there for some reason he failed to divulge but I boarded my train with his assurance of "seein' me lateh" cheering my prospective stay at Parsons' place.

I found Antlers to be a hilly southwestern town, having nothing of architectural beauty but possessed of a streetful of picturesque citizenry ranging from cotton picking niggers through farmers and cow men to solid bankers and bootleggers. High slatted wagons filled with raw cotton filled the only corner of the business section while there milled among them growers and buyers, reckless riders and more reckless drivers of tin automobiles. These, plus a catholic friendship among the people and you have Antlers as I saw it under its blue Indian Summer sky.

In the noisy, greasy restaurant where I tried to eat something, I asked for information about Cal Parsons. The proprietor placed my fifty cents in his pocket and redirected my question toward another customer.

"Have you seen Cal anywheres lately?"

"Seen him over at the Antlers National a while back," the yokel replied leaving me to guess whether he had seen Parsons that morning or a month before. At the bank I was told courteously that Mr. Parsons had just left and would be having dinner at the Harvey Hotel. I found him there and he greeted me with frank cordiality.

"I'm right glad you're here," he said, "I want to pull out for home 'fore long. Doc telegraphed you'd be here an' I'd

Five Thoughts

By E. RICHARD SHIPP
(The Wyoming Poet)

SOFT winds,
Whispering trees,
White moonbeams sifting down,
Odor of Jessamine flowers,
Love's dream!

HIGH skies,
Smooth blue mirrors,
White sails lowly drifting,
Soft harmonies in the pines,
Sweet sleep!

SALT air,
Thundering waves,
Broken battered timbers,
Sea gulls, flying, crying, spying,
Lost Souls!

HOT sun,
Cacti and sand,
A pile of bleaching bones,
Two buzzards wheeling in the sky,
Dead hopes!

TALL peaks,
Deep, still canyons,
Green carpets and cool aisles,
Gentle songs of silver water,
God's Peace!

"The river's swishing noise became louder—when this became a slow splash, splash, splash I knew

have been at the depot, but I wouldn't have known you an' I knew you'd find me soon enough. Had dinner?" There was relief in his tones rather than impatience at my lateness. Now that I had met Mr. Parsons I decided that the reason every one who heard his name recognized it must be his long residence in one locality. If there was anything more prepossessing about him than about any other grizzled farmer I had seen in the street, it was a suggestion of fiery energy covered by an easy unawareness of himself. I apologized for having slowed his plans and assured him I was ready to start at his convenience.

"Now that's all right, Son," he told me, "we'll just go along toward the weighing yard, then if you'd as soon, we'll be drivin' in about an hour."

He took me to a square at one side of town where baled cotton was temporarily stored. The big parcels were placed row on row across the lot, each marked with its owner's name. In the middle of this array was a set of scales presided over by a county official. Only a few farmers were there as we arrived and they lounged against cotton or hunkered down on their heels, all of them from time to time squirting copious mouthfuls of dark juice at some roving beetle, literally snuffing out its life. Parsons addressed the weigher.

"Pony, I see Max hauled my three bales away."

"Sho!" the weigher chuckled, "Max knew all along he was going to raise his bid on that half-and-half of yours. He left your sales check with me."

"Much obliged, Pony," slowly, "I aint goin' to sell that Sheeny no more cotton. Not unless he bids right up on it. Some day he'll wave them hands in somebody's face that won't like it."

"Well, I reckon he'll buy some cotton from farmers here as long as he keeps a store, even if someone does take him down."

"Maybe so. Have you seen Cliff 'round here?"

"No, Cal. Reckon I won't for a while either. He's up at Atoka before Federal court ain't he?"

"Was, but I'm sorta lookin' for him here off that noon train."

"No chance, Cal. Didn't they find all that meal mash and the cooker in the dugout behind the shack where he lives?" The weigher had lowered his voice, betraying a real interest.

"They shore did an' that'd ought to been enough, but I hear Cliff saved 'em a heap more trouble by pleadin' guilty

that riders were taking the ford."

an' got off with a sort o' light fine for this time."

"Now I'm real glad of that, Cal, but Cliff's sort of careless."

While there was no censure of the object of their remarks in the manner of these men, I felt too much the stranger to volunteer information I was certain they would welcome.

Parsons approached a smaller man who leaned against a hemp covered bale and, without speaking, settled comfortably upon the ground beside him then nodded to me in invitation to join them.

"Jim, git acquainted with Mr. Bower," he adjured the little man. "Son, this here runt is Jim Terry; he lives out our way."

"I'm glad to know you," Terry said as he shook my hand with a smile that made me disregard his rough appearance. I believed him. He apparently knew as much about me and my reasons for being there as Parsons and accepted me as a fellow, for he broached Cal on what I thought would be a delicate question before an outsider. "Did Cliff git here?" he asked.

"Haven't seen nothin' of him," Parsons answered, as it seemed a little anxiously.

"Do you mean Cliff Howard?" I questioned. Both men nodded and looked at me inquiringly. I told them of my meeting with Howard and of his stopover in Durant.

"Sho! Now ain't that aggravatin'?" Parsons wanted to know. "Cliff knows we're pushed to git this crop out an' there ain't another man on Kiamichi can pick the cotton he can. Looks like a good hand won't stay put no more. But," he added hopefully, "tomorrow's Sunday."

"I thought Howard was a cow puncher," I protested.

My companions smiled. "Lots of folks used to have that habit," Cal remarked.

"Some of 'em got over it," said Terry, stretching his legs which were quite far apart at the knees.

After leaving the yard Parsons as leisurely stopped at the bank. With the manner of one used to being there he sauntered to the back office where he consulted the cashier.

"I've got another check from Max," he said. "One of these bales was Terry's rent bale. Now I reckon the Sheeny is pushin' Jim purty hard so you let him keep the rent money 'til he gets some more out."

The banker pursed his lips, cleared his throat and flapped the check in one hand against his other.

"Cal, you look out," he warned. "Of course it's your business but Terry is in deeper than ever and you have to protect yourself as well as your renters. Can Terry make this up?"

"Oh, he'll make it up somewheres. If he can't do any other way I'll have him pick his bolls an' gin 'em after his cotton's all out. Did that draft come in from Atoka?"

"Yes, something over three hundred. Do you want it?"

"No, just pay it. They gave 'im a kinda heavy fine, didn't they, Dick?"

"I suppose the court knew you would pay it." There was a tincture of anger in the banker's words.

"Not that, Dick, but they did know he had ten twelve acres of crop down on my place. So long, Dick."

"So long, Cal, come in again."

We left Antlers in a buggy pulled by a pair of scrawny horses over a road that had little to commend it beyond being a trail to guide us. We passed fair farms set in wildernesses where tenant houses tumbled down because they were mere shells or dated from Territory days. There were cotton and cattle, poor corn and hogs that needed its substance in their bellies. Once a drunken, yelling Choctaw galloped by us to return a short time later silent, swaying in his saddle. Doctor Swope's prophecies were arriving at fulfilment though I was driving with a staid but charming old planter who had no more of glamour about him than a street car conductor. But for the Indian, this Oklahoma peace was certain to soothe my strained nerves.

When the sweet motherly Mrs. Parsons took me to her heart and afterward to her dining room I knew I should like it even though in the morning I might wish for Cliff Howard to lend a spice of the old West to this placid Southern scene of cotton growing.

Sunday, before noon, Cal was host to half a score of men who lived near-by and who had come to talk or trade or borrow. They sat about the barn lots upon a high board fence or upon their own heels and most of them stayed to dinner. Every man of them sooner or later invited me to "Come over an' stay all night with him."

Howard failed to arrive but after a few days of the serene quiet of Cal's farm I stopped dreaming of the vanished West. My meeting with Cliff and his dominance of one situation was perhaps the transient romance of the remaining cowboy. Cal was too good a farmer to neglect his work and too good a host to forget a guest. I saw and heard and smelled the delightful fall treats of the rural Southwest. On an afternoon that had none of winter's chill in it I had stalked slowly through miles of woods, spending less attention on game than on my half made resolution to get back to the grind for a living. There was a peace and safety at Cal's that made me want to stay; to keep clear of the city's strife.

I saw old Cal leave the house as I approached it. He was walking rapidly toward his stable and as he turned to latch the corral gate he espied me.

"Son," he called, "do you want a hoss saddled for you?"

"Where are you going?" I countered, not caring to ride far.

"Got a little ride to make up toward Red Rock Ford. Terry's comin'."

"All right, I'll go." The ford was but a short distance up the Kiamichi River.

"Well, hurry it up! Terry's comin'!"

Terry was coming. He came at a gallop and across his saddle he carried a Winchester. Mrs. Parsons came out and without show of excitement handed me a pistol belt heavy with Colt and shells.

"Give this to Cal," she told me, "I'll get you the other rifle." This she did while I blankly considered that never before had such armament been deemed necessary to a ride in the vicinity of Parsons' farm. By the time I realized that there was adventure in store for us, the other men were at the gate. I'd said I would go. I'd have to see it through now.

"Gimme the guns, Son," Cal called pleasantly enough. "Ready? Hop on ol' Blazeface heah an' let's go." We started. Terry addressed Cal.

"We'd ought to beat 'em to the ford by a half hour." Calmly he said it like speaking of the probability of catching a train.

"What's all this parade for?" I asked them. They glanced at each other.

"Sho!" Cal exclaimed, "Forgot to tell you." He turned in his saddle, assuming a conversational attitude as we loped along. "Sheriff phoned a while ago an' said two bad hombres had held up the Paris National a few hours back. They rounded up the cashier an' roped in a lot of money, then they got away in a cyar but it broke down so they nabbed some hosses from a man at Red River. Shot that man a time or two so they had to turn north an' will have to cross Kiamichi up this-a-way. Sheriff told us what they looked like an' sent us to be th' reception committee."

"Well!" I was astonished, but the confident self-possession of my companions kept me from being unduly excited. "Do you often indulge in parties of this kind?"

"Not now-a-days. Used to when I was sheriff." I had not known of his having been sheriff. There was nothing further for me to say. Presently Parsons began giving directions.

"Son, you'll stop where the trail dips into the first bottom. Stay there an' do nothin' 'less they git a-past us. Jim, you tie your hoss up on the shelf then hide down at the right. I'll go beyond to the last dip at the left, an' I'll do the talkin' as soon's they git most across."

"Suppose they come after dark?" I questioned.

"Then they won't come at all. Cyan't make this ford at night."

"Strangers would not know that."

"No, I reckon not. Reckon strangers wouldn't ride up this way anyhow. Heah's where you stop, Son. Smoke if you want to." He and Terry rode on.

I could see Jim's horse after he dismounted though the little cotton picker dropped over a ledge out of my sight. Cal was still farther away. I sat my horse until I became restless, hearing the continuous swirl of Kiamichi water around the red rocks of the ford and into an eddy below. I alighted, smoked a cigaret and wondered how my companions were faring. In my nervousness I tried to imagine their state of mind; I visualized from time to time the coming riders picking their way across the dangerous shoal.

When my second cigaret was half burned, old Blazeface tossed his head and whinnied low. He startled me so that I dropped my smoke. Kiamichi's swishing noise became louder with a foreign sound in it as of a rock being moved, lodging sharply against its neighbor. When this became a slow S Splash! I knew riders were taking the ford.

Jim Terry appeared magically beside his mount an tioned violently for me to go to him. As I reached h whispered:

"Cal wants me down yonder. You hold my hoss, Blaze stand." He then ran, crouching, Winchester in hand, to

I could see Parsons standing behind a cotton By this time, slowly as the approaching men moving, they were half way across the strea could see them poorly defined through movin lows. As they came closer, I could see the fa wide hat though little else but I imagined the hand rider must be one of Cal's visitors of m Sunday there, else why should his bearing i saddle recall his figure to my memory?

Cal stepped into the open.

"Put 'em up, an' ride straight ah he called sharply.

Instinctively both riders in the tightened their reins, pulling their mounts to a sudden stop, then two pa hands went up.

"Now spur 'em ahead!" Par shouted. The man whose aspect familiar to me started silently on bu other cursed, sat still except for the m of his arm as he reached to his belt, which region his arm shot out straight he fired po blank at Cal's big hat to the ground hind him.

Before an shot could be the right h horse, from fr or other mo reared, spoilin the moment bandit's aim, w the rider low his hands to g the reins. As horse came to all fours pistol spoke fore he had sca ly leveled it. bandit's hand backward; his fell into the wa

There was tion in that second! Te leaped to Pars side. Both

"It used to be some livelier here than it is now."

fugitives turned their horses back across the river and hammer of Cal's pistol fell on a faulty cartridge. Terry wo have shot the retreating horsemen but for Parsons' protes

"Gimme your gun, Jim, mine's done. I'll git 'em!" fairly tore Jim Terry's rifle from him after dropping his gun. But he did not "git 'em." His shooting had of a sud gone bad, perhaps because of the change of arms. When at fifth shot the rifle fell on an empty chamber, his targets w scrambling up the far bank into willow and cottonwood shel Terry had once stooped to recover Parsons' fallen pistol Cal's foot was upon it and he was too intent on his busines shooting to notice Jim's tugging at it.

From across the Kiamichi came a shout, then the sound running hoofs faded on more distant fallen leaves. Cal swo

"Hell! That's tough luck!" Terry looked at him in disg

I was not sorry. A little earlier I had become certain t the last remaining cowboy had come back to give me one fi taste of Romance and Western chivalry in all its badne The right hand rider was Howard!

We rode nearly home in silence save for an occasional lilti whistled tune from Cal's lips. As we skirted his lower cott field he halted his horse and gazed over it. Then he spok

"Some men cain't take a new deal," he said to Terry ab-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinso

Dry-Fly Line Dressing

By "WHITE ROSE," of Swinton, England

NOTE: The following paper was read before the Doncaster Sports Club by its author, a retired civil engineer who delights in making his own fishing gear, including also hooks and flies, reels, and split-bamboo rods. His fly lines are famous among his angling friends.

After the cruel post-war economic and social conditions from which our British cousins are so patiently and bravely emerging, how like a relivening, balmy breath of Spring to contemplate this English gentleman, as for an interval he is absorbed in dressing his angling lines in the garden of his country home! Not only has the writer generously sent me a copy of his paper with the illustrating sketches, and given permission for its use (with the modest request that his name be withheld, as up to date he had "succeeded in breaking neither into jail nor print"), but, more than generously, he has sent me one of his dressed double-tapered trout-lines as an illustration par excellence of his theme. If I know anything at all about fly lines, this one is—well, just a peach.

I believe this to be the first authoritative and comprehensive discussion of the topic to appear in an American publication, and, for all I know, in angling literature anywhere.

To my best knowledge tapered silk lines are not made nor obtainable in the undressed state in this country.

While it is not at all likely that there will be a rush of readers who will dress a fly-line after the minute instructions here at hand, it would be a comparatively simple matter to renovate valuable lines that have begun to show wear by applying to them a coat or two of oil, first using the curled horsehair in rubbing down and finishing with the oil applied by hand friction. In any event the angler should now better appreciate just what goes into the making of a line de luxe.

GEORGE PARKER HOLDEN

TAKING advantage of the wonderful weather of the past summer, and mindful of your entreaties, I put out a greater number of lines than usual. The result was that my wife delivered an ultimatum to the effect that she would apply either for a divorce or a new hat if I persisted in dressing lines for other than home consumption.

There is no reason why you should not dress your own lines, probably cheaper and certainly better than any you can buy. Although the boundaries were somewhat ill defined, Gaul, you will remember, was divided into three parts, and we cannot do better than to carry on after the same plan. So our first consideration will be lines, next line-dressing, and then the necessary appliances.

Lines

THE salesman always assures you that his lines are pure silk, and for once in a while he is correct, for so far no suitable adulterant has been discovered. Still, a good deal of care is necessary in choosing a line. On looking over the stock, we shall find that size for size and strength for strength some are three or four times as dear as others; nor is it difficult to get a dressed line at half the price of a seemingly similar one but undressed.

Before the silkworm commences spinning in earnest it has a few trial shots, just to see how the machinery is working, and then it settles down to spin one long strand six, seven, or eight hundred yards long. The short lengths on the outside of the cocoon are known as "floss," and until the late Titus Salt succeeded in working this up it was worth only a few coppers per hundredweight. The invention had curious results: Salt made a huge fortune, this county got a new town of 40,000 inhabitants, and we poor anglers got rotten lines. Perhaps this also is why our grandfathers had to buy only one silk dress in their lives; today we have to cash up for two or three per year.

Silk rag is now too valuable to be destroyed. After bleaching, teasing out, etc., it is respun into threads. If you will compare fibers of cotton, wool, and silk under the microscope, you will see that the former two are serrated, so that the fibers get a grip on each other when pressed together; silk is—well, just miniature gut. It does not require much imagination to see that this rag stuff, after seventeen assorted dyeings and three hundred and sixty-four washings, is not the most suitable for our angling lines; but unless we are very careful that is what we get very often. I have bought a couple of level lines for your inspection. The first cost 9s. 6d. per 100 yards, and broke with a load of 14½ pounds; for the other I paid £1 15s. for the same length and it carried only 12¾ pounds before the partnership was dissolved. In appearance the cheaper line is a trifle lumpy here and there, and the pattern of the braiding is more or less indistinct. The other is perfectly even and the crowns of every braid are sharp and clear. I have cut off three inches of each and by means of a fine needle have teased out the fibers. You will see that the cheap line gives about twenty per cent of full length strands and the balance is about half fluff and short lengths. The other one gives only two fibers shorter than the others, and putting these under the glass you will see that this is due mainly to kinks caused by the braiding while the others show only a very few kinks. I think I am safe in saying that the better line is made from new long-length-strand silk, while the former may be a reincarnation of some vision over the footlights.

When you get home just take a piece of cotton picture-cord and another of the wire cord used for the same purpose, and hold a post-mortem on each; then when you are buying a new line ask for an inch of each exhibited, pull these samples to pieces, and take the line nearest to the wire picture-cord every time.

> *"WELL, Scholar—I will give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to color the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler."*
>
> —The Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton, 1676

Dressing

EVERY maker says that his own secret mixture is the best, but I am fairly safe in saying that boiled linseed oil is the main ingredient in most cases. Some of the Scotch ghillies dress very nice spinning lines in which linseed oil is not prominent; probably tallow and resin are used, or that infernal compound used for waterproofing "Harris" tweeds. My best lines of this type are filled with heather pollen. Whether there is any virtue in this or whether it merely is an indication of warm, dry weather during the line-dressing time I am unable to say.

Pure rubber appears to be an ideal dressing for sea or spinning

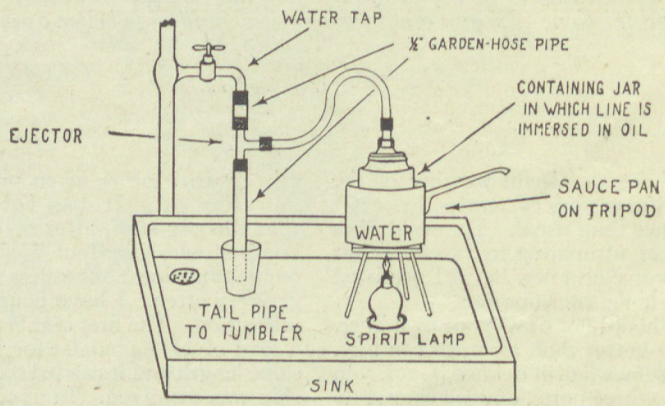
lines where flotation is not required. I have wasted a good deal of time with this without any results. Oils require a great deal of persuasion before they will saturate—that is, displace the air—on silk, but ether alcohol, benzole, petrol, etc., instantly cover every strand of the line. I thought that a two or three per cent solution of rubber in a solvent would make a sound job, as the solvent evaporated. Unfortunately, the rubber was left in a more or less granular condition and rubbed off the line in use. Boiled linseed oil treated with various solvents was thoroughly tried and discarded; either the silk was ruined or the oil would not dry properly.

> *"FIRST note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear—you shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore, if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass-color hair, make much of it."*
>
> —The Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton, 1676

For sea lines, linseed oil is quite useless. I have had fair results from a mixture of about three parts of tallow and one of resin, but the lines take quite a year to dry. The late Mr. Halford recommends the use of raw linseed oil, baking the line at a temperature of 170 degrees F. for ten hours. After trying this I feel sure that Mr. Halford's oil contained more boiled than raw linseed.

Many works on angling give recipes for line dressing. I have tried all I have seen and think in this I have an advantage over the individual authors. We will let it go at that. My opinion is that *pure boiled linseed oil will give better results than any other oil or any mixture.* The trouble is to get pure oil.

Most linseed oil is boiled at sea-fishing ports, our largest two being Grimsby and Hull, where fish oil also is made, and it is nearly impossible to get oil free from this sweet-savored stuff. [Not a little of "American" oil is imported from such foreign ports.] Firms having a chemical laboratory and the contractors for repainting railway stations, bridges, etc., can be depended upon to obtain pure oil, for there is always the chance of a sample being taken for analysis. For lines, fish oil in any proportion is quite fatal to success, and most if not all of the sticky lines may be traced to this. Incidentally, two of my lines have stood a couple of seasons' hard use in the hottest part of India and I am told are O. K. today. The oil from the painter and decorator, the drysalter or the paint shop should be left severely alone, for unless one can secure a pure oil—by test, not guarantee—it is better to use the "pale drying oil" put up by the artists' colormen. This is not quite as good as boiled linseed oil and is considerably more expensive.



Ejector vacuum pump showing connections with water tap and oil container.

> *"—choose hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them."*
>
> —The Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton, 1676

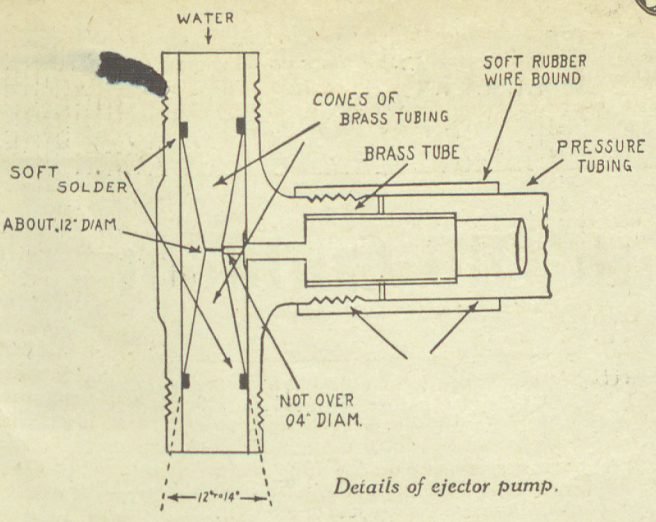
Appliances

HAVING obtained a suitable line upon which to begin operations, a little thought will show that each individual strand has a coating of air, and, as will appear later on, water vapor, too. Our object is to remove these and replace them by the oil. Mr. Halford claims to have been the first to suggest the use of the air pump—it really is a vacuum pump—for this purpose. Perhaps so far as fishing-lines are concerned this may be so, but surely the oiled silk used by surgeons was made by this process before Mr. Halford was born. In any case, he was always very hazy as to the exact part played by the pump. In the "Dry-Fly Man's Handbook" he states that a fortnight's partial vacuum failed to remove all the air—note the air, pl—in a line, but that a more powerful pump removed all of two or three hours. Presently I will show you that ten min with a vacuum of twenty inches will exhaust all the air.

My earli lines were no ways succes and most sh white inter patches aft little use. T usually is down to wate ting inside; i say remaining side we are ne the mark. Misled by a tackle catalog, I tried heavy pres to force the oil into the line, and eventually had oil and under a pressure of 3½ tons to the square inch. The result worth noting was the ruination of a very fine hydra pump. After hours of running, the pump failed to remo single air bubble and yet my lines were not properly imp nated. But eventually a self-acting mercurial pump came my possession and was put into service. My reason for tr this was twofold: firstly, because it would exhaust to wi about 1-100 of an inch of the barometer pressure; and secon because the falling mer showed by the sound made whether or not thing was coming away. usual, ten minutes remo the air, and the sharp tallic sound showed that container was exhaust After running for perh an hour, I left it to its devices, and on returnin couple of hours later fo the oil in violent ebulliti The explanation was not to seek. For my sins line dressing is done i disused cellar kitchen wh the temperature was When the oil was remo into a warm room it slo became heated until ev tually the boiling point water was reached. You know that under normal baromet conditions water boils at 212 degrees F., and any variatio the pressure increases or decreases the boiling point. T vacuum probably reached 29¾ inches, where water boils 50 degrees F. It took quite a month to remove all the oil fr the mercury pump—but I was on the right track at last.

The ordinary type of vacuum pump is somewhat expensi and after about half an hour's pumping it becomes mon onous, so after a few shots I made a simple ejector pump to on the water t Really it is no "pump" at there being moving parts. T air is drawn from the contai to which it is c nected simply the water pass through it; yet will give a vacu within half an inch of the barometer and will run without a attention. To be successful it should be fairly well construct The small hole marked "not over .04 inch diameter" is to be the exact intersection of the two cones. I have all patter reamers, etc., and as we are in the midst of the brass trade t cost should not be over five or six shillings. [We are advis that a similar contrivance is on the market but in a larger si and is used in the U. S. A. for attachment to steam boilers.]

Sometimes the water supply may fail for a few seconds, a to prevent water passing back into the oil container a mot tire tube valve is fitted in the stopper. The tube should about three-sixteenths inch bore—pressure tubing as used the inflators of motor tires. All joints should be well mad



Details of ejector pump.

A wide-mouthed 16 oz. jar will make a container, and if the mouth is not even it can quickly be ground down on a stone slab with plenty of water. The loan of a kitchen saucepan, a spirit lamp, a few yards of an old silk fishing line, and a handful of curled horsehair from the upholsterer will complete the outfit.

> *"WHEN you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line; for those that do not so shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest, at the first fishing with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it, and then re-twisting it; and this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle."*
>
> —The Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton, 1676

The Detailed Process

OUR ex-president has kindly fitted up this table with a miniature irrigation system, so that I am in a position to show you my gear in working order; and taking further advantage of this thoughtful action I have added a few frills in the shape of thermometers, vacuum gauge, and a pair of absorption bulbs. Understand, these are not necessary to the apparatus, but will serve to explain a few points.

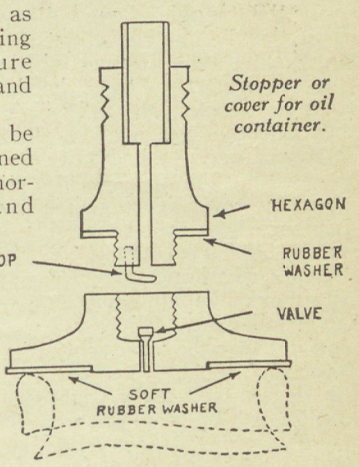
This 30-yard double-tapered fly-line is in a nice coil four inches in diameter. The easiest way to uncoil it is to place it on the fingers and full away at the end; but this will put a twist in the line for each coil—about ninety in all—and they are better left out. Rolling up "The Field," slipping the coil on it and then letting go of this popular sports journal, makes a nice holder for uncoiling. Taking a yard of the old line, I tie a loop at one end of it and make the other end fast to the new line. I slip this loop on a finger and standing about two feet from this door-knob wind over the knob and under, through my hand, or clockwise, until the other end of the line is reached, to which I tie another piece of the old line but without a loop this time. The object of this is to identify the ends of the line so that I can always wind clockwise from the loop end and unwind counter-clockwise from the plain end; neglect of this will mean a twisted line. If I had a coil or roll of tape, say ¼ inch wide, in my hand in place of the line, this twisting phenomena could be made very apparent. The lineman fitting a new telephone wire avoids this complication when, instead of unwinding his coil he slips off, say, half a dozen coils from one end of the whole coil and then six from the other end, the first act putting six twists in the wire and the latter removing them. The objection to using a large line winder throughout your operations is that the linseed oil makes such an infernal mess of it. Once I wound and unwound some lines at haphazard; they looked very nice when completed and the defect was only discovered when I tried casting.

I have now rewound the line from the original coil into one of about fourteen inches diameter, which I tie with pieces of the old line in about half a dozen places; and if slip-knots are used there will be less profanity later on.

Fixing the ejector connection on the tap and with the tail pipe in a tumbler, on turning on the water you will see a stream of air bubbles rising in the water in the tumbler, showing that air is being drawn through from the container. Stopping the inlet of air by compressing the connecting tube with the fingers a few seconds suffice to exhaust the tubes, and we have clear water in the tumbler; also you will note that the instrument now sings a different note. The coiled line is put into the jar and just covered with pure boiled linseed oil. The saucepan is about one-third full of water, and the jar is in the saucepan resting on three pennies to prevent its breaking. The pan is placed over the spirit lamp, the stopper or cover pressed down over the jar, and the water is turned on.

Here I have charged the first absorption bulb with sulphuric acid and the other with water. A stream of bubbles shows in both bulbs, and when the gauge shows a vacuum of six inches a few bubbles appear on the surface of the line. The vacuum is now ten inches and the line is covered with minute bubbles, some of which are rising to the surface of the oil. Now you will see that only an occasional bubble passes the absorption bulb the line is practically clear and a light froth is floating on the surface of the oil; the gauge reads 28¾ inches and the temperature of the oil has gone up five degrees. I think we will rest now for a few minutes.

Did you see the oil instantly commence to boil? And unless the water supply is reduced the oil will froth over into the tube. The temperature is now 82 degrees F., and while we have ten times as many coming off, no bubbles pass through the water absorption bulb while the temperature of that containing sulphuric acid is increasing. This shows that the bubbles are now formed of water vapor and not of air as before. We will let the thing work until the temperature reaches about 150 degrees F. and then shut down.



The coil of line may now be taken out of the oil and drained for a few minutes, and then thoroughly rubbed, rolled and squeezed on a board until you are tired; at all events for not less than half an hour. Some strands of the line persistently refuse to take the oil unless this is done, because of grease, I suppose. Next double or quadruple a piece of old line and tie it to the coil, which you then proceed to whirl around over your head—lasso-wise. This concentrates most of the surplus oil to one part of the coil. Change the position of attachment of the old line used as a sling again and yet again during the course of the whirling. Do not use string or packet thread for your sling; often they are dressed with soap which, after all, is the best material for dissolving oil. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]

> *"AND for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus: take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum; put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass color, or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper colored it will be. You might be taught to make many other colors, but it is to little purpose; for doubtless the water-color or glass-colored hair is the most choice and most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green."*
>
> —The Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton, 1676

When Game Was Tame

Second half of the Hunting Story Contest

Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

A Close Shave with Old Clubfoot

By J. M. MOODY

foliage. The following morning I went back and took up the [redacted] Shortly I discovered blood on the rocks and brush and [redacted] side where he had jumped down ledges ten or twelve feet and landed on shelves or rocks scarcely three feet wide. I followed him all day through dense underbrush and timber, but did not get any encouragement.

The next morning I again took up his trail and after following for some distance found where he had crossed a creek. The disturbed condition of the water told of his very recent presence. After crossing the creek, he had turned abruptly and started up the side of the mountain. I followed, forcing my way through thick timber and underbrush so thick I had to crawl in some places to get through. Finally, after breaking through an extra heavy growth of bull willows, I succeeded in getting on my feet just in time to see the largest bear I have ever seen rising from his lair not more than one hundred feet above me. I took quick aim as he started for me, and fired, hitting him in the butt of the right ear. He threw both paws over his head and howled so loud the mountains around returned the echo. I waited a second to see what he would do, then, as he started for me, I began to shoot and lost no time in putting seven bullets in old Bruin's right ear, on a spot that could have been covered by a silver dollar; then one bullet into the shoulder and two in the head, although a little low for the brain. He dropped down on his knees and rolled from side to side. I attempted to shoot again but found my magazine empty. I felt for my pistol, but to my uncanny discomfort, found I had left it at camp. I quickly slipped four more shells from my belt and put them into my gun, burning my fingers on the heated barrel.

I waited for the bear to come nearer. I knew my next shot would have to count as I had become convinced that my 25-35 was too small for such game. I waited breathlessly until the shaggy head was about six feet from the end of the barrel, then fired, hitting him squarely in the forehead. He staggered, coughed blood on my face and clothes, and fell at my feet. I gave him the remaining three shots in the head for good luck, and drew a good deep breath—the first one for several minutes. Then I tried to stick him to let out the blood, but just as I got upon his shoulders to do so he reached up with a hind foot, caught my overalls, and threw me about ten feet back of him. I then tried to stick him from the front, but he tried to slap me with his paw as long as he could lift it.

The prize was a beauty. When I finally got the carcass to town, although completely dressed out, it weighed eight hundred and twenty pounds. He would easily have weighed one thousand pounds before dressing.

Gander Enoch

By CHARLES M. MORGAN

Chas. M. Morgan, of Phoenix, Arizona, gives us a bit of gossip about goose and gander family affairs, offering extreme proof of a long known but seldom mentioned characteristic of many game and song birds.

A NATURE lesson in faithfulness, worthy of human emulation, was taught by the return of a wild Canadian gander to his mate at Hannibal, Missouri, this spring, after an absence of ten years.

In the outskirts of Hannibal, S. O. Osterhout has for many years kept and reared various kinds of wild fowl as a hobby, not for commercial purposes. He has had all sorts of wild ducks, geese, and other migrating, aquatic types.

For more than fifteen years he has had a small flock of Canadian wild geese. They mated and bred. One or two geese without mates took up with tame ganders, and contrary to general belief, the crossbred eggs were fertile. There are now on the place some specimen of three quarter breed.

It is characteristic of wild geese to mate for life. Divorce has never become fashionable among the big honkers. Among the wild geese on Osterhout's place was a goose and her mate that nested in the same place on the edge of a pond for several years.

It was his custom to keep the wings clipped, but ten years ago the clipping was temporarily neglected for too long. The geese were slow to discover that they could fly. One day t[he] were feeding on a hill high above the pond when some d[og] chasing a rabbit, broke into the field and frightened the ge[ese] which promptly took wing toward the pond. All but o[ne] circled down and alighted.

This particular gander, however, must have had a sudd[en] reversion to his wild instincts. Possibly the fact that a flo[ck] of Canadians was passing over at that moment had somethi[ng] to do with it. Perhaps the first sight across miles of count[ry] for many years brought up visions of the old summer hom[e] In any event, he disappeared over the horizon with the wi[ld] flock.

His mate called, but away he went. For days she wander[ed] around over the place, looking and calling, but her errant ma[te] was far beyond call.

From that day she showed no more interest in the old ne[st] She laid no more eggs. The blandishments of mere tame ga[n]ders meant nothing to her.

Spring and fall, as the wild flocks went over, she stood [on] the hill and called her missing mate, but for a long time [got] no response. Finally, three years from the time the gan[der] flew away, one left a passing flock, apparently in answer [to] the call of the widowed goose, circled lower and lower tow[ard] the pond, answering, but the lure of freedom was too mu[ch] and after coming down to within perhaps a hundred fee[t] the pond, he arose again and flew away with his flock, into [the] North.

Year after year went by. The old widow was constant[ly] each spring and fall tried to call back her mate from the flo[cks] passing over. Ten years ago this spring he had gone [with]

Then, in April, the unexpected happened. Geese were [flying] over. The old goose was out on the hill calling, and a big [gray] tary bird left a flock, circled down, and alighted on the [pond] The old goose hurried to meet him, and immediately p[re]rations began for spring housekeeping.

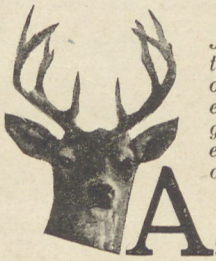
Were you smiling a skeptical smile? Don't do [that] course, since this goose carried no marks, leg bands [or] means of identification, it is impossible to say positiv[ely] it is the same gander that flew away ten years ago. [But] circumstantial evidence is convincing. From the first [the] old gander would allow Osterhout to approach within [ten] feet, although no other human being can get within [ten] five yards of his majesty. Many people accused of c[rime] been convicted on weaker proof!

Geese don't live that long? Listen, Brother Doub[ting] are wild geese that have been in the possession of [the] man, mated and breeding every year, for fifty yea[rs] known age exceeds sixty years, alive and faithful to[day]

When this feathered Enoch Arden came back he did [not] his spouse had wearied.

The Killing

By JAY MERTZ



Jay Mertz of Lansing, Michigan [is] the Michigan Supreme Court, requ[ires] one buck to shame him into sense. [His] esting narrative of a day in the habi[ts] ginia deer in his home state is acc[ept] evidence of the potential tenderfoot [in] only were the white tails plentiful, that [is] tame indeed.

AS we left our hunting lodge on [the] cold November morning, my hunting companion a[ssured] that I would see a deer that day. I was a ran[k] Having hunted the preceding season, my first, wit[hout] seeing a "flag," I had begun to wonder if it was eve[r] lot to see one of those bounding beauties. As we tr[ailed] camp to the tote road which we were to take to an ol[d] section we came to a spot where the grass was paw[ed] the snow with all the signs that a deer had rece[ntly] feeding there, when suddenly I saw a shadow and [heard] swish of brush to the right, and from underneath a lo[w] ing cedar a deer jumped farther into the heavy unde[r] and out of sight—my first view of a deer—a propitiou[s]

We followed the road for a ways and then cut off on[to] trail past some deserted logging camps. As we reached a[n] the trail my companion took the right and I was directed to follow the left, which he stated

[CONTI[NUED] ON PA[GE]

Making Conservation Histo

Photograph of pen with which President Coolidge affixed his signature

When Mr. Kemper promised to send us an article describing the tion in Washington during the passage of the League's Bill, we sumed it would be of a general nature—covering the entire field of this tivity. The following story is decidedly personal and while we know it uld not meet with the approval of our editor, who is now in Colorado, e manuscript arrived too late for us to ask Mr. Kemper for another story to revise the original. We further know that Mr. Dilg's one statement en he sees the story will be that contained in all his expressions regard- this legislation: "The Bill would never have been passed without the lendid loyalty and staunch support of the Chapters of the League."

By E. C. KEMPER

Washington Representative of the League

N the July number of this magazine there was a two-page editorial about the great victory won by the Izaak Walton League through enactment by Congress of the Upper Mississippi River Wild fe and Fish Refuge Act. The editorial was very fine, and inspiring, and true. But e was something left out, and as I hap- ed to be in the thick of the battle from the ry beginning, taking no important part d being a good observer, I am determined t the thing left out shall be supplied. For sake of history it must be published in magazine, otherwise an injustice will be he whole truth will not be known. it. er Mississippi Bill was first drafted r ot Dilg, the President of this League, ly ce with Representative Harry B. Y Missouri, and in conference with da edill McCormick. This was in in, 1923. To say that the bill was not to imply that three men named able after luncheon and dictated the legislation. It means there were nferences with the legislative draft- at the Capitol, with the officials of gical Survey Bureau, with the offi- ie Bureau of Fisheries, and with the committees of the House and Senate m the measure would be referred after ction.

out a month before the bill was in- until after its passage on June 6, H. Dilg spent practically all of his ashington. I know this because it aty to be his gun bearer. During e of that period, I never saw his equal gre n bulldog persistence, and in gen- is it every turn there was a barrier. t of s he was beset with enemies. mu time, space, persons, and prece- k. da

me was too short! Such legislation quired from three to five years for t was said.

oject was too big! Three hundred river in a wild life refuge was too here should be a smaller beginning, id.

rtant persons objected! Because s had more vital things to consider session would be more propitious to matter, it was said.

precedents were against the legisla- Never before had this kind of thing oposed; it would mean a new policy servation; a policy that would cost and would remove great areas from er development," it was said.

y ordinary mortal, any reasonable man, an without an exalted spirit, which have been caught up from him who led the charge of the Six Hundred, would have quit, thrown up the sponge, accepted a postponement—and gone back to Chicago. But Will Dilg did not know how to quit. He said on innumerable occasions, "We must win; we must win at this session; we must win for the League and for America—we will win!"

I worked with him in his room at the Willard Hotel on many nights until one and two o'clock, while he planned the next day's campaign and the next week's campaign. There were

YOU should have seen and heard what went on in the Upper Mississippi River Bottoms when the news came from Washington that the Izaak Walton League's bill for the protection of wild life in that section had been signed by the President of the United States and become a law; any

Story of the Passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill

appeals to the Chapters. There were telegrams to division presidents. There were letters and telegrams to influential men and women all over the country. There were long distance calls to George E. Scott, chairman of the executive committee of the Izaak Walton League, and calls to the Chicago office. There were hundreds of personal contacts in Washington to be kept alive and interested. There were the big barriers to be overcome. The Budget Bureau had made an unfavorable report. In the Agricultural Committee of the House farm relief legislation had the right of way in the McNary-Haugen Bill. *Some high officials were saying that it was useless to fight for the Mississippi Bill and that it should be abandoned.*

The struggle went on from day to day. He would gain an advantage here or there, and lose as much in some other quarter. At times the physical strain was almost too much to endure. When I left my office at the close of business each day and joined Will Dilg at dinner, and worked with him far into the night, almost every night in the week, I could not fail to marvel at his vitality and at his courage.

On Sundays we would try for a breath of fresh air, driving out into Maryland, or out into Virginia to Arlington, or Mount Vernon. He seemed to have a great love for the founders of America and a great love for the monuments and places which commemorate their deeds. Perhaps he drew his inspiration from these places. We went to Fredericksburg and tramped over the battle fields of the Wilderness and Chancellorsville. We stood before the simple monument which marks the place where Stonewall Jackson fell, and we visited with reverence the great cemetery in which are gathered the Confederate and Federal dead. One statue appealed to him particularly. It is a monument in Alexandria, Virginia, erected to those of that city who gave their lives for the lost cause. It is an heroic figure standing erect with bowed head, accepting the inevitable but not knowing defeat. We visited that statue at least a half dozen times, and I often wonder if the sculptor who made it does not deserve some measure of praise for the passage of the Upper Mississippi Bill.

As Congress drew near the closing days of the session encouragements and discouragements came thick and fast. A favorable report on the League's bill was made by the Committee on Agriculture. The Committee on Appropriations, through which it had to pass to the calendar of the House, could not find its way clear to make a favorable report. The legislation apparently was hopelessly lost! The one chance, one in a hundred, was to persuade the "powers-that-be" to put it on the Unanimous Consent Calendar. Speaker Gillett and floor leaders Longworth and Garrett were finally convinced by the eloquence and the great sincerity of purpose of Will H. Dilg to say, "Yes."

Once on the calendar, three days before the closing day of the session, it became a race against time. Would the bill be reached on the floor of the House before adjournment? Night sessions of the House were in order and each night found us in the gallery watching and praying for H. R. 4088. *Then on the night of Thursday, June 5, with Congressman William J. Graham, of Illinois, acting as Speaker of the House, the reading clerk called the number and title of the Upper Mississippi Bill.* It was a dramatic, tense moment. The Bill was read from the Unanimous Calendar. One objection from the floor, from any member present at a crowded session, would have killed the bill without recourse. Harry B. Hawes of Missouri, the sponsor of the legislation, was seated at the table reserved for those whose measures were before the House. *Speaker Graham asked, "Is there objection to the present consideration of the Bill?" The test had come! Dilg and I*

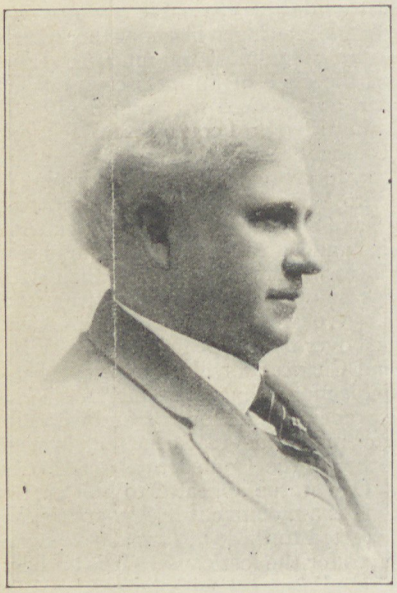
WHOO-WHOO-WHOO-RAY!
OUR Home has been SAVED
IF WE CAN'T VOTE OUR Friends Can!
WASHINGTON
NOW WE CAN GO AHEAD AND RAISE A FAMILY
DILG

...y, old rivermen claim the din set up down in the swamps and bayous ...s terrific, but it is to be hoped that when the excitement subsides, the ...ld things will show their gratitude to the sportsmen of the country by ...ising whopper families. E. E. L.

"...ricans for America!"—George E. Scott

Some of those Who Helped

...ats in front of us. There was ...on the floor below. It seemed ... The Speaker said: "Hearing ...o objection the Bill will be read." We relaxed a bit. The reading clerk read the Bill from beginning to end. The Speaker called for a vote and the Upper Mississippi Bill was unanimously passed by the House of Representatives. At this point Congressman Chindblom of Illinois arose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I want to take this opportunity merely for the purpose of



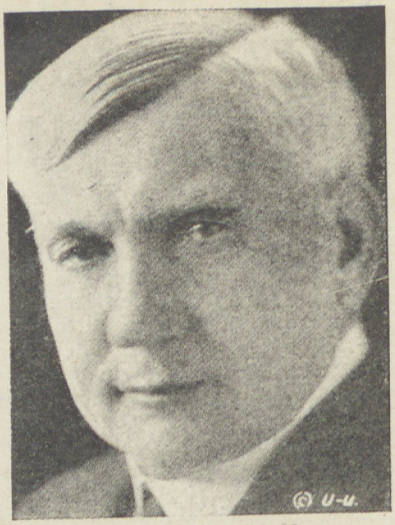
Congressman James B. Aswell of Louisiana

...ongratulating the House of Representa...ives upon the unanimous passage of this ...ill and to call attention to the very ...ppropriate circumstance that the House ...t this moment is presided over by the ...istinguished gentleman who at the pres...ent moment represents the district in ...hich is situated the city of Rock Island, ...here this game and fish refuge is to begin ...n the south. I refer to the gentleman ...rom Illinois, Mr. Graham." Then a ...ost unusual thing occurred— a genuine ...emonstration of applause in the House ...f Representatives.

But the battle was only half won. We hurried back to the Willard that night and sent out more telegrams, gave a story to the Associated Press and the Washington papers, and planned the next day's work. The legislation to succeed must yet pass the Senate, and must yet be signed by the President.

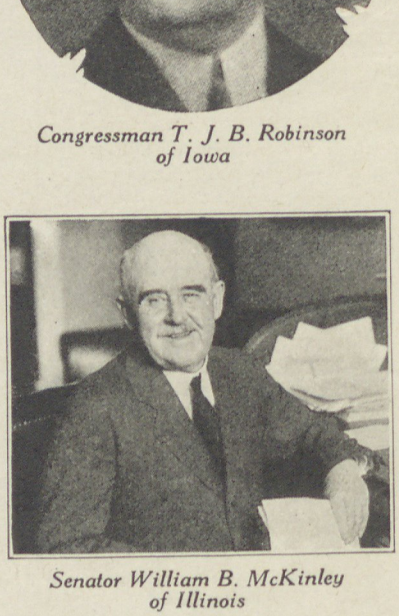
We met at breakfast at the Willard on Friday morning, June 6. The Director of the Biological Survey came in. He was delighted and surprised. We left immediately to meet with Hawes, and with him went to the Senate side of the Capitol. There were many conferences that morning between Will Dilg and Senators in control of the legislative machinery of the Senate. There were conferences with the president pro tempore of the Senate, and with the floor leaders. Time seemed to fly! Victory seemed so near and yet utterly impossible of achievement. A prominent official of the Administration met Dilg at two o'clock that afternoon outside of the Senate cloak room. He warmly congratulated him on the passage of the measure in the House. But he said: "You know it is quite impossible to expect to get this through the Senate today or tomorrow." It was the consensus of opinion of the wiseacres that it couldn't be done. That was what they all said.

Apparently the situation was lost. To quit was the reasonable and logical thing to do. Quite the contrary happened. Dilg said: "We will win. Let us go see Hoover and the President." We drove down Pennsylvania Avenue miles above the speed limit. By the grace of God we were not arrested. By great good fortune Secretary Hoover was in his office. It was then after 5 o'clock. He promised help and immediately left for the White House. Dilg joined him and a consultation with President Coolidge followed. We were told to

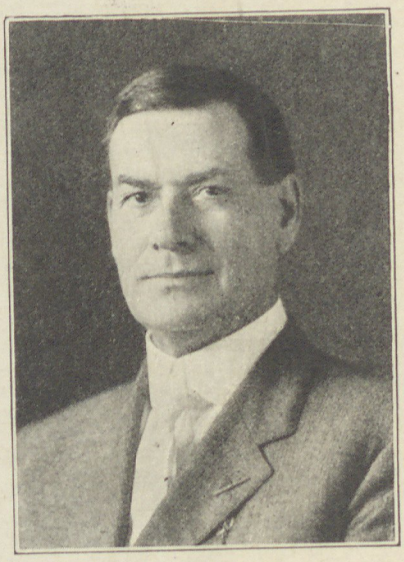


Congressman Gilbert N. Haugen of Iowa

Congressman T. J. B. Robinson of Iowa



Senator William B. McKinley of Illinois



Senator Wesley L. Jones of Washington State

go back to the Capitol with the message that the legislation had the approval of the President. And the reader may be sure the same word was transmitted from the White House to the Capitol. It removed the question in the minds of some Senators that the President, through the Budget Bureau, might be opposed to the Bill on account of the size of the appropriation.

In the Senate that night at 8:30 o'clock almost the same scene occurred as in the House on the night before. Through the cooperation of Senators Jones of Washington, McKinley of Illinois, La Follette of Wisconsin, and a dozen others, and through the able address of Senator Reed of Missouri, the Senate passed the Bill unanimously. One objection would have killed it! That objection was never made, and at last the impossible was accomplished. The next evening, Saturday, June 7, President Coolidge went to the Capitol to consider last minute legislation and there, after vetoing other bills carrying appropriations, he signed the Upper Mississippi Bill.

The people of the United States, particularly the people of the Mississippi Valley, do not yet realize what has been done for them. They will know about it in due course of time when this great Refuge and Playground is spread before them like a gift from the gods. It is *not* a gift from the gods, nor is it an accident. It is a monument to the wisdom, the patriotism and the noble spirit of Will H. Dilg.

This Izaak Walton League, and its members, can never adequately express their appreciation to him, but they can see to it that the great Upper Mississippi Refuge has a formal and appropriate monument, worthy in beauty and scale, whose legends will pay lasting tribute to Will H. Dilg and what he did.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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WILL H. DILG, EDITOR
AUGUST, 1924

Vision

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." *Prov. 29-18*

CONSERVATION is founded on vision, and character finds its base in conservation and the restraint of human impulses. This was the keynote of a recent short address made by Col. Theodore Roosevelt before members of Chicago Chapter I. W. L. A., on the occasion of a victory dinner given by the chapter celebrating the passing of the Refuge's Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill.

Col. Roosevelt, like his father, is essentially an outdoor man, and like other outdoor men realizes the necessity of natural recreation for a healthy and normal character. He further realizes that character of this type is of vital importance to the progress of the nation, and without the great woods and streams what will be the calibre of the characters to follow us.

Vision—vision, that's a splendid word. It is the God-given art to appreciate our natural heritage and to apply our appreciation in a practical and substantial way, namely, to conserve a part of it so that the character upon which our country was founded will not lose any of its quality.

He continued in part as follows:

"We must make each person in the country understand that we are not fishing cranks—but that we are thinking in terms of people. We are trying to conserve and develop for the benefit of the greatest number of Americans, our outdoor recreational facilities—for the poor as well as the rich, and the old as well as the young.

"Our forefathers, tamers of the wilderness, were the people who built this country. They built it out in the open and while completing the country they built their characters.

"How will we maintain this character if we have no outdoor recreation for our people? This is a problem of gigantic magnitude that is now confronting all people of the United States.

"Wild life everywhere has either gone or is fast going. If we do not save it now, there won't be any wild life for our children. Do you realize what the next fifty years will add to our population? It is almost too much to visualize, yet visualize it we must and adequately prepare to meet it.

"The outdoor conference called by President Coolidge had two big objectives, namely:

"To get together and cooperate all outdoor activities so that they would be aimed at one ideal and to *make the people who are interested in this big problem of ours realize they are interested and let Congress hear of this interest.*"

It is hard for most of us to see conditions fifty years ahead of us. But it is simple to ascertain what conditions were fifty years behind us, and to see where most of our national mistakes were made.

We should at least from this comparison attempt a little forage into the future and picture our grandchildren playing on barren fields or city streets and along the dry-baked bottoms of the river beds, trying to picture the beauties of nature their fathers let a money-mad commercialism crucify.

Summer Sacrilege

SUMMER, our national fete season, is here, and fields, woods and streams away from our crowded cities teem with the bounties of a generous Mother Nature.

Hoards of city people, yearning to get away from the noise and bustle of a metropolis, are making their weekly pilgrimage into the country. Picnic parties and campers abound.

It is reasonable to believe that these people, the "backbone of our nation," have been endowed with an ordinary sense of appreciation—that they would be able to realize that their neighbor is entitled to the same thrill and the same enjoyment of these beauties as they are.

Yet piles of rusty cans, bottles, empty cardboard boxes and paper, mutely attest the lack of such a quality in a majority of members of the—as Bert Taylor put it—"the so-called human race."

It would seem that a campaign of education in art is necessary to the abolishment of this annual practice of making our natural playgrounds a dumping place for this obviously unnecessary refuse.

By this we mean not a deep study of the composition of color, for that would imply an appreciation of color—not a study of the lights and shadows, for that too would imply a certain amount of perception, but a simple course in elementary art—say, for instance, the interesting comparison of a group of rusty crumpled tin cans and two or three broken bottles with a plot of wild flowers or a bit of wooded hillside.

Signs won't do it—they are almost as offensive as the piles of refuse—but a campaign of this sort might help. God knows something should be done to convince the average city family that a bale of hay bought from the local feed dealer is just as decorative for the garbage can as armfuls of dried wildflowers taken from the car on Monday morning and of infinitely more value to the man who empties the cans.

Your Dog

WHEN you reach home at night, tired from the day's work, a wild bark of joy heralds your arrival and down the path pell-mell comes your old pal.

That little pat on the head you give him as you hurry supperward means a lot to him—it has been said that a dog will do more for less than any creature on the face of the earth.

In return for the many services he renders would it not be sportsmanlike to see that he is well taken care of during the hot summer months? Doesn't it seem wrong to keep a dog chained on a short leash all day and night with only a stuffy kennel into which to retreat from the hot sun.

Wouldn't it be easy to put up a wire and hook his chain on this so he may have a little exercise — if he must be chained?

And when you see some bedraggled old purp running along the street with his tongue hanging out don't call someone to shoot him—all he wants is a drink of water. He may belong to some little chap who thinks as much of him as you very likely did of that mangy hound which you kept in direct disregard of parental orders when you were a lad.

Warm up and dish out a little of this widely spoken of and seldom seen milk of human kindness.

Greatest, Largest and Most Satisfactory Summer Resort Extant

10,000 Acres

Au Sable Lodges

SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

(Near Gaylord, Michigan)

Restful, Healthful, Exclusive, Ready Waiting

Children's Paradise, Adults' Ha
Enclosed by High Woven Wire Fe

Fishing, Hunting, Outdoor Sports and Summer Residence for Entire Famil

16 Square Miles of Protected Playground

20 Lakes, Clear, Deep, Wooded. Five Miles Headwaters of Au Sable Rive

All Pure, Sweet Spring Water Uncontaminated

(Breeding Grounds of First National Fur Farms—See Ad on Page 76)

This vast tract, the Geraldine Ranch, is leased to club for 99 years. Priority lease, better than deed. A dairy, stock, poultry, fruit and vegetable farm in center of ranch supplies members at farmer's prices, with all dairy products, eggs, fruits, vegetables, fresh daily. Fresh meats, ice, etc. Hampshire hams, bacon, etc., sugar and hickory cured on ranch. Fat chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, partridges. Refrigerator auto car for fresh meats, ice cream, etc., at members' service. A central power plant sends electric power and light to the beaches, members' cottages, and modern laundry for members; drives saw mill and finishing machines to build members' cottages. Members' families, children, girls, women, can roam over this vast domain without fear as the entire ranch is private property from which the public is excluded. Telephones, radio, aeroplane landing field, mails daily keep members in touch with world while surrounded by nature's wild repose.

Automobile Roads, saddle roads, foot trails, shady groves, dense jungles of beautiful white birch, sugar maple, oaks, pine, hemlock, spruce, cedar. Delicious wild fruits in lavish abundance, blue-berries, blackberries, raspberries, juneberries, cherries, strawberries. Hills, valleys, shady glens, grassy slopes and plains. Porous dry-surface, sandy soil, grassy sod, abundant vegetation. Perfect for camping, hiking, no poisonous snakes or growth.

AuSable River—Geraldine Ranch

Fishing Unlimited. Lakes and stream privately owned and free from usual restrictions. Constantly supplied from private fish hatchery on ranch, with abundance of game fishes, in variety. No better fishing anywhere.

Hunting. No shooting on ranch except during open season; wild ducks, geese, rabbits limited. Fox, bob-cat and other predatory animals and birds, unlimited. Also unlimited shooting of Hungarian Partridges (king of game birds) which will be bred wholesale on ranch and turned wild in woods for fall shooting, by members only. Otherwis the entire ranch is a protected breeding groun for deer, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, wat fowl and all American game and song birds.

A Geraldine Ranch Road

Rifle Range and Trap Shooting in servic October, 1924.

Camp Sites with spring water pump, te floors, table, seats, fuel and sanitary latrine.

Lake Frontage Lots leased 99 years to membe who build their own cottages. *Choice of locatio in order of applications.* Cottages guarded an guaranteed by lessor during owners' absence.

Boating, Canoeing, Bathing, Swimming, perfe beaches and bath houses.

Children's Playgrounds with complet equipments.

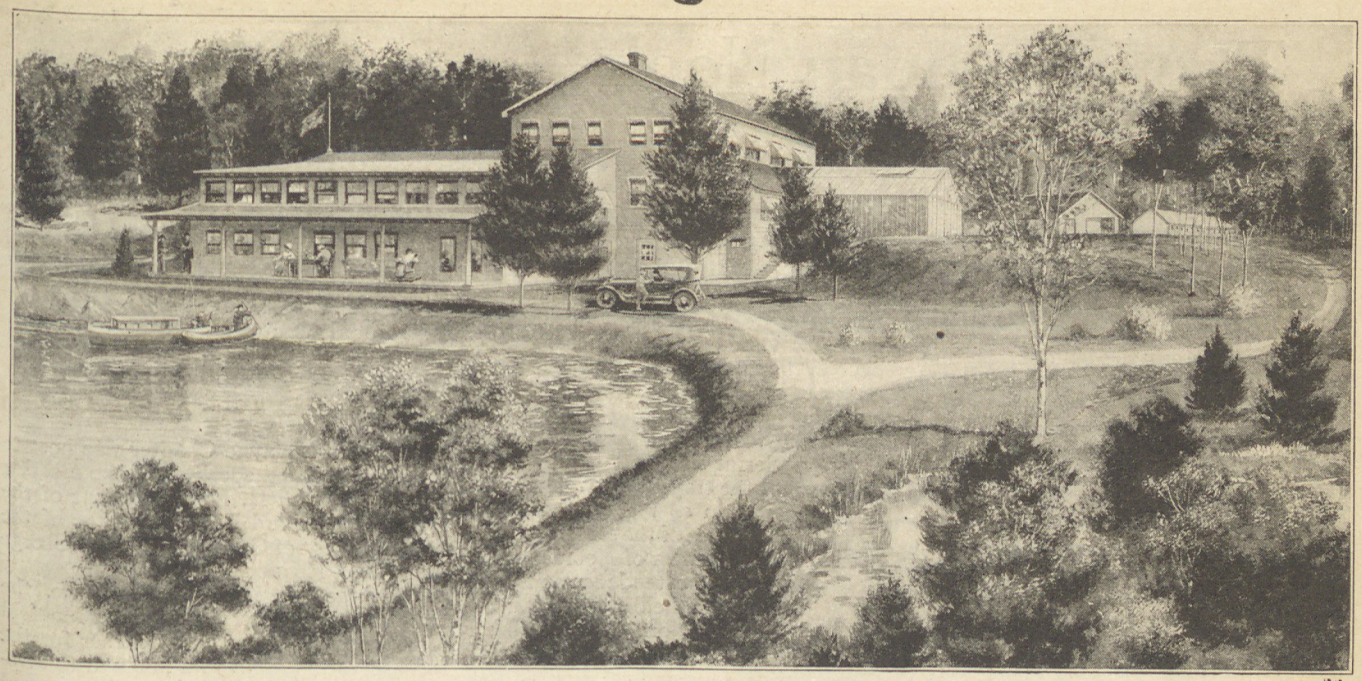
Tennis Courts, base ball, croquet, quoit an other game grounds.

Aeroplane station and landing field.

All foregoing privileges free to members.

Club Houses. One, large, fashionable wher ranch borders Otsego Lake (popular summer re sort). Another, plain, comfortable, secluded, o Opal Lake, interior of ranch.

Golf Course. First class, perfect topography 9 holes finished this year; 18 holes next year.



Ranch Headquarters and Temporary Club House

Location 50 miles south of Mackinaw Straits near Gaylord, Michigan.

Transportation. By rail overnight from Chicago, Indiana, Ohio, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, eight hours from Detroit. Two stations on ranch border, Main line Michigan Central. Perfect automobile highways in all directions. Day's drive from Chicago, Indianapolis, Columbus, Cleveland.

Charter Memberships. Good for 99 years (Limited number going rapidly).

Only reputable red blooded white citizens with clean moral records accepted. Waltonians preferred.

Charter memberships will sell for five times their present price in a few years. Memberships inheritable, transferable on approval.

Special Memberships for Izaak Waltonians.

BOOKLETS ON REQUEST

AuSABLE LODGES

1247 Marquette Bldg.
140 South Dearborn Street CHICAGO

Opal Lake, Geraldine Ranch

Invitation to Izaak Walton League Members

Mr. Will H. Dilg,
President, Izaak Walton League of America,
Chicago, Illinois.
My dear Mr. Dilg:

The owning of a ranch such as the AuSable Lodges was an ambition of mine for over a score of years before I acquired this property three years ago.

I want to see the ruffed grouse as thick as blackbirds on the ranch and as tame as chickens. I want the quail and woodcock to feel that they are safe from murder by the pot hunter. I want the deer to graze as fearlessly as they do now in the open spaces.

In organizing the AuSable Lodges Sportsmen's Club, I have agreed to a limited late fall shooting season to include wild ducks and geese, although the majority of the shooting will be Hungarian partridge. There are also plenty of rabbits, red fox, bob cat, mink, hawks, owls, etc.

As I understand the principles, methods and objective of the Izaak Walton League, they fully meet my views as the only real sound and sane method of organization to efficiently conserve the rapidly vanishing game animals, birds and fishes of our America and their cover, forest and spawning waters.

From the very nature of my project, you must realize that I must restrict the sale of memberships to the right kind of people, and I believe that the people who join and help the Izaak Walton League, and who endorse its principles and purposes, are the kind of people I want in the AuSable Lodges.

For this reason it would please me very much to require that every prospective member of the AuSable Lodges, as a first qualification of eligibility, be a member, or qualify as a member, of the Izaak Walton League.

In our own small way at the ranch we are striving for the same objective as the League and I hope that the Izaak Walton League members will be interested in joining this club.

Very truly yours,
DION GERALDINE

FILL IN AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!

AuSABLE LODGES
1247 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Without obligation to me, please send Booklet and Information relative to Membership in AuSable Lodges

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Waltonian Nook—News of Our Chapters

Keep Up the Pep!

LET'S Go!

Summer is here. Now is the time to get out and hit the ball. Every man with a drop of sportsman's blood in his veins is thinking of the great out-of-doors. Everyone is secretly yearning to burn down his place of business and find rest and quiet beside some old shady stream.

He is thinking nothing but out-of-door thoughts. His mind, no matter what effort he puts forth to concentrate on prices, markets or other incidentals of commercial life, persists in conjuring up alluring pictures of the ol' swimmin' hole.

IT IS THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT FOR US TO BUILD NEW CHAPTERS. Don't let it slip.

Just think. If your chapter will only sponsor one chapter this will double our present number and insure many more than 1,000 chapters in the league by October 1.

This can be done and done easily.

There are hundreds of good stunts to get the sportsmen out so that you can tell them of our League. Do not try to hold a meeting in a stuffy hall on a hot sultry night. It is obvious that no one will come out for such an event—you wouldn't yourself.

BUT, there are interesting fly and bait casting contests, barbecues, picnics, fish frys, outdoor movies and hundreds of similar ideas that are known the world over as "sure-fire" summer enthusiasm promoters.

As a further incentive toward individual chapter organization, National Headquarters will confer a special honor upon the man who organizes one chapter during the months of July, August and September.

A printed certificate, signed by the national president and secretary telling of his achievement and a gold diamond studded Izaak Walton League lapel button will be given every man who starts a chapter during this set period.

The territory is unlimited and everyone is eligible to enter the race.

Under a ruling passed by the national board of directors no one who has not organized a chapter will be entitled to wear a badge of this type.

Nebraska

NEBRASKA DIVISION OFFICERS

President — Howard Miller, Battle Creek, Nebr.

First Vice-President — Frank Brady, Atkinson, Nebr.

Second Vice-President—R. R. Brocius, Valentine, Nebr.

Third Vice-President—F. A. Gordon, South Sioux City, Nebr.

Secretary-Treasurer — Dudley Scott, Beatrice, Nebr.

THEY are taking the Izaak Walton League of America very seriously in the state of Nebraska, out where they still have prairie chickens, ducks, geese, quail and various upland birds and where back in the sand hills the lakes yield what seems to an Easterner, almost unbelievable black bass.

Here in Nebraska they want to protect their wonderful fish and game country and prevent the tragedy of wild life which has happened in so many other states. No better evidence of the sincerity of purpose of the sportsmen of Nebraska could be asked than the attendance at the first State Convention held recently in the lively little city of Norfolk in the Elkhorn Valley. From as far as Alliance, Coles and Beatrice, four or five hundred miles away the delegates traveled.

Twenty-five chapters were represented and the entire afternoon was devoted to a thorough discussion of the state constitution and by-laws and the prospective changes in the fish and game laws of the state.

Kansas

Kansas Division officers:

President—A. L. Scott, Pittsburg, Kansas.

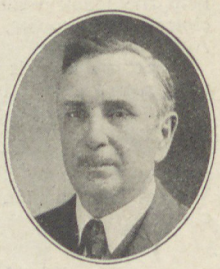
1st Vice-President—C. W. Stewart, Independence, Kansas.

2nd Vice-President—Jack Voorhies, Cherryvale, Kansas.

3rd Vice-President—E. D. Manley, Ottawa, Kansas.

Secretary—M. W. Kreiger, Coffeyville, Kansas.

Treasurer—W. M. Upham, Coffeyville, Kansas.



A. L. Scott

THE Kansas Division of the Izaak Walton League of America came into existence June 16th with delegates from twenty-six Kansas chapters assembled at Pittsburg. A terrible rain storm and altogether inclement weather prevented heavier attendance, although the spirit of the sportsmen of Kansas was ably evidenced at the meeting.

The sessions during the day were given over largely to the adoption of a constitution, election of officers and other purely business matters. The convention wound up with a night meeting with motion pictures, at which time President Will H. Dilg's message to the League was read by President A. L. Scott of the Kansas Division. An address was also made by M. S. Heiss, executive secretary of the League.

Indiana

THE whole-hearted enlistment of the Department of Conservation of the State of Indiana was pledged the Indiana Division of the Izaak Walton League of America and the National Organization as a whole, at a splendid meeting held recently in Fort Wayne.

O. F. Raymond. Sec. Ind. Div.

The Fort Wayne Chapter was host to the League and speakers at the meeting included: Will H. Dilg, president of the League; Richard Lieber, director of the Department of Conservation; and George Manfeld, his associate.

Summed up in a brief sentence, the addresses of Messrs. Lieber and Manfeld said: "Let us all stand together for the conservation of all wild life, and the Department of Conservation welcomes and will cheerfully aid the cause of the League throughout the state."

The Department will recommend to all local clubs, affiliation at as early a period as possible with the League, thus connecting them definitely with a national organization with national prestige and jurisdiction and ability to accomplish the tasks before the nation.

In behalf of the Northern Indiana Fish and Game Association, Mr. Frechtenicht announced affiliation with the League and turned into the Indiana Division treasury the funds of the association.

Mr. Harry Hilgemann, president of the Fort Wayne Chapter, acted as toastmaster. Mr. Dilg reviewed the Upper Mississippi Bill passage and extended a welcome to all Indiana clubs to affiliate with the League.

Michigan

PLANS to bring about a chapter in every city and county in Michigan were carefully and thoroughly discussed at a "round-up" meeting of the Michigan Division held at Grand Rapids recently on the call of Henry Schuil of Grand Rapids, president of the Division.

There were present delegates from practically all Michigan chapters. Briefly, the plan of Michigan is for the state to be divided into five sections with a vice-president in charge and responsible for each section. The vice-presidents will be appointed by the president and the board of directors.

The Michigan Division pledged itself to sponsor the fight to save from crucifixion the Little Manistee, one of the finest trout streams in Michigan.

The meeting was, firstly, a get-together proposition, and the results were more than gratifying. A. T. Shivley, secretary of the division, reported the enlistment of many new chapters in the division since the winter meeting at Lansing.

Every chapter present promised to sponsor, at least, one additional chapter.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

The
Swimming
Motion
of
STREICH'S
FLEX-O-MINO
Retail Price $1.25 each
Made in 3 styles
"A"—Red head and white body
"B"—Copper head and white body
"C"—Nickel head and white body
Your dealer can supply you or your order accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each will receive prompt attention.
STREICH BAIT WORKS
708 W. Jasper St. JOLIET, ILL.
Chicago Office: 955 Monadnock Bldg.
Harrison 1611
Note: The lower illustration is actual size of minnow.

Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

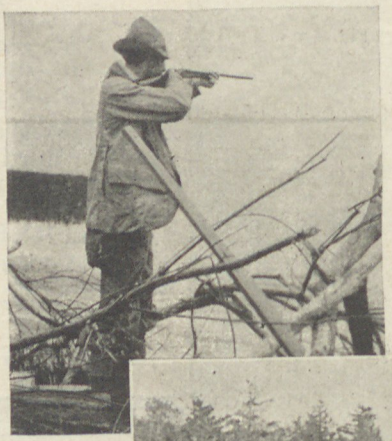
August

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore is conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor.

THE Hot Month gently shepherds one's thoughts to the consideration of water—what a fine thing it is anyhow, how cool to bathe in, how good to fish in, and how exhilarating to navigate over in anything whatever that will float! And that leads us by the easiest possible gradations to a discussion of boats, for August. Look at any outdoor picture, and nine times out of ten there is a boat in it somewhere and a man in the boat enjoying himself hugely. Let me digress a moment for one loud cheer on this wonderful playground of ours, this America. I wish a committee of a hundred of you could be transported for a space of three days to lovely and beautiful France—which country, however, is no more than an extensive and glorified garden. There is nothing to do in it but work. When playtime comes you look about you, and there is an emptiness. No fishing; everything, down to the last minnow, has been seined out and eaten long ago. I saw a small frog, two inches long, once, but he did not last. Next day he was gone, probably furnishing a stew for a whole French family. No hunting or camping out; there is nothing to shoot, and every stick in the woods is owned, so that you may not pick up so much as a pine-cone without incurring arrest for stealing. A camp fire?—not a hope! There is no boating—one thinks twice about yachting on the Mediterranean, where the shores are all rock and the sea either a flat calm or a raging storm. The French are a brave and courageous nation, but faced with the stern necessity for making every faggot count in the fight to keep a whole population on a land not much more extensive than the State of California—and that with a hostile neighbor next door bent on destroying her at the first opportunity.

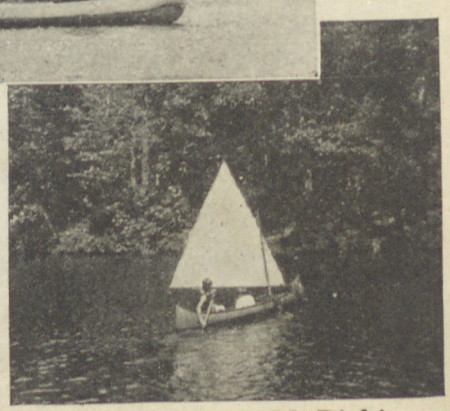
Now contrast that extensive suburb of a country with our wide and spacious America, open everywhere to the freedom of the outdoorsman, the hunter, the angler, the camper; with her thousands of square miles of forest and mountain, her thousands of lakes and streams, her abundant wild life. Instead of the only recreation left to the French, that of eating and drinking in the open air cafes, America offers us her priceless heritage of manly sport, her opportunity for one and all to get out by boat and trail to enjoy it all. I cannot conceive a duty more important to the men of this generation than to conserve this priceless heritage of outdoor life for our sons and daughters. Do we want to see them driven to a nation of eaters and drinkers for lack of anything else to play at? Do we want to see them abandoning even the walk and the tramp in the wild places, for lack of any incentive to do so because the wild life is all gone? We *will* see that, brothers, before this generation is gone if we do not take seriously this disappearance of our wild life and put our best money and effort into saving what remains and building it up again. I speak facts and argue from facts. France is today where America is fast heading, a country with still a large area of stream and forest, but gameless, dead, streams with no life in them, woods devoid of any wild population save a few small song birds, too tiny to kill and eat. Take away the incentive, and the youth drifts to the cafe. It is useless to urge games as a substitute. They answer, in a mild way, for recreation; but to the free spirit of America they *bore* the soul, as getting one nowhere. We do not want games but life—outdoor life where a man is captain of his own soul and can maintain himself by the skill of his hands, the knowledge in his mind, and the steadfastness of his fighting spirit. It is the essence of our American spirit; the thing that distinguishes us from other nations. England sends her young men out into her colonies to keep up a fresh supply of that spirit; we have it *here*, in our own land, all around us. More important than extending our agriculture and our industry is the duty of maintaining that spirit today. *We* have no vast colonies to send our young men to; if we let our land become gameless, the drift of the young men

(Continued on page 57)



"Where there were snipe, fish and clams galore and always the canoe."

"Provided with a sail and two leeboards."



"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

Johnson Owners Don't "Wait for the Wind"

AN afternoon's sail used to be a very uncertain affair.

When the wind blew you sailed.

When it stopped, *you* stopped!

You stopped or—worse still, perhaps—you rowed home. And the pleasure of the sail diminished as the blisters on your hands increased.

Today there are thousands of owners of small boats who go where and *when* they please.

They don't hesitate to start for fear the wind will "leave them flat". They don't drift 'til midnight. And they don't row home.

L. J. Johnson, by applying true marine engineering principles to the outboard motor, has done away with all that.

When used on small sail boats—even up to 25 and 30 feet—the Johnson Motor is absolute assurance against being becalmed.

Its Johnson float-feed, throttle-controlled carburetor and Quick-Action Magneto make it the most dependable outboard motor in the world.

For boats that have particularly high sterns, the Johnson Motor can be supplied with five inches greater draught, on special order, at slight additional cost.

It is small enough and light enough to stow below decks when not in use. Its vibrationless, two-cylinder construction delivers plenty of power—full 2 horsepower.

Fits Any Boat

The Johnson is the only motor that can be attached to *any* type row boat or canoe (and to almost any sail boat under 25 or 30 feet) without altering the boat. It drives a row boat from 7 to 9 miles per hour and a canoe from 10 to 12.

And with all its dependability, flexibility and power goes the *only real portability,* for the Johnson weighs

Only 35 Pounds

It can be carried on the running board of your car or packed into a suitcase that fits under a Pullman berth.

Go to the Johnson dealer now and get a free demonstration. If you don't know him write for catalog and we will gladly send you his name.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
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Gives you the only really *portable* marine engine.

Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Dry Fly Line Dressing

(Continued from page 37)

After the first whirling, the line may be put into the oil again and given a further ten minutes under the air pump; and then drained and whirled once more, but it need not be rolled and squeezed again.

It is now placed outdoors for the first drying. Select a couple of trees or posts say 35 to 40 yards apart, and tie a length of packthread to each. Having removed the slipknots holding the coil of line together, hold it in your hands just like a hank of wool, make the plain end fast to the packthread and pay out, winding counter-clockwise. Make the loop end fast so that the line sags about a yard in the middle. (With the experimental coil of tape mentioned, you will see how, by attention to the winding and unwinding precautions emphasized, the tape can be stretched out between the trees without a single twist.)

If the line has been well whirled there will be no excess of oil—just a nice wet from end to end. This is all we desire just now, for if we can manage a couple of days' bright sunshine, the foundation of a good line is laid, for the skin of dried oil will repel moisture. Still, the more days of sunshine at this stage, the better. This first drying may be completed in two or three weeks of warm and dry weather, but you had better leave it out for an additional month, for luck, before applying any more oil. There is no need to hurry, for the line cannot be used until next season. Nothing dries linseed oil like wind and sunlight, or retards it so much as the human gaze; and, granted a good product to start with, thorough drying and seasoning are what produce a finished line of quality. But any time after ten days, when the line appears quite dry, it now may be lightly rubbed with curled horsehair and plenty of water, after all projecting fibers have been snipped off with fly scissors.

Then a third dip may be given under the air pump, followed by draining and whirling, after which the line remains stretched outdoors until it is finished. I do not think that there is any advantage in using the pump more than three times.

A week of decent weather will suffice for this second drying, and a similar period or less for the first of the coats of oil now to be applied by hand; while the succeeding coats will dry in two or three days under favorable conditions.

Various materials are recommended for rubbing down—fine glass-paper [U. S. A. "sand"-paper], powdered pumice, loofah, silk, cotton, linen, etc. I prefer the curled hair. A couple of doses of oil will put a coat of only about .003 inch on the line, and this does not require much rubbing off. If you commence cutting into the silk the best plan is to discard and ask for a new deal. When each coat of oil is dry, give it a light rub with the hair and a lot of water; this to remove the mortal remains of gnats and night moths, and perhaps a little dirt; it is especially to be recommended where you are troubled with a sooty atmosphere. Half an hour after the water will dry it and then another piece of curled horsehair, filled with oil, is used to put on another oil coat; and so you continue until about a dozen of these coats have been given, except that the final three or four coats are applied with the fingers, and the rubbing down with the hair is omitted.

To summarize, after the three oil dips at most, under the pump, the line is left outdoors, care being taken to choose fine weather for first putting it out and for rubbing on each succeeding coat, as the great point is to get a skin of dried oil after each application before rain comes. A couple of warm, dry days will secure this, after which rain, snow or hail will have no deleterious effect upon it.

The finished line should appear as smooth and transparent as a violin string, will not be too hard, and good for six to eight years' service. Bought lines often have a coating of very thin copal varnish over the dressing. I cannot quite match this gloss finish, but it is of no moment, for in most cases it disappears after two or three days' use of the line. You all know the quality of my lines; there is no reason why you should not duplicate them, for I have kept nothing back.

The discussion of this interesting paper elicited the following questions and the author's answers:

Q.—What is the best dressing to float a line?

A.—I use lanolin. It does not last as well as deer or mutton fat, nor does it damage the line so much. All dressings are a device of the line makers, for it is a poor wet-fly line that will not outlast three used for the dry fly.

Q.—I have no garden or suitable outdoor drying place; can I dress lines in the house?

A.—I have not dared to try. If circumstances permit, you might report results.

Q.—Living in the town, any lines I dressed would become coated with soot and dirt; can this be avoided?

A.—When I lived in the town my lines had a Jack Johnson complexion; now they are the color of peroxide locks. Experience has shown that beauty is only skin deep.

Q.—What head or pressure of water is required to work the ejector pump?

A.—Cannot state the minimum head. Tonight the head has been three stories, say about 18 pounds to the square inch. The pressure in the taps of your houses is about 55 pounds per square inch.

Q.—Do you find that storing lines on a winder lengthens their life?

A.—Cannot say, as I never had a winder. When I get home I pull the line off the reel into a heap on a chair or anything handy. In the morning it is made into a coil and hung up until required again.

Q.—What is the cost of a dry fly line dressed as described?

A.—The line dressed tonight cost 8s. 6d., oil perhaps a penny, hair ditto, and time unknown.

Q.—Suppose that I have filled a line with oil and there is a sudden change in the weather; should I leave it outdoors or stretch it in the conservatory?

A.—If it is the first drying, then the line may be placed in a tightly-corked bottle and left in the dark. A month of this will not affect the line or the oil. Your conservatory is about 18 to 20 feet long, and any attempt to dry the line there would leave a flat place on the line at every point where it touched its supports. After the first drying the line is hard, but it is well to pass it over spools instead of nails or hooks if under treatment indoors.

(The undersigned would add for the encouragement of the amateur line-dresser, that Mr. Walter D. Coggeshall, an American angler, but resident in London and honored by the presidency of the Fly-Fishers' Club during the World War, has succeeded in producing most excellent oil dressed fly lines without the aid of the vacuum pump or any similar device. His method is first to heat the boiled linseed oil to the point where it will "just burn your finger." The line in a loose coil is then immersed in this and the heat maintained "until air bubbles seem to rise." The line next is removed from the fire and allowed to cool in the oil; after which it is taken from the oil bath, the surplus oil drained away, the line is stretched, any remaining excess rubbed off, then the line slacked and left hung up to dry. When thoroughly dry, rub down with cold oil. Repeat this cold oil rubbing several times, being sure that each coat is thoroughly dry before applying a subsequent one. Give a final polish with a soft rag and talcum powder.)

G. P. H.

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Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Reconstruction at Antler's

(Continued from page 34)

sently. "This was purty good cattle range in here once. Used to be some livelier than it is now, what with brandin' season once a year, an' maybe a rustler ever so often. Then a man was a whoopin', shootin', ridin' fool because he had to be." Terry nodded understandingly. There was an almost wistful expression in the old man's face as he continued.

"Cotton fields are not open range an' neither is a National Bank; but cotton seed makes fine feed for milk cows an' a bank helps the country. Some of 'em couldn't see it that way though. Now I reckon Cliff could go in that field there an' pick two hundred an' fifty pounds a day. Hate to lose a good hand like Cliff."

We rode on. I asked a question.

"Is Howard really a bad man?"

Cal considered the question before answering.

"Well, yes, Son, away down deep I reckon Cliff's just mean enough to slip up behind a preacher an' cut the buttons off his Sunday breeches."

Then I knew I could go back to work. I had gotten what I had come for.

From the Tribune's Columns

50 Years Ago Today

(FACSIMILE)

—The Dubuque *Herald* has the following: "Fishermen say there is at present the finest fishing ever known in the Mississippi in this vicinity. Salmon, pickerel, bass, and other game are very plentiful, and are easily taken with the hook. Sunday afternoon a sportsman hooked seventy-five salmon from the river, posite Eagle Point."

Reprint from the Chicago Tribune, June 20, 1924.

Surprise Valley

(Continued from page 8)

we were apparently lost in a red-walled winding lane that had no outlet.

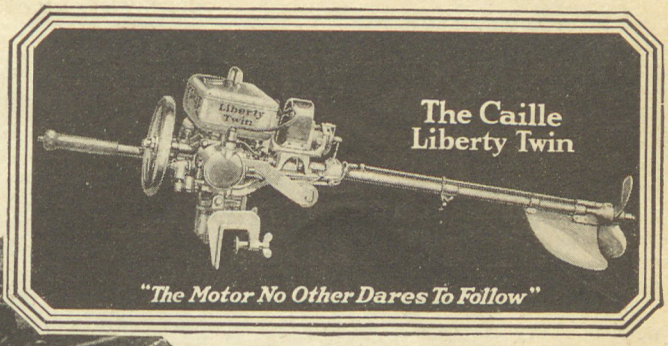
At length we descended into a narrow defile, and rode round under a stupendous looming yellow wall that struck me as staggeringly as it had ten years before. I remembered that the magnificent frowning cliff was near the portal of Surprise Valley. And soon after we rode through a still narrower defile, a mere split in the rock wall, into the valley.

As if by magic our horses had led us down into the open, out of the shut-in narrow lanes of stone, into what seemed a strange beautiful colorful garden somehow dominated by the encompassing walls.

White grass waved in the soft summer breeze; purple sage lent its exquisite hue and fragrance to the sweetness of that scene; dark green pinons and light green cedars stood out sharply against the background of red and yellow stone.

Surprise Valley might well be compared in shape to that of an octopus. It has a main area, which may be likened to the body, and many long winding canyons

(Continued on page 63)



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Through water barely deep enough to float your boat—through thickest weeds and grass—over sunken rocks and snags that would put any other motor out of commission! The Caille is the *only* motor that will drive *any* rowboat *any* place it will float! Read our $500 challenge which has never been accepted and still stands!

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The Caille direct drive principle is the most advanced motor design known—it has proven its correctness over a period of four years. Users are enthusiastic—once a Caille owner you will never go back to old style vertical type motors.

Here's Our $500 Challenge

So sure are we of the superiority of the CAILLE LIBERTY TWIN DIRECT DRIVE ROWBOAT MOTOR and of our statement that no standard make of vertical type (with or without tilting device) can follow a CAILLE LIBERTY TWIN through shallows, over sunken logs, stones, debris and through weeds that

We Challenge Any Manufacturer of Vertical Type Rowboat Motors

to disprove our claim by test with stock model vertical type motor, and offer to forfeit $500.00 (FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS) to any charitable institution designated by the company disproving our claim.

Think of these advantages in one motor—direct drive—Bosch Magneto—Zenith Carburetor—no vibration—light weight—lots of speed—easiest motor to carry ever built!

Test this Wonderful Motor on the Water

A test run will convince you of the superiority of the Liberty Twin. No other motor gives you even half its advantages! Unequivocally guaranteed—backed by one of the largest manufacturers of marine and outboard motors in America! See the nearest Caille distributor today or write for full particulars.

Ask for a Demonstration of the Caille Single Cylinder Liberty—Priced at $85

The motor that proved the direct-drive principle. Sturdy, dependable and very moderately priced. Be sure to have these Caille motors demonstrated before you decide on any make—the water test is the best.

Easy to carry, attach and operate. Comes in handy shipping chest. Propeller shaft telescopes for convenience.

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CAILLE Rowboat Motors
PRONOUNCED "CAIL"

Play Fair

(Continued from page 5)

that gold to Europe and traded it off for —good God, think of it, traded it for German carp!

This was not mere stupidity nor mere malice—it was a deadly combination of both. It was the culmination of all we will have to answer for in this category of misdeeds. As an asininity it makes other colossal foolishnesses assume the aspect of wisdom.

Education—education is the crying need of every community in the United States. Not perhaps the orthodox education which is now instilled into our youngsters—although God knows there is not enough of that—but an education which will teach them the value of the most important thing in this or any other country —their marvelous out-of-door land.

The Izaak Walton League has dedicated itself to the proper outdoor education of Americans. It is a protest against the ignorance which would destroy. Yet it is not merely a protest; the league has gone to war to rescue the outdoor blessings of the United States for all generations to come. This war is not one merely with regard to the enlistment of national authority, but it takes into account the necessity of enlisting all state and local authority by cooperating with the individual energy and intelligence of the people who may realize what their carelessness has permitted them to lose.

At the last session of congress, a bill was passed making safe forever 300 miles of bottom land along the banks of the beautiful Mississippi river. This marks the beginning of the end of all enemies of conservation.

Not only from a sportsman's standpoint but from the standpoint of good business, is the Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge a wonderful thing. It will not only give posterity a place where it may see the wild things that were once so plentiful but statistics have shown that from a cold-blooded cash proposition it is a great move.

The Izaak Walton League has intelligence enough to know that this is not merely a thing belonging to the domain of play and sport. It knows that the well rounded character of our men and women must demand, to enjoy full development, part of the time devoted to play and there is no play known that will contribute so substantially to character and physical well-being as that enjoyed in the out-of-doors.

There is nothing more essential than this very thing in human activity to which I refer as sportsmanship.

The incalculable value of sportsmanship and belief in an ideal was shown very forcibly in a glorious example not many years ago. I have in mind the fall of 1918.

In France was a hill, at the base of which was a stream, and on its crest a fortress. It was the final expression of military art. All the contributions of the knowledge of defenses for ages spoke from the ground of that hill. It had defied the assaults of the allied armies.

An order came from American headquarters to our boys. It contained just three words, "Take that hill!"

Tens of thousands of dead men asleep on the breast of the rise protested in their dreamless sleep—"you cannot take that hill." But the order meant just one thing to our boys—your sons, and brothers. They advanced, firm in their belief in a great ideal; they could not be beaten.

They hurled themselves across the stream and took the hill!

This broke the back of the Prussian guard—broke the back of the central power and that glorious day was the beginning of the end of the war.

When the League's bill to establish a game preserve on the Mississippi River was drafted, hundreds — thousands laughed at it. It was to their minds an absurdity, to even presume the government would listen to such a plan.

But with that indomitable spirit of the A. E. F. the League kept its eye on the ideal and its feet on the ground and our preserve is now an actuality and not an "idealistic dream."

Let us hope the League will not stop with this one great accomplishment. Let us all get behind this great ideal and fight for that which is rightfully ours and the property of our children and children's children.

This can be done only through a wholehearted cooperation with those who are in a position to know our wants and to help us if we will only help ourselves. Let us put, not one million, but fifty million earnest men and women in the Izaak Walton League and then outdoor America will be safe forever.

Play fair, get the other man's point of view and give him yours. This leads to a greater mutual understanding and will raise this generation to a pedestal of fame in the eyes of the coming little folks and not hold us up to the ridicule and condemnation accorded hopeless imbecility.

Hugh Duncan's Bass

(Continued from page 19)

now! Trees, even after they're dead, last better than men! Bet there's a grandson of Hugh's bass lying up in that brush wood, right now!"

Back went Judge Tom's arm, and the silken line laid out from the singing reel. "Here's where fifty dollars is put down on bait fishing," he exulted softly.

What the kingfisher, poised above the cove, saw then, was a heavy form that swirled lazily out of the cool green-shadowed depths beneath the ash stump, tilted slowly, unhurriedly up toward the light, facing what seemed a wounded minnow, struggling frantically to escape. The heavy form shot up suddenly, cleaving the water, swerving one side sharply to the morning sun, and leaped, a broad-bladed sickle of green-bronze, in a shower of silver bubbles!

The strike, against the Judge's stiffened wrist, tore reel handle from thumb and forefinger, and for three seconds after that first jerk that set the hooks, the big bass had his own way. In that three seconds he covered thirty feet, down and out along the shore of the cove. Then the Judge's thumb snubbed, and yielding to its drag the fish whirled and swung back toward the brush tangle in the old ash top.

Just outside of it the man stopped him, risking line and rod together, and the bass came up, and leaped again, a heavy gleaming lance that cleared the water in three savage shakes and sounded, coming straight for the boat. The Judge scrambled, swinging lowered rod tip around the stern, and fifty feet farther out, the fish broke for the third time. Then he settled in the weeds that ran along the throat of the cove, and very gently the Judge gained a dozen yards of line. Almost over the fish he started him into fighting again, with his hand struck against the butt of an arched rod, and the bass made his first steady stubborn run, against the stubborn foot by foot yielding of the reel.

It was over finally. Neither the Judge nor Dan had looked at their watches. Only the kingfisher, perched on a dead poplar stub west of the cove, knew how long the big bass had fought. Only the Judge, counting each of the last three rushes, the final try for freedom, knew that such a fish was too gallant for the gaff. He nodded Dan away, drew the heavy weight close alongside, and bent down, hooking thumb and forefinger in the big gills, and lifted the bass, limp and unfighting, last ounce spent.

Almost as long as the Judge's arm, he was, and more than as thick. Down the wide back, close along the big dorsal fin, tiny streamers of green moss hung down. Dan's voice came in a whisper of sheer awe, "Eight pounds—or ten!"

Judge Tom slipped the hook from the heavy undershot jaws, and held him by the wide open gills, studying him for a moment. Then he looked back at the snag of the ash top, and out through the throat of the cove, across Rapalee, to where the yellow sweep of the sand bar ended in deep wind rippled blue. His eyes came slowly back to the big bass, and rested a long time.

Quietly then he lifted his catch and eased him over into the water alongside the boat. His hand relaxed from the wide gills, and he watched in silence, while the fish sunk slowly, fins fanning with a light exhausted motion as he slanted down through the green opaque light, toward the shadowed depths under the old ash top.

"You're not the same fish," the Judge said aloud, then, "But anyway Hugh Duncan would have said, 'Let him go, Tom, let him go.' I did, Hugh. I let him go."

He picked up the oars and began to row slowly out of the little cove. The sombreness in his eyes broke finally before a meditative grin.

"Well, Dan," he said, "I guess I owe you fifty dollars. Fish that can't be weighed don't count, on a pound basis."

It took Dan a long time to frame his answer. The Judge had been alone in his minute of sentiment. Alone on Rapalee with the big bass, the kingfisher, and Hugh Duncan. It would be a sacrilege now to speak as a witness.

"You're a Judge, Tom," he said slowly, "and I'm a lawyer, so I know your decision holds. You owe me the fifty dollars, and I'm going to use it to buy you a bamboo fly rod fit for a fisherman."

The Judge grunted inarticulately, and rowed on out of the little cove.

The Grizzly King

(Continued from page 30)

ten, not even excepting fish. At this ncture Thor emerged from the thicket. e was alone. For the first time since st night he seemed to notice Muskwa. hen he sniffed the wind up the valley d down the valley, and after that turned d walked straight toward the distant pes down which they had come the eceding afternoon.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE first night after leaving Iskwao and Pipoonaskoos the big grizzly and e tan-faced cub wandered without sleep nder the brilliant stars. Thor did not unt for meat. He climbed a steep slope, hen went down the shale side of a dip, nd in a small basin hidden at the foot f a mountain came to a soft green mea- ow where the dog-tooth violet, with its ender stem, its two lily-like leaves, its ngle cluster of five-petalled flowers, and s luscious, bulbous root grew in great rofusion.

About the meadow were scattered little lumps of bushes and a few balsams and pruce, as if set there for ornamental pur- oses; and on one side there was a narrow, erdure-covered slide that sloped upward or a third of a mile, and at the top of hich, unseen by Muskwa and Thor, a and of sheep were sleeping.

It was perhaps ten o'clock, and the sun- lled basin was like a warm oven to a hick-coated bear, when Thor searched p among the rocks near the waterfall ntil he found a place that was as cool as n old-fashioned cellar. It was a minia- ure cavern All about it the slate and andstone was of a dark and clammy wet rom a hundred little trickles of snow ater that ran down from the peaks. or a half-minute Thor stood like a statue. He faced the north, his ears thrust forward, he sensitive muscles of his nostrils twitch- ng. He could smell nothing, but he *heard!* t was the barking of dogs.

Quickly he swung down on all fours and nade for the green slope to the southward.

Less than half a mile away Langdon's pack of trained Airedales were hot on the scent. Their baying was filled with the fierce excitement which told Bruce and Langdon, a quarter of a mile behind them, that they were close upon their prey.

The baying of the dogs was now deep down in the basin. Then it began to rise swiftly, as if on wings, and Thor knew that the pack was coming up the green slide. With the dogs came also the *man-smell!*

He travelled upward a little faster now, and the fierce and joyous yelping of the dogs seemed scarcely a hundred yards away when he entered a small open space in the wild upheaval of rock.

The big grizzly led Muskwa close up to this crag and the break that opened through it, and then turned suddenly back, so that Muskwa was behind him. In the face of the peril that was almost upon them a mother-bear would have driven Muskwa into the safety of a crevice in the rock wall. Thor did not do this. He fronted the danger that was coming, and reared himself up on his hind quarters.

(Continued on page 68)

Bass fishing is good

Reports of big catches come from Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes. Muskie, pike, pickerel and trout are also biting. It's a great fishing season in the Cool North Woods.

Two Fishermen's Specials

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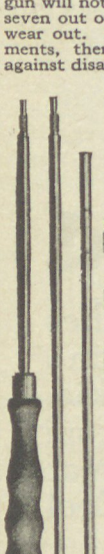
Cleaning Implements

Every good sportsman knows that a dirty gun will not shoot true; he also knows that seven out of ten guns rust out before they wear out. Marble's Gun Cleaning Implements, therefore, are his best assurance against disappointment.



Jointed Rifle Rod

The best general purpose rod made. Packs in small space, yet when screwed together is as firm as a one-piece rod. Can't wobble, bend or break. Three brass sections, with two steel joints and steel swivel at its end. Brass or steel, 26, 30 and 36 inches long, $1.25. State caliber and length desired.

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Thoroughly cleans without injuring the finest rifle. Removes all lead, rust, or powder residue. Made of brass gauze washers on a spirally-bent spring-tempered steel wire. Fits any standard rod, 60 cents. State caliber wanted.

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Same as rifle cleaner, with cords attached to each end so it may be pulled through the bore of the rifle. Designed for field use. $1.00. State caliber wanted.

Anti-Rust Ropes

When saturated with oil, prevent rusting or pitting—perfect protection for any gun. One oiling lasts a year. For shot guns or rifles, 60 cents; revolvers, 30 cents. State gauge or caliber wanted.

Nitro Solvent Oil

This wonderful oil keeps your outing equipment free from rust. Quickly dissolves residue of all powders. A perfect lubricant. 2-oz. bottle, 30 cents; 6-ounce can, 60 cents; mail 10 cents extra. Sample free.

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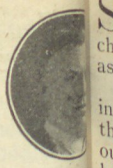
Trap Shooting Department



Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, ing beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pic of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this depart should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor Amer 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

THE essential in acquiring skill with a gun is the same as in learning to play a musical instrument, drive an automobile, write stories, ride, rope, fish, or do anything else worth while—*self confidence*, and this can only be acquired through *practice*.

During the days of recruiting the A. E. F., the writer was one of the officers of the Colorado National Guard, and in his official capacity came in contact with hundreds of the boys who afterwards went overseas to unselfishly offer their lives that the rest of humanity might enjoy liberty and happiness. Until that time I had supposed that nearly all of the boys raised west of the Mississippi were familiar were firearms, and experienced the greatest surprise of my life when I found that only a small proportion of them was at all familiar with guns of any kind and that less than one per cent of the boys of draft age had acquired any skill with these weapons.

One night, in examining the recruits enlisted during the day, we found that out of twenty-one boys over eighteen years of age, only three had ever fired a gun, and these had only shot a few times at a mark with a twenty-two.

There are so many reasons why everyone should be skilled in the use of firearms now that the automobile has taken the world out into the great outdoors, that one hardly knows which one to designate as the chief reason; but the one that appeals to those interested in the conservation of wild life is the percentage of crippled game left to die in indescribable agony because people feel that when they go camping they must have firearms of some description along, and when an opportunity comes to shoot, they are not skilled in the use of weapons.

The call of the open road attracts hundreds of thousands of motorists every year; many of these are campers, and nearly all carry guns of some description, usually of small calibre, which are in effect more dangerous than the larger bore, because people ignorantly consider them "too small to be dangerous." With these little weapons they shoot at every inoffensive bird and animal that comes within range.

One of the reasons for this indiscriminate shooting is, because people want to practice, they have a nice shiny toy, with which they want to play. But did you ever see an experienced trap shot who could get any kick out of shooting at a covey sitting on a rock or at a chipmunk stuffing his cheeks full of wild oats? Not one! Why? Because it's too tame. The man or woman who can hit clay targets thrown at unknown angles would get no more thrill out of "potting" a bunch of ducks than he would out of killing an old hen with a bloody hatchet.

Give these people a chance to shoot, to try out their playthings once or twice a month. Associate with those who have through practice reached the stage where anything else than a moving target would be murder, and our little friends of the field and forest will be safe, and instead of leaving their bloody little bodies to pollute the air by the roadside, these neophites will laugh at their antics and study the needs of wild life.

There is no surer way to protect wil than by turning people who shoot at and animals into trap shots, and that i reason this column exists in OUTD AMERICA.

Having admitted that you want to to shoot moving targets, don't get couraged when you first try it, for no m how good a game shot you are, you ar going to break very many clay birds the time and it is not for the oldtimer these hints are given, but for the begi

A gun that fits you is the foundation which you must build, and the best way try several of those at the club, and have someone who knows advise you drop, weight and length of barrel. people prefer to use the same gun they are going to shoot in the field, a many cases this is preferable. Persona can shoot a gun with more drop than trap gun has better in the field, becaus comes up quicker; but you will find th you can break even fifty per cent of clay targets there are not very many d going to get away from you at reason range.

Perhaps one of the most fatal faults gun is muzzle weight. If the gun doe handle comfortably, or, in the languag the trap fan, "isn't a quick pointer," will find it very hard to catch up with targets and will almost invariably s behind them.

Drop of stock, length, trigger pull, a these things are problems that you will a lot of interest in working out and in cussing with your new-found friends.

Your position in shooting and a hund other details that will come up are all in esting, and you will get plenty of adv (some of it good), but on the whole you find that while everyone is anxious to h you, that your success depends upon y own ability to decide and upon your cour in staying with it, until you begin to see y own mistakes and learn how to correct th

"Fear is the deadliest foe to knowledg and this saying applies to trap shooting, as some contend, discouragement is fea ever being able to accomplish, for if I kn that an ordinarily normal person would give way to discouragement, but wo bravely keep on until they caught th swing and time, I would be willing to gua antee their ultimate success.

Next month, we will try to take up next step for the beginner—"Gun Care a Trap Manners."

ONE of the big firearms manufacturers trying to encourage juvenile tr shooters by making a miniature trap ou which includes a 410 gauge shot gun, she trap and a small supply of midget targe The whole outfit can be put under the se of an automobile and affords great sport f the young folks and helps to preserve wi life by giving the boys and girls real shootin without the sorrow that comes to a chi when it has needlessly taken the life of little animal.

Give the boy or girl a chance to shoot moving targets and you are doing a lot fo our wild friends.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor Americ

SEVERAL Izaak Walton Leagues are making trapshooting a feature of their chapters and are finding it a source of profit as well as amusement.

One chapter has a ladies' class and this is in line with all Waltonian ideals. "Take the family along" is a good slogan for every outdoor sport, and trapshooting appeals to ladies because it is not a "mussy" sport. One can step into one's limousine, spin out to the traps, shoot twenty-five targets and keep an engagement at a bridge party the same afternoon.

In spite of the fact that the publication of the following letter will doubtless cause the editor of this department considerable perturbation we feel that the letter will be of interest to every reader of Mr. Franklin's Trapshooting Department.

Dear OUTDOOR AMERICA—I want to compliment you, on your selection of George C. Franklin, as editor of "Trapshooting Department."

If I were to send this letter to Brother George for his department, he would not publish it. He is so modest, that it would find the basket sure.

I want this published. I want the whole Trapshooting World to know George C. Franklin. He is a man worth knowing.

To start with, if he never did anything else, he is the father of Alice and Jack, two wonderful shooters. Miss Alice, a frail little girl, in school at Spokane, Washington, has done some nice clean shooting, that pleased the Spokane Boys very much. And Jack, why we all love that little rascal. He isn't built on his Dad's style and is only twelve, but he is an 85% shooter and handles his gun and attends to his business, on the firing line better than many an old shooter.

Now about the Old Man himself. You maybe do not know that he is a big business man and a busy man. But he finds time to attend the office of President of the State Trapshooting Association of Colorado, and also of the Denver Municipal Club.

We have a fine Club House, one of the very finest in the West. It used to be too big for our crowds unless we had the State Shoot. Mr. Franklin set about filling it up. Now we have a State Shoot every regular shooting day. We now use three traps and have forty-five to sixty shooters out each time. It takes volume of business to conduct a club to financial success. Our birds are trapped at two cents and we are keeping out of the red.

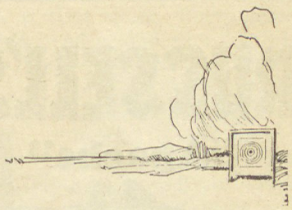
How has Brother Franklin done these things? Why, by his big-hearted, open-handed way, he has every member at work pulling for new members. Each regular shoot is conducted by two members, who are responsible for the success of that day.

Mr. Franklin's tendency is to make all shoots a trophy affair. We have gotten away from money shoots. We all feel that the art of shooting clays, deserves the highest place in sportsmanship. We are to have trophies only at our State Shoot. For all this we thank George C. Franklin.

I cannot tell you all the good things without saying that he is a pretty hard man to beat at shooting, along with his many other virtues.

W. R. Waggener, M. D.,
Denver, Colo.

The Sport
That has no Spectators



GO out on any rifle range and you'll see hundreds of people fascinated, having the time of their lives—and *all* taking part in the sport.

When you get the "feel" of a good, accurate rifle, and know the thrill of making a "bull", then you've found a new sport—one that is a sport.

Rifle shooting is healthful, clean, manly, wholesomely competitive—and it appeals alike to all ages. It's a sport with a real thrill!

It is very important in your shooting that the ammunition be of the highest quality, for herein lies the secret of successful shooting.

In using Peters ammunition, you are absolutely assured of making the most of your skill. Peters shells are the famous "steel where steel belongs" shells, embodying such exclusive features as riveted battery cup—water-tite bevel crimp—elastic felt wadding and other superior quality components.

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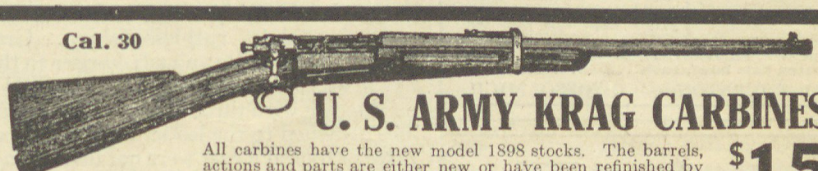

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KRAG SPORTING RIFLES, $14.00
CALIBRE 45 CARBINES, $3.50

OLIVE DRAB **Wool Breeches** New—in sizes from 32 waist to 40 waist. Strong light weight wool, for summer wear. Made for the Home Guards. $1.50 Parcel Post Extra

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of our orders for bucktail flies this year, up to June 30, were repeat orders. They were sent to us by fishermen who liked our flies so well after using them that they bought more of the same kind for themselves and their friends. What could prove more conclusively than this that our bucktail flies are taking fish?

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OUTDOOR AMERICA

Outdoor Literature

Recollections of Fifty Years' Hunting and Fishing

By WILLIAM B. MERSHON

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

THIS might well be called a "Covered Wagon" book, for it goes back almost to late pioneer days and deals with phases of American wild life that are gone, never to return. Gone forever are the passenger pigeon and the Michigan grayling, at one time existing in apparently inexhaustible numbers. No longer is it possible to return from the hunt with hecatombs of ducks, grouse, quail and deer from Michigan's once prolific woods and waters—legally, but as one now feels, ruthlessly slaughtered. Those among us who stayed not the hand in the days when game was everywhere to be had for the shooting, must now journey far to bag the meager limit allowed by the locked stable door of the game laws of the several states.

Our author certainly received his full share when the good things of this earth in the way of shooting and fishing were being passed around.

He tells us that his first bird killed on the wing was a wild pigeon and that in the old days it was no trick to get seventy-five to a hundred birds before breakfast, but that by 1880 the pigeons were gone, victims of man's rapacity and greed—for there is no doubt that they were exterminated by the market hunter. Some very curious and interesting information is given regarding the habits and lanes of flight of these birds, whose tragic extinction is a blot upon our civilization. The author quotes from a paper read before the Michigan Sportsman's Association in 1878, by H. B. Roney (now a member of Chicago Chapter of the League and an active conservationist of more than fifty years' standing): "From the three nestings in Newaygo, Oceana and Grand Traverse Counties in 1875 there were shipped to outside markets 1,000 tons, or 2,000,000 pounds of young squabs while not less than 200,000 dozen or 2,400,000 were entrapped and shipped to all parts of the United States and England. At this rate how long will it take to kill every wild pigeon in Michigan?" In just two years they were gone!

Another tragic picture is given of the grayling. This beautiful, gamy and delicious fish was common to the woodland streams of the central part of the lower peninsula of Michigan and without doubt exterminated by ruthless fishing. Gregarious in its habits and a bold riser to the fly, it was simply fished to death. "We used to fish with three and sometimes four flies attached to the leader and catches of three or four at a cast were not infrequent. I once caught twelve grayling at five successive catches. I would not mention this, but it leads to an important conclusion, to-wit: That the grayling probably could not withstand the excessive fishing which its native waters have undergone because of *its* greediness." The italics are mine.

There are stories of "sportsmen" catching them by the washtubful and salting and shipping them in barrels! A party of campers on the Au Sable in 1873 killed 5,000 grayling, not going beyond five miles of the mouth of the North branch. For two miles below their camps, decaying fish whitened the stream, and the offal left unburied tainted the air, as the dead fish poisoned the water. The wild pigeon over again! The loggers are not to be charged with the annihilation of the Flower of Fishes, nor yet the "cannibal brown trout," for the trout and the grayling have flourished side by side in the streams of England for hundreds of years. "The record says '1903 was the last year of the grayling.'" The pity of it!

There is a full page photograph of the dorsal fin, or "standard" of a grayling and another of a basket of these aristocrats of the crystal streams caught by my departed friend Kaisar Williamson with whom I have waded the waters of Bear Creek from which these beautiful specimens were taken.

Vanished also from its home in the Michigan woods, where once it was abundant, is that grandest of game birds, the American wild turkey, a photograph of a mounted specimen—The Last of His Race—killed by the author in 1886, faces the title page of the book. But his extermination inevitably followed the march of progress and civilization.

Quail and grouse were abundant in the happy ground about Saginaw. Thirty-two quail and twenty-six grouse for two guns was not an unusual bag, and it was the paradise of the market shooter until this profession was legislated out of existence in 1894. We read of one storekeeper shipping more than 4,000 grouse killed by five market hunters in one season. An ex-market hunter, still living, reminisces: "That day I killed forty birds, all partridge, and carried them all in my hunting coat, this coat being made to order with double game pockets clear around. That day I should think we put up about two thousand birds." In the good old days there was no bag limit and no law against selling the game. The results are what might have been foreseen.

There is a characteristic letter from Emerson Hough descriptive of a Michigan grouse and quail shoot with the author whom he playfully calls Pirate Bill, and it was as a guest of the Pirate that Emerson took his first and only Michigan grayling.

In addition, there were deer, duck, wood cock, jack snipe, golden plover and rail galore—all duly shot up according to the then rules of the game.

A chapter is devoted to the deer and again our author quotes Conservationist Roney's warning words: "Seventy thousand deer, about 10,000,000 pounds of venison destroyed in Michigan in the year 1880. At this rate how long will it take to exterminate the species in Michigan?"

There are interesting and illuminating descriptions of duck and goose shooting in the Dakotas, "where it was no uncom-

(Continued on page 69)

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 48)

will be inevitably to the cafe, where the false joy of wine alone can drown the memories of the true joys of the outdoors that they have lost, and fill in some measure the aching emptiness of a play-time with nothing to play at.

We return to the boat: All America is more abroad upon the waters today than at any time in my memories, which extend back to my first boat of forty years ago. The motor boat has come to hold its own, and has become standardized in inexpensive and well-designed cruisers which give the acme of comfort, utility, and seaworthiness, so that one can cruise in the wild places in them anywhere. The noble sport of yachting has regained its place, after the first invasion by the motor boat, for there is a nearness to Nature in sailing that the motor cruiser can never give, and those who love the feel of wind upon canvas have found it out, returning to their first love. The canoe is with us, as always, the poor man's yacht. The outboard motor has converted all sorts and conditions of row-boats into efficient little travelers, within the means of anyone and most convenient for arriving upon the fishing grounds from long-distant camps.

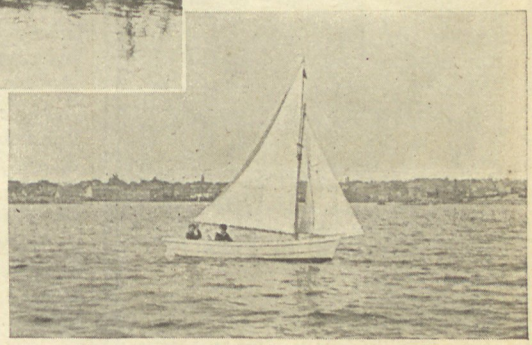
Such is a survey of the water world of America today. This discussion would lack point if it did not add the one factor needed, and that is a word upon boat and canoe building for him whose recreation account is limited and his location so far from the centers of boat production that he is thrown upon his own resources to provide him a thing that will float.

As I have been always blessed with a shortage of spare cash, I have never bought a boat in my life, always building them—canoes, yachts, and a thirty-five-foot motor cruiser.

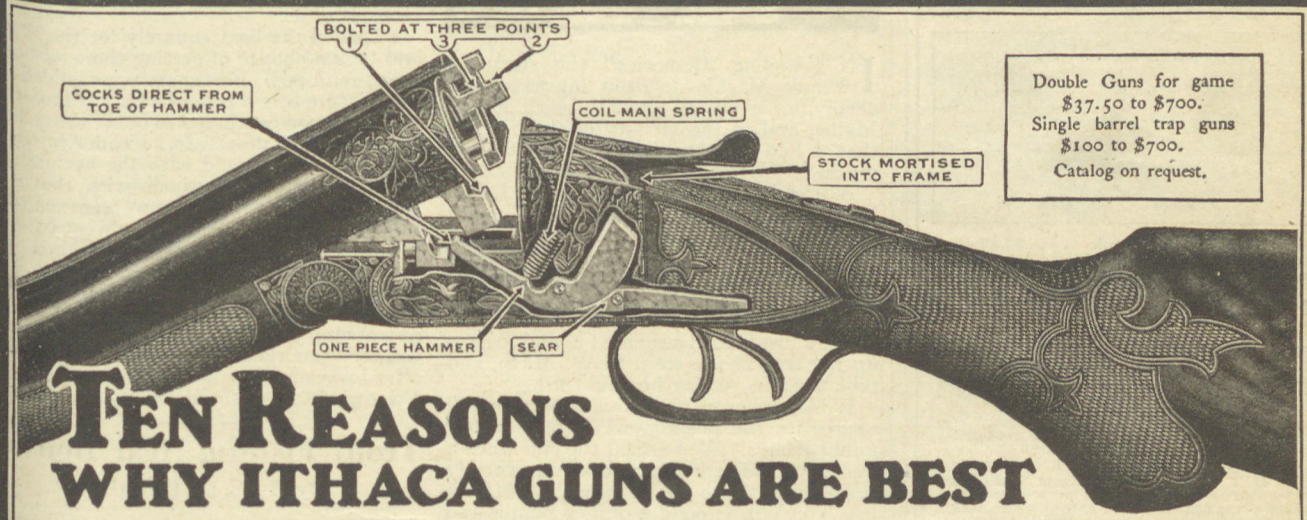
"Nine times out of ten there will be a boat in the picture."

It is ridiculously easy, really, this boat building, and a rare pleasure I find it. Anyone the least handy with tools will find a simple boat entirely within his capacity to build and build well. When I was twelve years old I built my first sailing batteau and went on my first outdoor cruise lasting a week. A fine and able little yacht she was, only thirteen feet long by four beam, decked over forward, with wash boards running aft, a centerboard, bow sprit, and jib and mainsail rig. In her I sailed down five miles to a wild and distant shore under jib alone, steering clad in a bathing suit, before a howling northwest rainsquall. The week's provisions and galley-box were under the bow deck. Arrived at that shore, where there were snipe, fish, and hardshell clams galore, I anchored her in the tumbling seas and snugged down for the night in the rain. The boom was topped up to form a tent ridge, and the mainsail was cast loose from her foot and spread out over the gunwales to make a shelter. The grating was pulled up level to make a berth including the stern sheets and the middle thwart, and all the boat cushions were spread out on it. I lit the lantern and hung it overhead from the boom. Immediately that dark and rather cheerless place became a snug home, a canvas cabin, where the boy of twelve could ride out the storm reading a book and finally turn in to sleep. By next morning the storm

(Continued on page 66)



"She was a witch, built with our own hands."



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Reason 10—Ithacas are proved with a double load of powder.

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THE JAMISON BARBLESS HOOK

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"SMILING BILL" Is Well Again Offers $5 Worth of Flies Free

HELLO, IKE!

Remember when I told you about being sick and how my doctor gave me a prescription to be taken on the first of May? Well, here's me on the third of May after having taken only three doses of his medicine. If you'd like a few doses of this medicine I'll tell you where to get it if you ask me. Provided you promise to use barbless hooks and wear the Army Button. Otherwise the trout won't recognize you. That reminds me that some of you fellows have not even tried our barbless yet. What's the matter? Ain't you interested in saving the little fishes or are you afraid the hook won't hold the fish in spite of all the proof we have given you? Listen. If you don't catch **more** fish with my barbless hook than you would with any barbed hook I'll give you your money back. If you think that's a bluff, I dare you to call it. I'll even do better. I'll give you $5 worth of either trout or bass flies absolutely free. To the first letter that reaches me one week after publication of this I'll give $10 worth of flies. To every twentieth letter thereafter I'll give $5 worth until $60 worth has been given. Now, go to it and see if you are lucky.

"BILL" JAMISON.

P. S.—Names will be published in next issue.

Wet Flies, 8, 10, 12 hook . . $2.25 doz.
Dry Flies, 8, 10, 12 hook . . 2.50 doz.
Worm Hook, 4 or 6 hook . . 1.00 doz.

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By Saving the Little Ones

DR. J. OHAGE, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I lost no more fish than with the cruel barbed hook and small ones were returned with no noticeable injury. Mr. Jamison should be awarded a Gold Medal by the Humane Society."

J. D. STERN, of Houghton, Mich., says: "Yesterday afternoon I took seven good trout and a lot of little ones, which were not hurt by the hook. The bigger the fish the better it holds."

DR. H. T. WALKER, of Denison, Texas, says: "You have won a convert. They are perfection. I lost fewer fish than with barbed hooks and so much less trouble to release a fish."

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Enlist in This Army — THE BARBLESS HOOK ARMY FIGHTS FOR BETTER FISHING — *And Wear This Button*

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

THIS is a very important issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *It marks the close of one and the opening of another Angling Memory contest. It means that within the next few days five men who have sent in stories of their prowess with the rod, during the past year will receive their choice of the finest rod or reel made in America, a special rod case and set of autographed books by leading outdoor writers.*

These are not (as every sportsman knows) "grab-bag" prizes. They are the last word in equipment and are given by the League for the best five Angling Memories published during the year.

Every man who has wet a line has at least one good fishing yarn under his shirt. Fine writing has nothing to do with the merit of the story. It is the bright little human interest yarn that brings home the prize.

We all realize the value of the personal touch. It is in seeking this personal contact with our members that YOUR magazine is conducting this contest.

Why not get in the game? Make up your mind that your trophy cabinet will hold one of the awards.

There are some fine rods and reels made in this country. The first and second award is the choice of any rod or reel made. The third prize is a hand-made leather fly-rod case and the fourth and fifth prizes are a set of your favorite fishing books autographed by the authors.

This is a free-for-all event and those making an early entry will be given the "pole" position on the course.

A Salmon Thrill

By FREDERICK A. HATCH

IN "Angling Memories" the story by Frank Mackie Johnson interested me deeply, for it was on lower Wilson Pond, in Maine, and in the vicinity of the big cliff that I had the most exciting moments of my so far brief fishing career.

A friend of mine, W. M. S. and I, had been after trout at one of the small ponds near Wilson. We had caught all that we thought necessary. We returned to where we had left our car, at the lower end of Wilson, and not finding the rest of the party there, decided to take a boat and try the lake.

I had just landed a square tail and so gave up my seat in the stern to W. M. S., and took the oars so that he might fish.

If Mr. Johnson reads this article he will appreciate the position we were in a few minutes later. We were off the cliff when a miniature gale sprung up and was fiercely breaking on the shore not twenty yards from us. Yon Wilson pond is quite a puddle and the winds from the mountains there can kick up a big sea in a very short time. This it proceeded to do with great gusto.

W. M. S. was fishing with a single hook baited with worms, no leader, and about a hundred feet of line. I was trying my best to keep away from the shore and to head with the wind so as to turn the boat around and go back to the landing, for there was no pleasure in fishing in such rough water. I was giving my whole attention to getting the boat about when a yell from S. startled me. About that time, far astream, a magnificent salmon leaped out of the water. Now S. is a trout fisherman and a good one, but he never had caught a salmon. The fish made savage rushes in all directions, with S. doing his best to stop him. He was breaking water every two or three minutes, and I had visions of that single hook and line going to smash.

I tried to head the boat into the lake so as to give me room to handle the net. She was one of those flat bottomed affairs, high out of water and hard to handle in even a slight breeze. But alas! I got the line snarled on the reel and the salmon was on the long end of it. We were squarely up against it for S. had only about six inches play on his reel now. We did not want to lose the fish and did not intend to if there was any possible way out of it.

I headed the boat squarely for the shore and took a chance of getting there without being swamped. Fortunately, we landed on a miniature beach between two ledges.

The salmon continued to break water and the case looked desperate. I waded into the lake as far as I could with the net and S. started through the woods with the rod. The Fates were with us, for we were successful in netting the salmon as he went by me. We were rewarded well, for he weighed 6½ pounds.

Dear readers, I had "buck fever" the first time that I ever got a shot at a deer, but I can assure you that my legs weren't any weaker than they were for a few minutes after I was sure that we had that salmon and I was glad to breathe normally once more.

Trout Fishing Near Denver

By W. W. GRISWOLD

THESE genial, delightful May days have developed a very active "outdoor germ or bug" (as you please) in the systems of the four "Old Timers," or "Big Four," as they are sometimes named.

Ed, Ray, Frank and Pard are consulting each other about trout flies, rods, reels, etc.,

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Angling Memories

or, what is nearer right, they are obtaining Ed's views in these matters, as Ed is the first, last and deciding authority, he is more often dubbed affectionately "Pop" by his intimates, not because he is the oldest or largest, he only weighs about 190 pounds, but because one part of his anatomy is so large that he fathers the whole bunch. He it is to whom they all go when an ankle has been sprained, or a finger bruised, or a rod broken, or advice needed. He is a better help than any emergency kit. If some of the October mornings are cold and the gang hesitates about crawling out of their warm cots, Ed is the unselfish fellow who starts the big pine wood fire, without a grumble. No use to go into further detail, as other trout fishing groups know, and appreciate, a few such princes.

Last summer, Pard found a big trout, which made its home in a pool about five feet deep, under a bunch of overhanging willows. Some of these willows, at upper end of pool extended out over the bank several feet and their ends touched the water, so you can readily see that we could not float a fly down stream and over the home of that big "daddy trout." The only way to approach him was with a low, underhand cast. Pard happened to make a fair cast in this way one day, and discovered his majesty as he took the fly as quick as a streak of greased lightning, and stuck to it long enough so that Pard found out what a beauty he was. The next day Pard tried it again, but was not successful in placing his No. 12 fly on that pool without some splash. He tried again a couple of times during the next week-end outing; but couldn't get there properly. So he goes to Pop and tells him the story and takes him up the stream to try his hand at it.

Pop sizes up the situation from the opposite side of the stream, and then goes into the water almost to the top of his waist waders, and below the pool. He made a few outside casts with his No. 14 dry fly, then, with a neat little twist of the wrist, out goes his fly and under the overhanging willows, and with a gentle drop it landed in the center of that little pool. That trout was certain that nothing but a real, live fly could drop down so gracefully on his protected dinner table, and he had it in his mouth in a fraction of a second.

What's the use in describing the next ten minutes while Pop was using every skill and method he knew about to keep that trout on the end of his 4½-ounce rod, light line and No. 14 fly. The real trout fisherman who reads this knows the thrill of such experience. The bait fisherman or the man who considers trout fishing a waste of good time, need not bother about reading this, so far as we are concerned.

Well, that trout measured nearly eighteen inches, and not one of the "Big Four" had the slightest jealousy, because Pop was the lucky man.

WINNERS of prizes in the Angling Memory contest which closes with this issue will be announced in the September issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. A committee of five experts has been appointed to judge the merits of the stories published and awards will be made upon their decision.

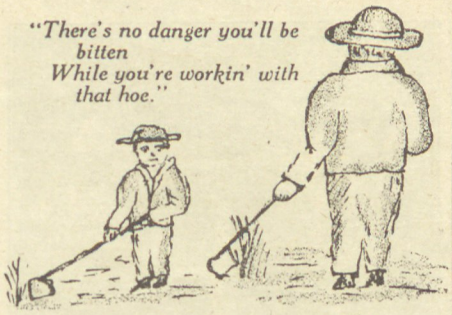
—*The Editor*

Memories

By L. H. B. HAND

Sketches by the author

"There's no danger you'll be bitten
While you're workin' with that hoe."



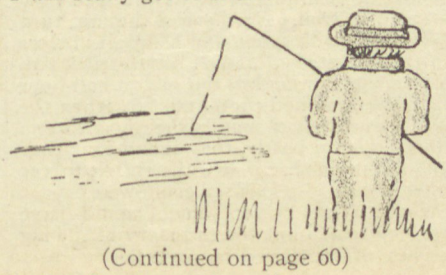
WHEN a boy I's allers wishin'
Ut I c'd go afishin',
Where the cat-tail flags was wavin'
And tha's lily pads galore,
Where the bass and pike was waitin'
Fer to take my fishworm bait in,
And cavoort around like Satan
'Til I got 'em to the shore.
Then I'd mention to my father
That I reckoned it was rather
Likely fish 'ud bite this morning
If a boy c'd only go.
But my father, never turning,
Spoke these words in accents burning:
"There's no danger you'll get bitten
While you're workin' with that hoe."

BUT when plantin' time was over
And the sun was on the clover,
When the dogwoods were in blossom
And the orchards all aglow,
With my rod and line I wandered
Where "Old Injun Creek" meandered,
Or along "Old Miller's mill pond"
With the sunfish down below.
From the dawning to the gloaming
All these childhood's paths I'm roaming.

Memories, memories, only memories,
Shining on life's afterglow;
Once again a barefoot urchin
With my line and flyrod birchen
Pulling chub and cat and perch in
Like in days of long ago.

NOW I take my costly tackle,
Wriggling "Wajack" fly and hackle,
Wading boots and other duffle,
Costing fifty bucks or more;
With my ever faithful flivver
I go on from lake to river,
Ever hunting, ever wishing,
For that feeling as of yore.

Once again I'm just an urchin
With my line and flyrod birchen,
Wading out along the riffles
Of "Old Injun Creek" of yore.
On again, I set and wonder,
As my little cork goes under,
Just how big a shining sunfish
I will really get to shore.



(Continued on page 60)

fishermen—get this book!

Every follower of Ike Walton should have this book. If your hobby is fishing—whether it be bass, trout or muskellunge, bluegill or crappie, tarpon or sword-fish—this book will prove of unusual interest.

It is full of fishing lore. Relates fishing facts and hints compiled from the experiences of expert anglers. Tells the kinds and colors of baits to use—when and how to use them, under varying conditions of weather or water. Contains advice on the care of your tackle equipment.

Write your name and address on a postal—and mail to us for your copy. Sent without charge.

The trade-mark known for QUALITY TACKLE dependable tackle by all Anglers.

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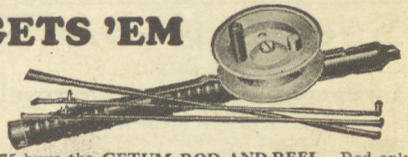

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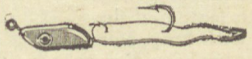
½ oz. 75c ¾ oz. 85c
Six Colors



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⅜ oz. 50c ⅝ oz. 60c
½ oz. 55c ¾ oz. 65c
Four Colors

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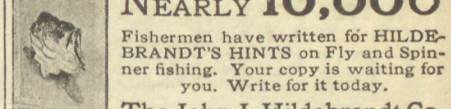

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will "OUTCAST" and "OUTLAST" any other rod. My "OVAL" rod IS A BIG WINNER. 10% off to members of Izaak Walton League of America. Rod Dope FREE. "GET IT." Address

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DARDEVLE'S "IMP"

Without a doubt the most popular half ounce Casting Lure ever tied to the business end of a Casting Line.

Dardevle's "IMP" equipped with weedless hook is absolutely snag proof, and cannot be snagged in the densest of Weeds.

The favorite patterns are Black and White and Red and White, either Chunk or Stripe.

Length 2⅛ inches: Width ¾ inch: Weight ½ ounce.

Equipped with weedless hook, 75c each.

With single hook, not weedless, 65c.

Buy from your Dealer, if he cannot supply you, we will ship postpaid at above prices.

The "IMP" may also be had in light weight, suitable for Fly Rod use.

Send your dealer's name, and we will send you literature describing entire line of Osprey Famous Fishing Tackle together with samples of the wonderful "OSPREY" Waterproof Silk casting lines.

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DETROIT, MICH.

See B-K-BAIT

Before Buying
I will send you one on approval
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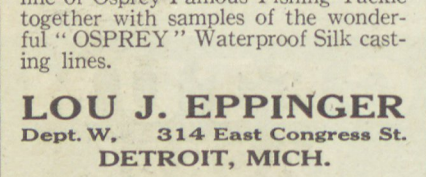

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Our London Showrooms are at 61 Pall Mall

Angling Memories

(Continued from page 59)

A Monster Muskee—

By ROBERT J. BOLSTER

THORNAPPLE LAKE, in Barry County, Michigan, is a much fished and much famed inland lake, but, unless luck is with you, it is sometimes said with much heat that it has more reputation than fish.

In 1922 one of the natives turned on the limelight. He went out, with a hankering for fish, upon its placid bosom and caught and came back with a 46-pound muskellunge. Thornapple stock has since been so far above par that two seasons have failed to bear the market or dim in the least the memory of that historical catch. It is a muskellunge lake, and everybody that can get there feels that he ought to secure a few to show that confidence is not misplaced.

The fame of that big fish has increased postal revenue, sold gasoline, and boosted railroad travel to Hastings, from which point the piscatorial sportsmen of all surrounding states sooner or later gravitate to Thornapple by auto or by train, or else write to find out what the chances would be for duplicating the feat if they did come. Last year, from the opening of the season until snow flew, it was a dull day when every boat on the lake wasn't busy.

Along in August a couple of enthusiasts from Ohio went into camp at the lake and fished. They had heard, and before sun-up, through the forenoon, and all the afternoon, including the shades of night, they were on the job with every kind of tackle that was tempting to the most sophisticated member of the pike family. But it was a vacation month with muskies, and they got no fish. They even began to doubt and question Thornapple's best tale.

Then, when the month was about spent, a couple of Battle Creekers, Bob Bolster and Dan Powers, who occasionally slipped out together on a fishing trip, made up their minds that Thornapple ought to have a few hours' attention from them. Just a flyer that could be got in without interfering too much with the day's work. So late on the morning of the 30th they threw the tackle boxes into Bolster's car and started out, more for the outing than with any set idea of getting fish. Arriving at the lake they decided to troll. Hardly had the first turn been made with spoon and Dowagiac before they had a strike. It was some strike, too, for with it they hooked the wildest half-hour that the year had produced, for, when the catch was safely stowed in their boat after a thirty minute battle, they found that they had a muskie that pulled the spring to the limit upon a 25-pound scale. Powers caught the fish, but Powers alone would have nothing to tell but the sad story of the big

(Continued on page 65)

Goin Fishin?

Get this Book FREE

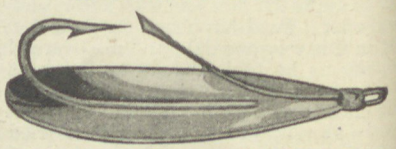
Every fisherman should have this book with game fish in their natural colors and the right Heddon Bait to use under different conditions of waters and weather.

Good Luck

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, *Dowagiac, Mich.*

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Heddon Made — Well Made

JOHNSON'S



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A wonderful all around bait, especially in weedy waters, among lillies and bull rushes, where no other bait can be used so effectively.

It is simple, sensible and durable. Silver or gold plated; highly polished. Size of bait, 2¼ in. long. Wt. 5/16 oz.

YOU ought to have one.

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LOUIS JOHNSON
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Your Bait Problem Solved
USE THE **J & L** SPINNER
Pat. Applied for

"The every-day bait for every fisherman." Made for the man who does his fishing on his afternoon off or in the evening after working hours. Cast or troll, fish it slow and deep. You will be surprised how slow it can be retrieved and its lifelike action. The two hooks ride up, lessening the chances of snagging and dulling the hooks.

Bass Size, $1.00; Trout Size, 75c

At your dealer's or sent direct. Send for booklet

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Write for Special Booklet describing
Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods
Made at the Rod Shop of
THOMAS ROD COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE
Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

A Tennessee Highlander

(Continued from page 25)

was only broken from time to time by flashes, I deeply reproached myself for my carelessness. When we got to the place where I wanted to ascend I recognized it and started up. There was no dirt road, nothing but rocky slabs, slick from the rain. The horses slipped and floundered. It seemed madness to go on. The nearest place that I knew I could reach was twelve miles down the valley. As I started up I had noticed a light glimmering off to the right. I rode in that direction and gave a loud halloo. A door opened in the utter darkness and a man hailed me and came out. I explained the situation and asked him to lend me a lantern to go up the mountain. I could not see his face. He said, "Stranger, I cannot do it. My wife is sick. Today I broke my old lamp chimney. I have only one lantern and I am sitting up with her and must have it to give her medicine." I told him how anxious I was to get home, that I knew my wife had been agonized for hours fearing that a rattlesnake had bitten one of us, or that a horse had broken a leg, or that we had fallen in with moonshiners. He asked where I lived and where I wanted to go out from the valley on the mountain. When I told him at the Spout Spring, and that from there I could find my way in the dark he said, "I cannot lend you my lantern, but I will take it and guide you to the Spout Spring." He got his lantern. He was walking and I dismounted. He held the light so that the pony could see his footing. During all this time the brave little girl never lost her nerve. It was a rough, tedious climb of over an hour. When we came to the top I said, "You have done me an invaluable service. I want to compensate you liberally and will gladly pay you any sum you may name." Then he lifted the lantern, and for the first time I saw his face. It was not a noble, impressive one, such as we read about in stories. It was plain, calm, determined, the face of one "whom fate can not surprise nor death dismay." Then he looked me in the eye, and said, "A man cannot take money for a thing like that. Suppose I or my child should get lost on the mountains." I shook his hand, thanked him, asked his name and said that we would meet again, went our way, he down that breakneck path to his sick wife and I to Buck Horn Lodge. All the men and boys were out, guests and servants blowing fox horns and firing guns.

The next afternoon when the child was fully rested we took a large basket which my wife had prepared of fruit and such food as would appeal to a sick person, went by a store where I got a lamp and a lantern, and then to the cottage down the mountain. Then I saw the miserable surroundings, and the wretched one room house. The man came to the door with perfect self possession and dignity, and thanked the child, who took the basket to his wife. I caught a glimpse of the room. Everything in it would not have cost $50.00.

Is it any wonder that for these many years, when I see mean selfishness show its hideous face those words of service ring with increasing intensity in my ears?

Where every hunter gets his moose

CLOSE by—perhaps two sleeps away—are the great "Canadian National" hunting grounds, where moose, deer, caribou and bear abound.

Pack your bag, and shake off your business cares. Fill your lungs with balsam-fragrances. Sleep under the stars—and bring home your trophies.

There's more game to the square mile in these lands than anywhere else in America. Some guides boast that no hunter has ever left without his moose.

Guides, cooks and camp equipment are easily arranged. Write to *C. K. Howard,* General Tourist Agent, Montreal, for detailed information about open seasons, etc., or ask our nearest office and talk to your local ticket agent. Let's Go!

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Minneapolis, 518 Second Ave. So.
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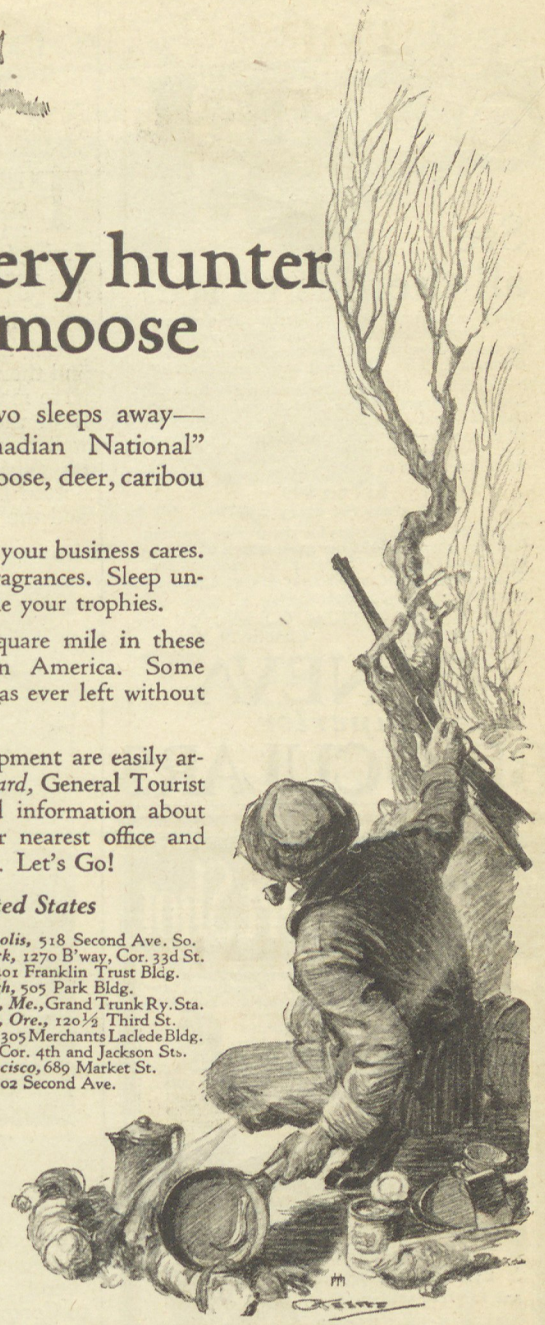

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No coffee-pot needed. Convenient—compact—saves weight and space.
Trial size 10 cents. Booklet free.

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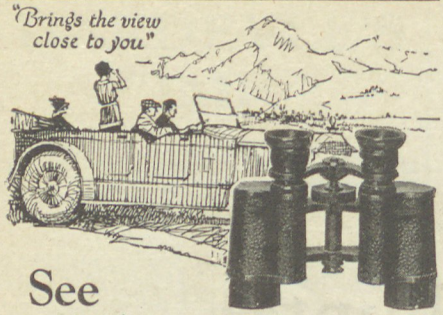

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A glass for every use

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Be An Expert Shot

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Send 10c for complete Lyman catalog, or ask for free folder.

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The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12x14 ft. tent, waterproof.

Space under tent in which to cook and eat meals. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for campers.

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Superior National Forest News

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

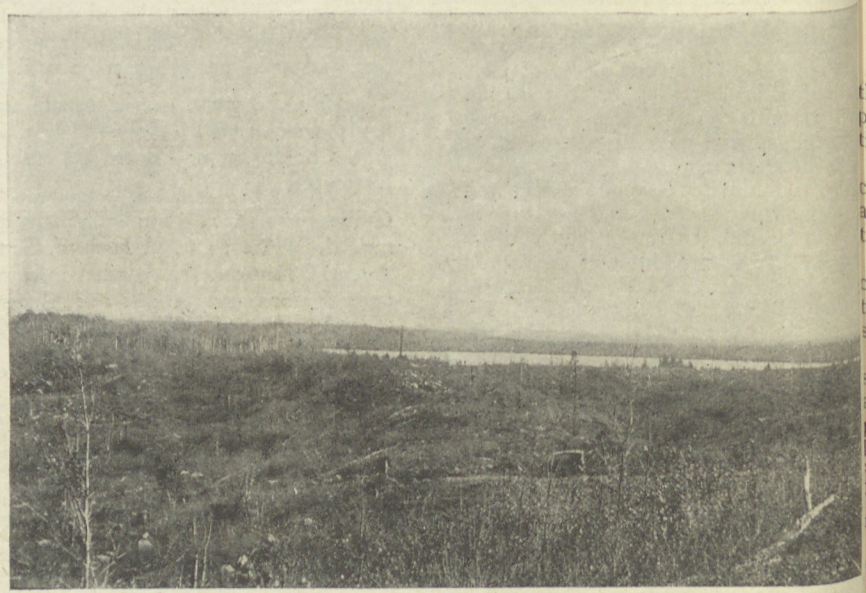
THE Sixty-eighth National Congress completed its labors June 7th. A number of splendid bills were passed during its closing days, but the Fuller Bill was not among them.

The delay occasioned from February 15th until April 21st, the period of preparing an amendment to the original bill and the new provisions contained therein, have made a passage of the bill doubtful from the outset. The original bill was well received in official Washington and its general purpose approved and endorsed by the Secretaries of Agriculture and the Interior.

indicating that matters must rest until thorough study has been made.

The measure in the meantime w retain its status from session to sessio without reintroduction. This, natural eliminates much preliminary work cident to an actual campaign, were it for the fact that greater latitude must given the government in acquiring lan than that specified. The period betwe now and the convening of the Sixty-nin National Congress next December shou be exploited by the counties affected wi this in mind.

In the meantime the McNary-Cla



This is a part of the Superior National Forest, showing the perilous civilizing processes of axmen and fires.

The amendment offered, however, contained reservations which required careful study, as evidenced by a letter of the Secretary of the Interior, Hubert Work, to Congressman Sinnott, chairman Committee on Public Lands, and quoted verbatim:

"My dear Mr. Sinnott:

Referring to your request for report upon H. R. 488, to add lands to the Superior National Forest, Minnesota, I have to advise you that there are certain provisions of the bill with relation to the retention of easements and mineral rights that I desire to consider further, and in that connection may state that I am appointing a committee to consider the existing land laws and regulations, with a view to such amendments as may be found desirable in the interests of the public. I would therefore prefer to postpone report upon H. R. 488 until this study has been completed.

Sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) HUBERT WORK."

A letter identical with this was also written Senator McNary, at a later date, bill became a law. This measure is aime to relieve such situations in nation forests as exist in the Superior. It directly and specifically applicable to th Superior. But the apportionment unde this bill is so pitifully small, especially when considered in the light of the man problems it is to relieve in the 156 millio acres of national forest lands, that thi aid may come too late to save the las wilderness in the lake states.

The strategic location of this unusua national playground, a lakeland wilder ness, incomparable with that of any othe similar area in the world save that of th Onetico Provencial Park, which adjoins i on the north, will serve twenty-five mil lion people in less than a quarter century Sure and swift action is imperative if thi indescribable area is to be preserved. We are hopeful that the counties of St. Louis Lake and Cook will be able to reach an agreement with the government, to the end that the people of the United States may bless them for their kindly action.

The resignation of Donald Hough as secretary of our Association, has thrown the burden of the campaign and other matters on my shoulders. The new

ecretary, Mr. Perham, has been unable o assume his duties at once, and this has esulted in a neglected membership. The leath of Mr. Lawrie has aggravated natters still further, so that the Bulletins have not appeared on time. We beg your kind indulgence in this, as you fully understand that our efforts are a labor of ove, given from the spare moments of men heavily burdened with responsibilities of business and homes. The writer, through this overwork, has been under the doctor's care for over six months.

Mr. Hillman, our publisher, promises to release the first one of these Bulletins at once, to be followed by others from time to time. Those who have not received their membership cards may kindly write me at 301 Shaw Street, Rockford, Ill., that this may be taken care of without further delay.

The membership is growing gratifyingly, but we must have many more. Mr. W. R. Lawrie, son of James A., has been asked to accept the unanimous appointment as treasurer of our Association.

Surprise Valley

(Continued from page 51)

that resemble the arms. Only a small part of Surprise Valley can be seen at one time.

Through the body of the valley runs a clear stream of cold water, that for man and horse is not the least of reasons to tarry there.

That night after supper I climbed to one of the more accessible domes and tried to see and realize Surprise Valley. I saw some of it and only partly realized it.

Under the glamour cast by those wind-sculptured and sun-painted walls it was almost impossible for me to grasp the place intelligently. It was not what it looked or seemed. Distance could not be judged, and it was as enchanting as it was deceiving. Sunset lent it a strangeness and beauty seemingly not of the earth.

I gazed long enough to perceive that the valley was a maze, a labyrinthine canyon of many branches, enclosed by denuded rock, wind and water-worn into walls of every contour and height. The lower slopes and slants were but steps to higher ones, until the yellow and white crags pierced the sky. Talus inclines, jumbles of weathered rock, marching mounds of stone and earth, relic of an avalanche, trees and brush and grass were not absent in this strange valley, but they were scarce. This was a many-armed canyon, clean-cut and smooth, with walls, slopes, summits, corners, domes, crags, all sculptured into contour. Nature here did not tolerate sharpness.

From where I sat the width of the valley was merely a mile, though it seemed scarcely a hundred yards. Its arms wound away out of sight, and as most of them were unexplored, there was little use to conjecture dimensions. Geologically this valley must have been of comparatively recent formation, despite the ages taken by the forces of erosion to cut it. Therefor its physical properties were nearly enough like those of other valleys and canyons to make it similar to hundreds all over the southwest. Yet Surprise Valley, to live up to its name had to be, and was singularly different.

To be continued.

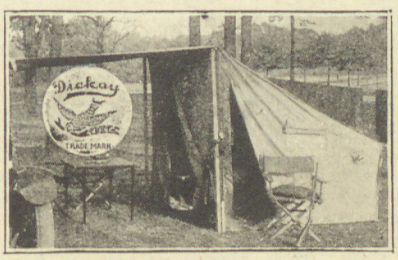
1924's Tent Sensation!

Dickey KAMPER
TRADEMARK

"The Tent that has no Center Pole!"

—takes the Cramp out of Camping!

There's a new pleasure in touring and camping since the "Dickeybird-Kamper," the tent without a center pole, has been brought to the great outdoors. The old obnoxious center pole is gone, there's more room and comfort. This feature, covered by patents, is only one of many which makes the "Dickeybird-Kamper" the IDEAL TENT. Insist that your dealer show it—or write to us for catalog and prices. Don't be sorry you didn't buy the "Dickeybird-Kamper."



The "Dickeybird-Tent" shown above is a big favorite. Ideal size, 7x7, awning extension 7 ft. sq. Resists all storms.

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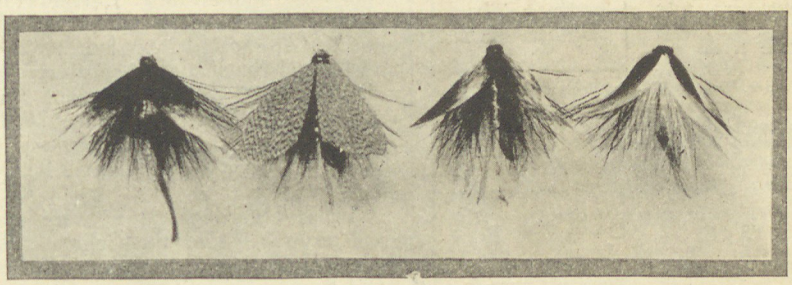

WINGED BUCKTAIL KILLERS

A wonderful new Bucktail Type Fly. Tied with double wings in the flat or "exhausted" position of an insect alighting on the water. Tied in all standard fly patterns—every one a killer. Hook sizes 4 to 14, snelled or without gut. Sample 25c.

Price, Winged Type, per dozen	**$3.00**
Price, Hackle Type (without wings) per dozen	**2.40**

GLEN L. EVANS, Caldwell, Idaho

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GETS THE BIG ONES AND HOLDS 'EM, TOO
Bass and Trout Sizes—50c each. Three Assorted Patterns that will get fish anywhere. Postpaid $1.50.
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Take 2 to 4 inches off girth this easy, comfortable way

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Get rid of this dangerous fat.

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No man who carries a paunch of excess fat can look well dressed. A heavy waistline is an absolute bar to correctly fitting clothes. It pulls the coat out of shape—makes trousers bulge and sag—causes the vest to slip and wrinkle. "Director" puts an end to all this annoyance. Not only does it make clothes fit better and look better but it gives the wearer a delightful feeling of ease and comfort.

DIRECTOR
Melts Fat Away Like Magic

Director gives more than temporary relief. It actually dissolves excess fat away. It applies a firm but gentle pressure which automatically produces a continuous kneading motion with the natural movements of the body. This action tends to dissolve and scatter fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of the Director permanently corrects over-development. Director is woven to measure from the finest mercerized web elastic—all in one piece. No buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable. Endorsed by thousands of business and professional men.

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Pacific Arms Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

Old Big 'Un

(Continued from page 12)

"Listen, sonny," he cried, "it's Hardy's dogs. I hear old Sampson—heard him running a fox once and know his voice. And by Jingo! I hear our pups, too. They are all together—after old Big 'Un. That old cat has caught his last pig, sonny—Listen at them fire-eaters punch him!"

The race swept by a scant hundred yards away. Up rode Colonel Hardy.

"Gentlemen!" he shouted good naturedly. Then to Charley, "Boy, those two black and tan pups of yours were almost flying when they brought the big cat through here. If they could keep that sort of running up, they'd be world-beaters." Up spoke Big Steve.

"Well, Colonel, we'll just stick around awhile and see who's there at the wind-up. I sort o' got an idea they'll be well up in the runnin' when old Big 'Un gets enough."

"Sure," laughed Colonel Hardy. "Old Big 'Un will in all probability do the rest of his running right here in these thick scrubs. There's a high knoll, shall we go over?"

Thither they went, the Colonel on his big roan, Charley and Steve trudging along behind.

"Gettin' tired, sonny?" whispered Steve. "Sorry we couldn't bring old Balaam and Cotton through the swamp."

"No tireder'n a bear chasin' a fat shoat," answered Charley. "If we get old Big 'Un—!"

The sun had by this time broken through the early morning mist, and was fast drying off the heavy dew.

"It won't take much of this to prove what dogs have got the grit," said Steve. "That sun's gettin' plumb *hot!*" And he was right. The pack had been running the big cat hard and steadily for about three hours, and soon one of the Colonel's dogs came slinking in—tongue out and tail down. Big Steve winked at his nephew and said nothing. Colonel Hardy pretended not to see the quitter; but when another big spotted hound dropped out and hunted the shade, he sputtered,

"Well, well! This won't do. Jake, you big rascal, what do you mean?" But Jake was past caring for anything but shade and water, both of which he went off to look for.

"Those two dogs never were much good anyway," said the Colonel apologetically, turning to Steve and Charley. "Old Sampson will never quit."

But as the race wore on dog after dog fell out, exhausted, and the two pups worked ever nearer the lead. The Colonel smoked in silence as one after another of his favorites straggled in. And still the black and tan pups ran on, their voices ringing clear and strong. Big Steve winked again at Charley. Now there were only three dogs in the race. Old Sampson was vainly striving to uphold his master's pride, but the pace set by the two pups was too fast. He couldn't stand the gaff, and soon the absence of his mellow bass from the music showed that, if Big 'Un was to be caught, Charley's "things" must do it. Colonel Hardy swore softly under his breath. Big Steve winked again. The pups ran on. Three hours—four hours, and they were growing tired. Their voices w hoarse and weak—the sun was fai boiling down. Charley sat tense a still. If they would only hang on a lit longer—just a little longer!

Then there came a sudden change the cry of the two pups—a long dra out challenge—a hoarse note of defia mingled with triumph. Big Steve leap from the log.

"They've got him, sonny!" he yelle and tore down into the scrub w Charley at his heels. Bushes slapped t boy in the face as his uncle brushed the aside, briars tore his clothing a scratched his hands and face, but stumbled on. Big 'Un heard them co ing—the creatures he feared—men. The dogs were nothing, after all, but he mu get away from those shouting creature So with a vicious slash of his formidab armed paw he drove one of the pups yel ing back. Then he headed back acro the open swamp in a last desperate effo for his life. But the pups were not to b denied after their heart-breaking rac Away they tore at the big cat's heel And Big 'Un had shot his bolt. Stev and Charley soon came up with the pup again, and found them leaping and dan ing around the base of a big live-oa stump. Perhaps twelve feet from th ground, ears back, eyes blazing, crouche the great grey cat. As Charley steppe out into the open he was greeted by menacing growl that made him jum back in spite of himself.

"Steady, son," said Steve, as he hande Charley the old forty-four. "Don't mis him." The boy raised the gun shakily trying in vain to line up the sights. Bi Steve chuckled.

"Get down on one knee, sonny, an calm yourself. Bring the muzzle up unti the bead reaches the notch—then touc her off!" Charley took a deep breat and slowly began to raise the barrel. The big cat flattened to the trunk and raise one forepaw threateningly as one of the pups scrambled frantically to reach him. When the sights came level with the broad, flat head Charley pulled the trig ger. The old black powder forty-four roared, Big 'Un threw back his head with a jerk, clawed vainly for a hold, then slipped limply from the stump, and the pups had him.

When Big Steve reached the edge of the scrub and threw the carcass of the big cat from his weary shoulders, Colonel Hardy gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"Gentlemen, that's some cat—the big gest I ever saw. Must be nearly five feet from tip to tip!" he exclaimed.

"Yessir," replied Big Steve, "he's the biggest, and nerviest, and runnin'est I ever did see in forty years of huntin'—and the heaviest," he added, mopping his brow with a large red handkerchief.

"And now, my boy," said the Colonel, turning to Charley, "five hundred dollars for that pair of fire-eating pups!"

"Not a million!" answered Charley Jamieson through tears of joy, as he knelt to put trembling arms around two tired but happy pups.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Angling Memories

(Continued from page 60)

one that got away, had not Bolster in a lucid interval gaffed, lifted and wrapped himself around the struggling monster when he came over the side of the scow. After making sure that the fish couldn't beat the bottom out of the boat, or throw both of them into the lake, the Battle Creekers calmed down to try it again. A ten-pound partner of the first catch took the bait within the hour and again wore the fishermen to a frazzle while they got him in. Then they landed themselves with the decision that they had had enough, and began to refuse offers of great wealth for their two fish.

Solemn and disappointed sports, including the two Ohioans, assembled and demanded to hear the ghastly details of the fight and how the battle was won, when the reinforcements came up. Then the cameras clicked. With their appearance came the seductive thought that everybody could now put up a good front. So the fish were loaned and photographed with the Ohio camp for a background while Ananias made the customary and proper entries in the log books of the fishermen who held the fish in the sun.

This was deception, but both the fish were real. Many a friend of the Battle Creek fishermen can, and will, testify to this. The pair was displayed on ice in the window of the hardware store, while the captors of the fish gave lectures at intervals as to the skill that it took to get them there. Then the fish were cut up into steaks that looked like Alaska salmon for the fortunates that happened to be in on the division when the cutting was done.

Thornapple is already getting its full quota of inquiries for the season of 1924. It is a fine little lake, and Powers and Bolster have no reason to disbelieve the stories that there are muskies there.

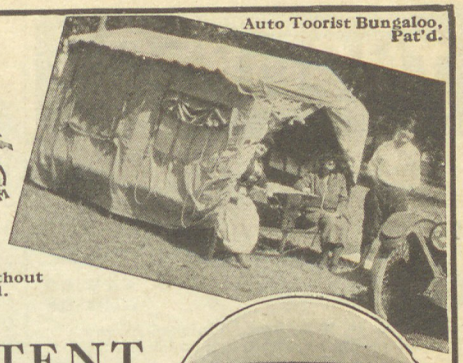
My First Fish

By ALMA GERTRUDE PIKE

BEFORE I married I had heard many women complain about being left alone while their husbands spent their week-ends and holidays out fishing or camping. I readily sympathized with

(Continued on page 72)

Umbrella Tent, without Center Pole. Pat'd.



Auto Toorist Bungaloo, Pat'd.

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It's Waterproof
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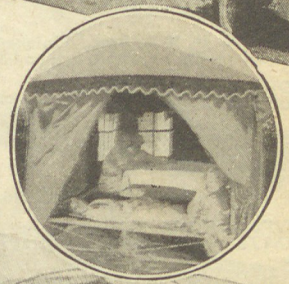
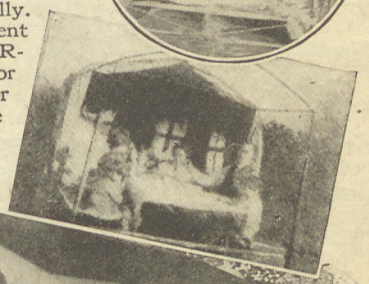
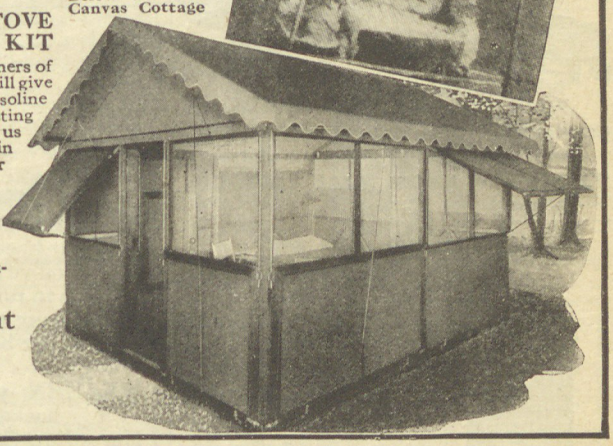
"OUTODOOR" TENTS meet these conditions fully. They are tailor made of highest grade shelter tent duck. Fold compactly, erect easily. AUTO TOORIST BUNGALOO is the deluxe outfit for motor camping. A completely furnished camp home for 2, 4 or 6 people. "OUTODOOR" Products are made by a house recognized for forty years as leader of the tent world.





Below—Portable Canvas Cottage



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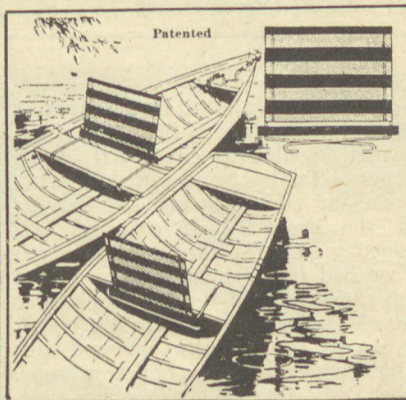

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Send No Money

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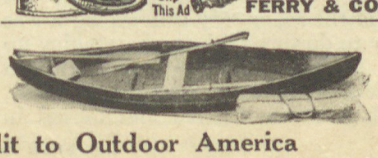
FREE handsome, sturdy 12 in. leatherette **Carrying Case** sent FREE with Wonder Telescope for short time. Clip This Ad

FERRY & CO., 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. C 391, Chicago, Ill.



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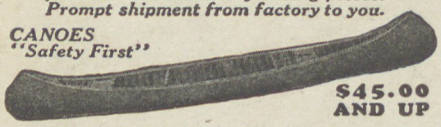

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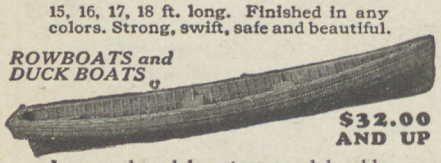

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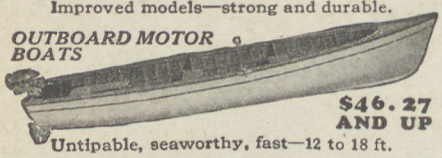

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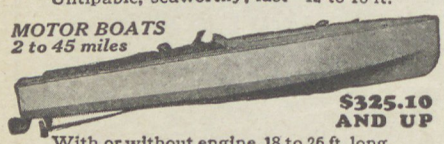

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Please state kind of boat you are interested in.

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No other outboard motor gives you instant starting every time, and safe rudder steering, leaving both hands free to troll or cast. The Elto is the safe family motor. No danger of sudden capsizing of boat while reversing. Weed-free self-tilting propeller. Trouble proof carburetor. The Elto fits in carrying case without taking apart. Write for free catalog.

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Holds 2 or 3 people. Rowboats and for outboards.

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NON-SINKABLE

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Send for information and prices.

ALFRED C. GOETHEL CO.
837 Thirty-first St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 57)

was gone, the boat was aground on the sand flats, and the snipe were whistling all about in the early dawn. I went after them dressed in nothing but an undershirt and a canvas shell pouch—but that is another story.

Last year, realizing that my second son had reached twelve years and was due for a boat, I duplicated that boyhood yacht of mine, making her a bit larger, sixteen feet over all by four feet six beam. Four twelve-inch planks sixteen feet long made her strakes, and two more were cut up to nail on crosswise for her bottom. The "shipyard" was a cool place on the east side of the house where one could work in the shade after finishing the day's business. A marine shipyard contributed a piece of three by four oak two feet long for the stem, and the first job was to cut deep rabbets in it to take the ends of the planks. The stem and stern angles of these planks, and the camber of bottom and stern sweep on the lower pair, were taken direct from a small model made of cardboard to a scale of ¾-inch to the foot. This little model was cut out from the sketches of the boat and sewed together at stem and stern, cutting and shaving until the exact shape required was obtained. Then the thread was severed and we had patterns in miniature from which the sawing of the big planks was done. There was not much; the upper strakes were simply cut at one end with the bow angle; the lower had bow angle, camber of bottom (about 2 inches rise), stern sweep, and stern angle cut on them. A rough board mould was made at the same time for the center section of the boat, taking it from the cardboard one.

We are now ready to assemble the boat. The two lower strakes were nailed into the rabbet in the stem piece on each side, with a dubbing of white lead paste underneath. The rear ends of them spread apart some ten feet. A rope was passed around them and the center mould inserted between in its proper place. Then the planks were bent in, taking up the slack in the rope. My own strength was plenty to do this, with the boy taking up slack. When the ends were drawn in sufficient to close on the stern transom, that board was inserted and tacked in place and the rope twisted tight to grip it fast.

The boat was now taking form. We turned it over and put in a two by one-inch chine along both edges of the bottom to give them nailing strength. Followed a pleasant job of beveling this edge with a plane. The soft wood cut easily. A thin straightedge laid across told when the plane had cut all fair so that the bottom planks would lie flat to a hair-line fit. Then they were put on. Three sixteen-foot planks were used up little by little before the bottom had reached the stern transom board. I beveled these bottom planks back about one-sixteenth inch, so as to make seams that would crush nicely on the calking without any tendency to buckle the planks when they swelled. Three galvanized nails into the bottom edge of the lower strakes, and two into the chine, sufficed for each cross-plank.

Smoothing the edges with a plane, we were ready to turn the boat over again. The two upper strakes were secured to the stem and bent on, then. They lapped the lower strakes an inch, and the only job connected with them was to cut in a rabbet in the tops of the two lower strakes up near the bow, so as to let the upper strakes come in flush at the stem. Once wrapped around and secured with clinched boat nails, all that was left to do was to saw off at the transom and the boat stood rough-finished.

Braces for the center thwart and the thwart itself were next put in, and we could then remove the rough board center-mould. There ensued a happy period of putting in a generous stern sheets with side seats running forward on each side, decking over the bow, putting on the washboards of 2-inch spruce nailed on edge, and inside of that the coaming of 5 by ⅝-inch oak. This period was spent by the boy in painting, calking, and puttying all seams, gloating the while over the happy times in her to come. I had no lack of volunteers then! During the building, he alone had stuck to the work faithfully, happy in helping her grow. Now that she was a palpable boat, sixteen feet long, four foot-six beam, and some two feet deep amidships, all the youngsters in the neighborhood were

If the Trout Begin to Rise

By NOA SPEARS

WHEN you've whipped a mile of water
Till your wrist is going lame,
When you've climbed a mile of rapids
Till your knees are growing game,
When you've peered into a hundred pools,
Enough to ruin your eyes—
Does it cure that tired feeling
If the trout begin to rise?

WHEN you've tried out all your hackels,
Hares Ear, Coachman, Ginger Quill,
And not e'en a seven incher
Gives a tiny passing thrill;
As the hour of noon approaches
You'll feel hungry I surmise—
Ever stop to eat your luncheon
If the trout begin to rise?

MAYBE you are old and seasoned,
Maybe new in nature's way,
Maybe you have all the Summer,
Maybe only just today.
But it doesn't really matter
What your pedigree or size,
Nought could drag you from the water
If the trout begin to rise.

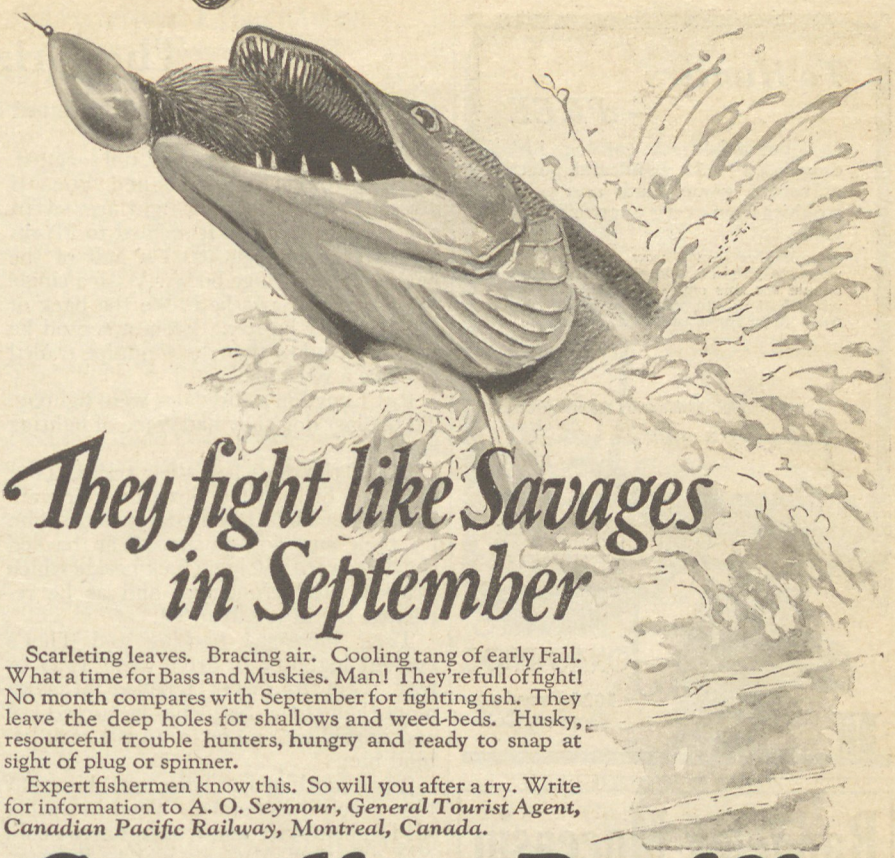
eager to help—and be shipped later as crew. Ah, well-a-day, such is human nature! I made a trunk for a dagger centerboard and put it in forward of the middle thwart, reaching to the bow deck; put on skeg, flat keel of 4 by 7/8-inch hard pine, a keelson, and a rudder. Final coats of paint—white topsides, green copper bottom, buff inside—and she was ready to let it harden while we went at the rigging. She was already tight. Rainstorms filled her with water, which stayed in. We visited a spar-yard and came away from there with spruce mast, boom, and gaff in the rough. The boy and I peeled them, varnished, put on boom jaws and a sliding gunter for the gaff. We bought eighteen yards of duck canvas and laid out the mainsail and jib on the lawn. Then a busy session with the house sewing machine, a term of sewing on bolt ropes and putting in brass grommets and reef points, and we were ready to step the mast and bend on the sails.

We visited a chandler's shop for 3/8-inch wire shrouds and stays, running rigging, pulley blocks, chocks, an anchor, running lights. Came a great day when three teamsters picked up the boat and hove her into a wagon. There was a procession of boys trailing the boat to the beach! The wind was blowing half a gale. I decided to test her spars and rigging by shaking out all reefs advised by the cautious and putting to sea under full sail. The captain, aged twelve, and his first mate, aged thirteen, and the builder, aged forty-seven, shipped for that first tryout, leaving ten disappointed volunteers wailing on the beach. She took the wind; she lay down and yelled. She screamed and tore, fast as the devil! Motor boats chased her in vain. The spars bent like fish poles, but we took the heavy chop riding like a duck, all three sitting up to windward on the washboards. She was a witch and she was ours, built with our own hands!

That boat cost me about thirty dollars, including everything, sails and equipment. But I want you to realize what it means to build a boat with your boy as helper. The stern training of the outdoors is there, the honesty of purpose and workmanship which will not tolerate bad work because the sea will let you know if you have not builded well. The boy learns that. He learns that in life you *must* build well; that false work, poor work, things done b'guess and b'gosh, each have their penalty which is sure to come home to roost in time.

I got my reward in five happy and youthful pirates who navigated the harbor and the open ocean in that boat all summer. Having had myself great difficulty in getting any book that told me how to build them, I published "How To Build a Decked Sailing Canvas Canoe" some time ago, and it is still going strong. It tells in detail of the building of *Waterat IV*, the best of these canoes. Then there was a fishing and gunning skiff; light, able, fitted with a leg o' mutton sail and a dagger centerboard. This book was published in a companion booklet under the title, "How To Build a Fishing and Gunning Skiff." It supplied the demand for a boat light enough for two men to pick up and carry and yet able in a seaway and rigged with a sail

(Continued on page 72)



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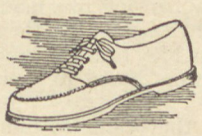

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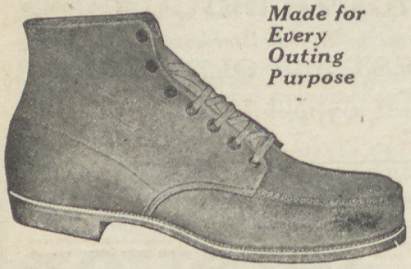

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The Grizzly King

(Continued from page 53)

The dog pack drove at him, full tongued. With a roar Thor launched himself among them. His great right arm swept out and inward, and it seemed to Muskwa that he had gathered a half of the pack under his huge body. With a single crunch of his jaws he broke the back of the foremost hunter. From a second he tore the head so that the windpipe trailed out like a red rope.

But Langdon's Airedales were fighters. To the last dog they had come of fighting stock.

But if the dogs had their tricks, Thor also had his. After three or four vain rushes, in which the Airedales eluded him by their superior quickness, he backed slowly toward the huge rock beside which Muskwa was crouching, and as he retreated the dogs advanced.

Their increased barking and Thor's evident inability to drive them away or tear them to pieces terrified Muskwa more than ever. Suddenly he turned tail and darted into a crevice in the rock behind him.

Thor continued to back until his great hips touched the stone. Then he swung his head sidewise and looked for the cub. Not a hair of Muskwa was to be seen. Twice Thor turned his head. After that, seeing that Muskwa was gone, he continued to retreat until he blocked the narrow passage that was his back door to safety.

The dogs were now barking like mad. They were drooling at their mouths, their wiry crests stood up like brushes, and their snarling fangs were bared to their red gums.

Nearer and nearer they came to him, challenging him to stay, to rush them, to catch them if he could—and in their excitement they put ten yards of open space behind them. Thor measured this space, as he had measured the distance between him and the young bull caribou a few days before. And then, without so much as a snarl of warning, he darted out upon his enemies with a suddenness that sent them flying wildly for their lives.

Thor did not stop. He kept on. Where the rock wall bulged out the trail narrowed to five feet, and he had measured this fact as well as the distance. He caught the last dog, and drove it down under his paw. As it was torn to pieces the Airedale emitted piercing cries of agony that reached Bruce and Langdon as they hurried panting and wind-broken up the slide that led from the basin.

Thor dropped on his belly in the narrowed trail, and as the pack broke loose with fresh voice he continued to tear at his victim until the rock was smeared with blood and hair and entrails. Then he rose to his feet and looked again for Muskwa. The cub was curled up in a shivering ball two feet in the crevice. It may be that Thor thought he had gone on up the mountain, for he lost no time now in retreating from the scene of battle. He had caught the wind again. Bruce and Langdon were sweating, and their smell came to him strongly.

For ten minutes Thor paid no attention to the eight dogs yapping at his heels, except to pause now and then and swing his head about. As he continued in his retreat the Airedales became bolder, until finally one of them sprang ahead of the rest and buried his fangs in the grizzly's leg.

This accomplished what barking had failed to do. With another roar Thor turned and pursued the pack headlong for fifty yards over the back-trail, and five precious minutes were lost before he continued upward toward the shoulder of the mountain.

It took him half an hour to reach the topmost ridge of rock, from which point he would have to break cover and reveal himself as he made the last two or three hundred yards up the shale side of the mountain to the backbone of the range.

When Thor made his break he put on a sudden spurt of speed that left the dogs thirty or forty yards behind him. For two or three minutes he was clearly outlined on the face of the mountain, and during the last minute of those three he was splendidly profiled against a carpet of pure-white snow, without a shrub or a rock to conceal him from the eyes below.

Bruce and Langdon saw him at five hundred yards, and began firing. Close over his head Thor heard the curious ripping wail of the first bullet, and an instant later came the crack of the rifle.

A second shot sent up a spurt of snow five yards ahead of him. He swung sharply to the right. This put him broadside to the marksmen. Thor heard a third shot—and that was all.

While the reports were still echoing among the crags and peaks something struck Thor a terrific blow on the flat of his skull, five inches back of his right ear. It was as if a club had descended upon him from out of the sky. He went down like a log.

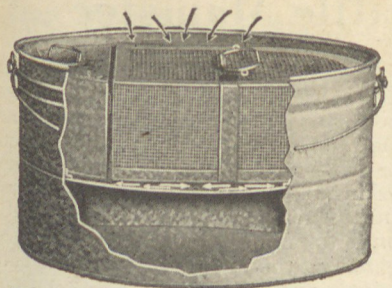
It was a glancing shot. It scarcely drew blood, but for a moment it stunned the grizzly, as a man is dazed by a blow on the end of the chin.

Before he could rise from where he had fallen the dogs were upon him, tearing at his throat and neck and body. With a roar Thor sprang to his feet and shook them off. He struck out savagely, and Langdon and Bruce could hear his bellowing as they stood with fingers on the triggers of their rifles waiting for the dogs to draw away far enough to give them the final shots.

Yard by yard Thor worked his way upward, snarling at the frantic pack, defying the man-smell, the strange thunder, the burning lightning—even death itself, and five hundred yards below Langdon cursed despairingly as the dogs hung so close he could not fire.

Up to the very sky-line the blood-thirsting pack shielded Thor. He disappeared over the summit. The dogs followed. And after that their baying came fainter and fainter as the big grizzly led them swiftly away from the menace of man in a long and thrilling race from which more than one was doomed not to return.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America



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Outdoor Literature

(Continued from page 56)

mon thing to kill fifty or sixty geese in a morning's shoot, the party one day killing 163."

Brook trout are not native to the Michigan streams south of the Boardman—and according to our author it was in 1870 that the first trout were planted by his father, A. H. Mershon, in the Tobacco River, the fry being obtained from Seth Green of Caledonia, N. Y.

Descriptions of Trout fishing in the nineties in the Au Sable, and Black Rivers are illuminating as showing what wonderful fishing there "used to be."

The author was fortunate in being able to fish the Grand Cascapedia where salmon pools were to be had for fifteen to twenty-five dollars a year! Surely Fortune seems to have spent most of her time upon our author's door step.

While the quantities of game and fish brought to bag by the author and his friends seem unreasonable and at times shocking according to standards of the modern conservationist, we must not forget that they hunted and fished in days when Chicago was the greatest game market in the world, where in the eighties mallard ducks were sold for $3.00, partridge $2.25 and quail $1.37, the dozen, while in the late fifties, prairie chicken were sold for ten cents apiece, and quail two for five! We must not forget it was not until the Year of Grace, nineteen twenty-three that the great State of Illinois legislated to protect black bass during the spawning season—"Let him who is without sin amongst you cast the first stone."

"Recollections" is a valuable contribution to sporting literature as giving a picture of hunting and fishing in the lower peninsula of Michigan when that region was veritably a sportsman's paradise, and if the game and fish have vanished, the story and its moral are to be read in the pages of this book.

The Field Museum of National History is issuing a series of illustrated Botanical leaflets, six of which are now available.

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Number Seven contains thirty illustrations from photographs. It should be in the pocket of every lover of wild flowers who goes afield to study these children of God's gardens, and who loves them well enough to leave them to be studied and loved by others.

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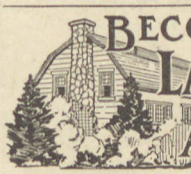

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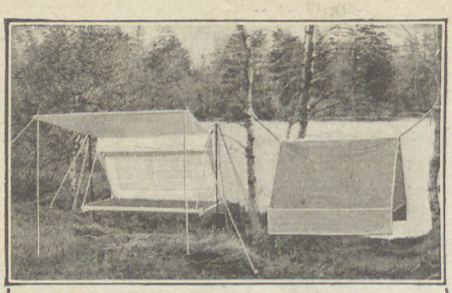

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The Peril of the Little Manistee

SPORTSMEN of Michigan, backed by the state division of the Izaak Walton League, are waging an unique court battle for protection of trout in the famous Little Manistee river which flows through Lake and Manistee counties into Lake Michigan.

For 40 years the fishermen have had the Little Manistee to themselves. For more than 20 years they have been planting brook, rainbow and brown trout in its waters. Last Spring axemen appeared in the woods. The jack pine which has succeeded Michigan's famous stand of white pine was being cut. The sportsmen couldn't protest, but when dynamite crews started working they were up in arms.

Led by Circuit Judge Willis B. Perkins, former Judge Harry D. Jewell, Frank D. Black and other sportsmen of Grand Rapids, the first skirmish was fought before Judge Hal L. Cutler of the Lake County Circuit Court. An injunction was obtained restraining the loggers from using dynamite or otherwise disturbing the river bed.

But last Fall they floated thousands of feet of timber down the river to the Filer Company's mills just the same.

Last Winter the pine was sawed into bolt lengths and piled along the river. Word was passed among the natives that the big drive would start down the river on June 20. But the Filer Fiber Company and its agents figured without knowledge of the sportsmen's mettle.

With only a few hours remaining before the drive was scheduled to start, Judge Perkins and Frank Black appeared suddenly in Judge Cutler's court with a petition for an injunction which was granted restraining the Filer Company, its agents or anybody else from floating logs down the Little Manistee river. It is charged that in dumping logs into the river the company will make the stream untenable for fish because the jack pine bark contains a "deleterious substance known as tanin" which will poison the water and kill the fish.

The Little Manistee.

Back of Perkins and Black are the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League and all of the sportsmen of the state. Philip Schnoorbach, head of the Filer interests, is a power in state politics. But neither Perkins, Black, the Walton League nor any of the sportsmen have been made to quit their tenacious fight by political wire-pulling.

The sportsmen promise they will carry the fight to the Supreme court if beaten.

The fight is especially important in Michigan, because if the Filer Company wins the right to float logs down the Little Manistee, it expects to make similar drives down other famous trout streams of the state.

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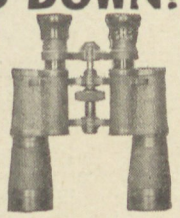

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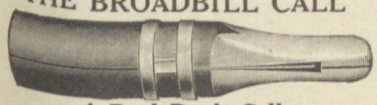

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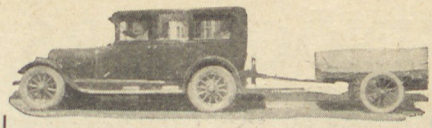
The Killing

(Continued from page 39)

would bring me out onto a large open tract which had been a landing, where logs were once brought together and loaded for the mills. After reaching this place and walking into it a short distance, upon looking up, I saw some twenty rods away through the second growth three deer bounding away from view. They had seen me first, being further proof that as a deer hunter I was still in the tyro class. To assure myself that I was a real hunter, I unloaded in their general direction. Just as I had gained my mental equilibrium, my fellow hunter arrived. I had seen four deer, a fact which he proceeded to state in positive language; further that his promise had been made good, and he suggested that I go my way as he would take a chance on my driving game his way, for it was a certainty that I would never see a deer before it saw me. I acquiesed and wandered up an old trail leading off the landing a mile or so and came out upon some abandoned camps which evidently had been headquarters when that section was logged.

Smoke was issuing from one of the partly roofed huts. On reaching it I went inside and found some Finlanders sitting around a fire built on the ashes where the camp stove had once stood. I walked down the grade a short distance and met the old Finn belonging to the party. I stopped and talked to him a few minutes, but not long as I faced a stiff cold wind. He stated in understandable English that he had seen but one deer that morning, a fawn, and was going back to his fellows at camp.

I walked slowly on down the grade which had become grown up with brush of many varieties, not thinking that to me a great happening was at hand. In constructing the grade a cut had been made through a rise and here on either side the brush and weeds were especially thick. As I reached the midst of these I heard a slight rustle and breaking of brush ahead and to my left, and there within a few rods coming angling towards me was a beautiful buck. I saw him first. I stopped, raised my gun, and he came on to the grade, got half way across, stopped, turned, saw me standing, and the curiosity of the animal was too great. What was that? Indeed, a new and astounding sight to us both. There he stood. That beautiful fawn color shading off to lighter colors into the gloss of the snow. The antlers perfect. The poise one of surprise and inquiry. In all, a wonderful picture. A shot and he fell over dead. The life, the beauty, the action gone forever. As I reached him he struggled a few times and then subsided. Had I performed a sportsmanlike act, or was I simply a killer? For years he would have ranged with his kind and roamed through the wilds. Season after season he would have sought out a mate and for a moon been enamored of the charms of sex. He would have been life and beauty in the wilderness with other harmonious wild life about. My partner had made his promise doubly good. I was elated. My first deer! Should I have been so elated? I wonder!



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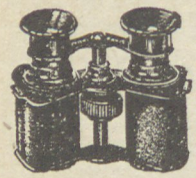

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Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 67)

which can be stepped when there is wind.

The outdoorsman and his boat! On the whole I see no great superiority of the more elaborate models over the simple flat bottomed batteau which anyone can build with a few planks of "country pine." With an outboard motor she makes a splendid little motor boat for the fisherman and camper. Decked and provided with a centerboard and a sail, she makes a fine yacht for those who love to feel themselves part of Nature's life in the winds that blow over lake and bay.

And always the canoe. What would we do without her! All the pathways of the wilderness are yours in that blithesome craft! Exercise that does not unduly fatigue; the homely and adorable details of camping and portaging; the sport for rifle, rod and shotgun—all are in her province. Luckily her price is so low that no woodser can afford to be without one!

Angling Memories

(Continued from page 65)

them as the lure of the open held nothing for me. It seemed to me the men should spend their spare time at the theatre, dance or cards which we too could enjoy.

What tricks Fate can play with us! You see I was destined to marry one of those red-blooded men who worship the open. We were married while he was in the service. It was not long after his return before his craving for the outdoors, which was temporarily lying dormant, came to life. He soon began to spend his week-ends and holidays camping and fishing. While I did not join him on these trips afield, let it be said to my everlasting credit I did not oppose them.

At this time we were living in a pretty well fished out country and he usually returned empty handed but always with a smile and the statement that he had had a glorious time. What is there about the open spaces that can make such a change in one in a few hours and seem to bring peace and contentment? It held mysteries for me that I could not fathom then.

Owing to the press of business these trips became fewer and fewer when suddenly came the Doctor's verdict, give up business, go to a milder climate and live out of doors as much as possible.

Florida was our choice. By this time our boy was old enough to make it possible for me to accompany my husband on some of his trips so I made up my mind to learn to care enough for the outdoors to at least enjoy going with him.

Oh! What a fright I received as we rounded a bend on the upper reaches of the Cotee (Pith-la-chas-co-tee) River, when an alligator plunged off the bank not twenty feet ahead of the boat!

What a queer, creepy feeling it gave me when we first tramped through the heavy, tropical hammock growth that lines the river! However, this feeling quickly passed when I once became interested in learning the different birds, trees and wild flowers as well as distinguishing the tracks of various animals.

My first real lesson in sportsmanship came when my husband pointed out the spawning beds of the black bass with the comment that although the law of the state allowed it he would not fish during spawning season.

After becoming truly interested in the outdoors I soon had a strong desire to learn the art of angling. While watching hubby land three savage redfish (channel bass) on a Heddon 5 ft. 5½ oz. casting rod, it appeared so easy I made up my mind that I should try my hand at fishing the very next day.

I was rather surprised the next morning at the salt water rod and reel he handed me with the remark that it was best to use it a few times before attempting lighter tackle. As subsequent events proved, he was perfectly correct.

This day we decided to try trolling where the dark waters of the Cotee mingled with the sparkling, blue waters of the Gulf. As my spoon passed over an oyster bar, favorite feeding places of the redfish, I felt a tremendous tug on my line. I jerked back on the rod, setting the hook. Hubby shut off the motor, letting the boat drift, and cried out, "Let him have line." This was needless advice, for he was stripping off the line at a great rate, making the reel sing a song dear to the heart of all anglers.

It looked for a while as if his next stop would be Mexico, but finally I turned him. As I reeled in he came so easily I thought he was off, but hubby assured me he was still on and warned me to watch out when I brought him within sight of the boat. I was so excited at the time I did not heed this advice but reeled him right on in.

When Mr. Redfish caught sight of us he evidently did not like our looks. With one flip of his powerful tail he wrenched

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Angling Memories

the reel handle out of my grasp, knocking skin off my knuckles and was off on another long run which I thought would end disastrously. However, I was able to stop him as the line grew dangerously low. As I reeled him in, this time, he yanked and jerked on the line very much as a bull-dog will worry a rag.

Since these methods failed to produce the desired results, he next tried a rush at the boat, passing under it. In spite of my frantic efforts I was unable to reel in fast enough to maintain a tight line and he had yards and yards of slack, but fortunately he was unable to throw the hook. My husband's comment was that it was indeed a good-natured fish else he would have been long gone. However, I could see nothing good-natured about him, for I thought him a rough specimen.

Remember this was my first experience. I had never handled a rod and reel before and by this time my arms and wrists ached until I thought I could not give the reel another turn. To make matters worse Reddy resorted to his last trick.

Standing on his head he attemped to wipe the hook from his mouth. As the bottom was covered with oysters, it was necessary for me to hold the rod tip high to keep him from cutting the line on a shell. This seemed impossible, but with hubby shouting encouragement I made a supreme effort and in a few seconds was rewarded by seeing Mr. Fish roll over on his side, played out.

As hubby slipped the net under him, lifting him into the boat, I sank down exhausted and could only gaze at this beautiful, copper-colored warrior, MY FIRST FISH.

What a flood of emotions swept over me! First, Pride, then compassion for this valiant fighter, but I had fought him in a sportsman-like manner. He had had an even break and I had earned a well earned victory. Hubby says I may well be proud of my first fish.

While I rested hubby took his bass rod and proceeded to hook, skillfully play and land a 6¼ pound redfish on a barbless hook. After my clumsy efforts it seemed inconceivable that one could handle one of these "bull-dogs of the sea" on such a light rod, let alone use the barbless hook. However, I have improved greatly since then.

I now accompany Walt on all of his trips and I have his word for it that he enjoys them more than ever. As for myself, my only regret is that I did not go with him long before I did.

Let me say a word to ye who are lucky enough to be married to a sportsman. Go with him on his trips, it means health and happiness to both. He will be glad to have you if you will only be a sport and forget the words: "I Can't." If you simply will not go do not oppose him, for, until you have learned as I have, you will never realize what these trips mean to him.

Here's hoping more of you go and derive the same happiness I did from MY FIRST FISH.

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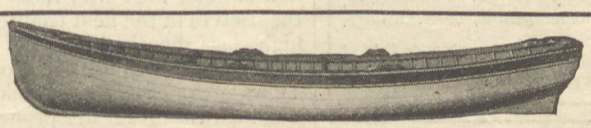

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The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS
Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

Everyday Dog Talks

PROBABLY with no other animal is there always such a great trend for breeding experiments as with dogs. Just let a strain make good in the field and they have a reputation established. Just let a few of a strain heretofore ignored perform well and right off the bat sportsmen are bound to breed from them, though they have very little knowledge of how class in performance was brought about in these dogs. They do not realize the natural laws that had to be followed, nor the very vitals that brought about success.

The speed is not transmitted in the animal, nor are the high yielding milk qualities. The reason is very plain, yet few in advance think about it. Among the scrubs these examples are just accidents. They are not the results of breeding. Every time the pure bred animal of inferior performance will produce far more desirable offspring, because for years they have been bred solely for that purpose.

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This latter custom of going pell-mell, while natural among men of ordinary experience with dogs, is avoided as much as possible by the great breeders of pointers and setters, men who make a name for themselves in the field trials or with extra high class shooting dogs. If a dog has a slight outcross from pure blood lines and shows great class in the field, numerous dog men that hunt are prone to breed to this individual and cannot realize why, when the get is tried out a few years later, very few of them make good. Setters, pointers, hounds or any type of dogs used in sports are just like cattle or horses. Once in a while we see a scrub horse with phenomenal speed, or a scrub cow that gives a greater yield of milk than many thoroughbreds. There are many who could not resist breeding right off along these lines. They do and have failures.

breeding and ignorance of how to start the young right, as well as giving the youngsters the proper opportunities. A class bred animal may show inferiority because one man will start that animal too young. Another may show inferiority because it was an ordinary individual and would have trained easily at an early age, which would not have hurt it, because it had neither great speed nor natural body scenting ability. Take the slower type of dogs—most of them will point birds when

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they are four months and over and for the rest of their life—without any further attention. But there is quality in points, as well as the ability to make it. How many hunters know when their dogs are pointing to body scent or foot scent? In fact I have seen dogs in the field many times pointing actually by sight alone and the act drew forth most praiseworthy comments about the dog's great nose.

Another thing that most hunters who are buying young or old dogs must always guard against is the flattering reports of those who own them. Thousands and thousands believe they have perfectly broken young dogs: something that was accomplished in a few days. They retrieved naturally; they pointed naturally; they hunted well according to their notions. But there is always a measure to performance, and the question how must always enter the man's mind; and whether the owner is a competent judge of performance, though conscientiously believing that he knows all about dogs.

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Just how this works might well be illustrated through personal experience. I recall one time when hunting with a North Missouri man who firmly believed he knew all about performance of shooting dogs and field trial strains. At the time we had a widegoing old pointer from the prairies, that outside of bird sense and an ability to mark birds when they were hit lightly, was hardly worth his keep. For several days we shot together and his praise of that pointer was wondrously fertile.

There is a debatable ground in the word "trained." Many call a dog well trained that is biddable, points, is steady to wing and shot and retrieves. The man of experience knows different and wants more. He realizes that a dog, no matter how good, is only a half dog until it has three years' experience in the field. If it is really a class dog he knows that if it points young and is steady to wing and shot young, and especially if it is worth two whoops, that during its second year if it has great hunting instinct it will start breaking shot and occasionally flush birds through excessive hunting instinct which dominates all its acts. And still further these little faults have to be corrected again and if not done properly will stay with the animal through life, being more glaring with age if not handled properly; or if the man is unable to correct many of his own faults which cause them in the animal. And there is yet another thing the expert in field dogs knows, that no dog is thoroughly broken without two years of shooting experience.

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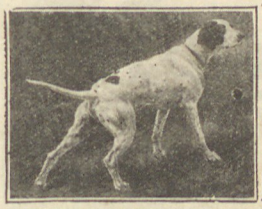
Choicest breeding obtainable. From 4 months to 18 months old. Three BB bitch puppies, whelped Feb. 23rd, 1924, by Godahls Spook F.D.S.B. No. 74918 Ex Nellie Patterson No. 74734—at $35.00 each. They are beauties—full of hunch and punch and just right age to train for this season in the field.

Chas. A. Haley UTILITY KENNELS BATH, N. Y.

BIRD DOG TRAINER

I break my dogs where you hunt them — In the Brush. Twenty-six *entire* Seasons behind a dog ought to mean something. Broken for James Oliver Curwood, Rex Beach, U. S. Senator Hale, Dr. John J. McGlade, Bronx, N. Y. *Close-working, obedient and staunch* is my motto. ASK FIELD AND STREAM. Perfect care. Sea and sand baths. No autos. 3 litters of Brush dog puppies. All six parents broken personally.

E. N. Atherton, Long Island, Portland, Me.



POINTERS

Puppies, Broken Dogs, Brood Bitches, Dogs at Stud. Write me your wants, please.

U. R. FISHEL
Box W Hope, Indiana

BURWYN REMEDIES **SAVE the DOG**

Worm-Ex., 55c; Distemper-Ex., $1; Dog Tone Tonic, 50c; Dog Tone Jr. Conditioner, 45c; Cankerine, $1.35; Running Fits Treatment, $1.25; Mangine Ointment, $1; Internal Skin Tonic, $1; Chorea Relief, $1.10; Laxative tablets, 68c; Liver Stimulators, $1; Special Treatments, $1.25; Carbon Tetrachloride Wormer Capsules, $1. Order direct. Burwyn Kennel Journal free, describing complete line of Burwyn famous Kennel Remedies. Address

Burwyn Kennel Remedies, Box OA, Waterloo, Iowa

ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIELS

From best imported Field Trial and Show Bench strains. Puppies and young stock, usually, for sale. Eligible to registration. Prices reasonable. DR. W. B. STEWART, Monessen, Penna.

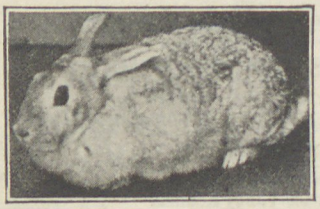
Coonhounds and Combination Hunters

for coon, opossum, skunk, squirrel. Rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Catalog ten cents.

SAM STEPHENSON Covington, Tennessee

Asiatic Karakul Fur Sheep

Most profitable farm stock known. Require least care. Best possible cross with proper native breeds. Bucks for sale or service.



Chinchilla Rabbits

Most profitable fur and meat animal in the world. Most in demand. Thick, strong skin, flexible leather, beautiful heavy fur, has put CHINCHILLA at once among most durable furs. Best meat rabbit extant. Hardy, prolific, easily raised. Young, from imported stock, for sale. Will buy pelts.

Silver Black Foxes

Mated pairs for sale for breeding purposes.

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Big Money in Fox Raising

But you must know—must plan and start right. We teach you, tell you how to select breeding stock, how to feed, house and care for them—reducing mortality and insuring profitable results.

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BEFORE YOU BUY
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"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"
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Ashtabula **Ohio**

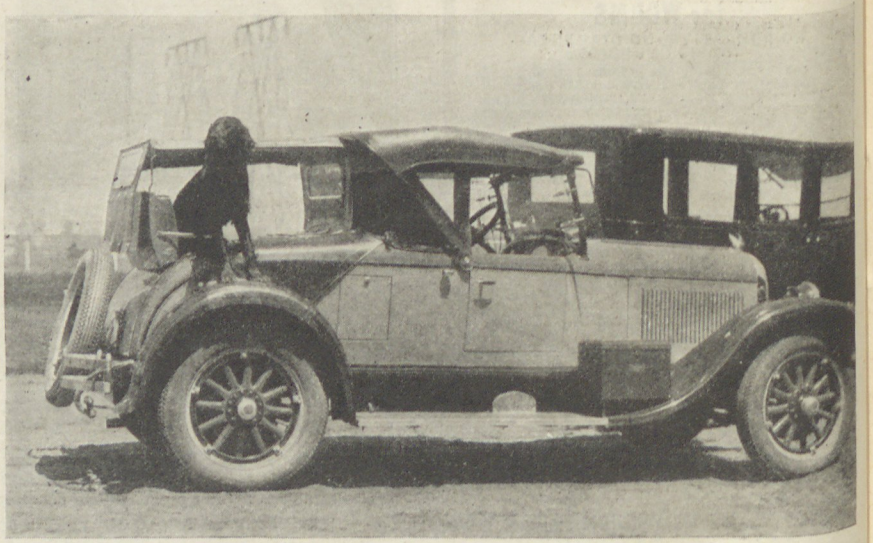
The Kennel Department

Every day the dog-buying subject comes up in different phases so another slant of it cannot be called irrelevant. The one man to be guarded against in dog deals is the fellow who thinks because he buys a strain, owns it, and offers it for sale, or rather individuals of the strain, that they must be right and everyone should accept his judgment as the very reason why they should purchase. Believe it or not, in the dog line these very self-opinionated people are the most dangerous to deal with. If you sift their dog transactions right down to the bottom you will find they have always been looking for bargains. They ask high prices but never pay high prices for their stock. They are so sure of their judgment that they impress a prospective buyer with it, though the transaction may be in person or through mail. Think twice before buying a cheap dog, think three times before buying a prospective field trial winner in the other fellow's hands, especially when he has acquired him at a bargain price and wants to move him at a slightly higher figure. Field trial prospects or great shooting dog prospects are not to be picked up by the roadside every day. They are worth good money and they will bring it without the slightest trouble.

Every time you think of buying a prospect think of that word performance over and over again and then dwell on it still more, if such a thing is possible. Ask actual performance on the part of the dam and sire; demand visible performance on the part of the dog you are negotiating for. Under no circumstances buy a dog which you cannot try out yourself under the very conditions under which you will shoot over that animal; also the field trial prospect needs just that much more intense scrutiny. Thousands have field trial prospects that never saw a championship field trial in their life.

If you are in the market for a field trial prospect, find out if the seller ever had any personal—yes, personal—experience in field trials, and as for the high class shooting dog that will suit you, you can be the only competent judge by having the dog shipped to you on approval.

If you will look over the stud columns of the present day you will be astonished at the array of dogs being studded at exorbitant fees that are near winners or rather were near winners. The queer angle to it is that they command as high a fee as the actual winners. Just why, it is mighty hard to ascertain. They have striven time and again for the highest honors, but never won, and yet their owners ask such figures on the face of this, though their performance seemingly was the matter of blood lines, and some authority whom invariably they quote said they ran a good race. Yet the public falls for the publicity stuff, breeds or buys pups from the breeding expecting to reap a crop of champions. Nevertheless, if men paused and studied they would see clearly the argument against buying a doubtful prospect when an "izzer" can be purchased for the same amount of money.



A car built around a dog.

A Car Built Around a Dog

ON the subject of caring for the dog as excess baggage on an auto trip, in some manner other than riding the running board, we reproduce a photo of the special dog compartment arranged for the "Irishman," owned by Marshall Higgins, of Denver, a charter member of the Rocky Mountain Chapter. In selecting a roadster this spring Mr. Higgins shopped around until he discovered a car with a "rumble seat." He had the seat removed and a canopy with curtains added, the sides of which can be dropped in sections to allow the dog to lean out and help drive the car, but still in safety.

The rear fenders are covered with rubber fabric so that when the car is standing the dog can place his feet on the fenders and get in and out of the compartment without slipping or marring the car.

We have always wondered "why the rumble seat?" but this is the answer.

BLACK SILVER FOXES, MINK & RACCOON
FOR SALE. WRITE FOR PRICES.
Coats Black Silver Fox Co., Inc. ESTHERVILLE IOWA

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Boats and Canoes

THIS advertisement worth $10.00 on any make new outboard motor at regular price. Factory guaranteed. Grossmann, 1630 Pine St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

16 FOOT Rowboat—easily made. Construction blueprint 30c. Wee-Sho-U Co., 31st St. Branch, Detroit, Mich.

ROWBOATS—Easily made. Interesting literature free. Wee-Sho-U Co., 31st St. Branch, Detroit, Mich.

Camps and Cottages

OWN a lodge in the famous Shepherd of the Hills country—the heart of the Ozarks. Very best hunting, fishing and outdoor recreation. Ten acre tracts $225.00, $20.00 down and $5.00 monthly. Write or wire owner, J. F. Raney, 555 Ea. Walnut, Springfield, Mo.

MEMBERS Wanted, all year round club, on Virginia sea coast; duck shooting, canoeing, sailing. Fishing May to October; dues $100. Fisher, 688 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks $100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans.

SUMMER Cottages for sale on fine stream for game fishing; boating, bathing. Will sell lots on the stream; write for lists. Earl Minnis, Sandy Lake, Pa.

FREE Rent—3-yr. lease forty acres, new cabin, new well, good water. Harry Blow, Milford, Utah.

Coins and Curios

GENUINE Indian curios prepaid at following low prices—Terms cash with order. Buckskin Moccasins, $5.00. Beaded watch fobs, $1.50. Beaded belts, $5.00. Beaded hatbands or headbands, $3.00. Ladies necklaces loom beaded, $2.50. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Chief Flying Cloud, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

CALIFORNIA gold $¼ size 27c; ½ size 52c. 1,000,000 German Marks and Catalogue 10c. Norman Schultz, Colorado Springs, Colo.

RARE Coins—Silver, gold, copper and paper money of the world; Mexican bill and new catalogue 10c. Alexis Mengelle, Box 387, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

OLD Coins for sale. California gold, 50c size, 53c; quarter size, 27c. 100,000 German marks and catalogue, 10c. N. Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo.

HUNTING Bows, Relics, Minerals, Geology, stamps, butterflies; 1,000 Indian articles; catalogue 10c. Indiancraft O. A. Co., 466 Connecticut, Buffalo, N. Y.

ANTIQUES—Flint lock guns, rifles, pistols, swords, daggers; catalog free. Nagy, 33 South 18th St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Dogs

5 LLEWELLIN Setter pups, both sex, whelped April 1st, 1924. Black, white and tan. 6 generation pedigree. Photos. $30 each; $50 pair. Paliacho's Ceda by Paliachos Jr's. Buddie. Also 8 month old pair out of Paliacho Ceda by Highland Pride $40 each; $75 pair. Harriette Areaux, R. 4, Scottville, Mich.

FOODS and Feeding—Part One of Kennel Kraft—now ready. The most instructive work on the feeding of dogs ever published. Price one dollar postpaid. Field and Fancy Pub. Corp., 205 W. 34th St., New York. Send for free sample copy best weekly in the United States devoted to dogs.

FOR Sale—Registered pointer, setter and beagle pups and grown stock, close up to our great Champions; all papers; Stud Service in each class. Golden Rule Kennels, John W. Chapman, Mgr., Palmyra, Ills. P. S.—I deal by rule also.

Dogs

FOR Sale—English Llewellyn, Gordon, Irish setter pups, trained dogs, pointers, Irish water spaniels and Chesapeake Bay retrievers, both pups, trained dogs; enclose 6 cents stamps for lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

SIXTY-MINUTE Worm remedy for dogs. Vegetable compound administered with food. Harmless; results guaranteed. Prepaid, 15 doses, $1.00; 36 doses, $2.00; 75 doses, $3.50. Chemical Products Co., Ellsworth, Minn.

"PREMIER" Police Dogs, registered; wolf grey puppies, finest type at lowest prices on approval. Satisfaction or money returned. Write your wants. Wm. A. Fraser, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

POINTERS for Sale—The best blood lines obtainable. Registered stock only. Write for prices and kodak views on what is wanted. Royal Kennels, Knightstown, Ind.

FINE English and Irish Setter Puppies and grown dogs for sale. All registered or eligible. Registered English and Irish Setters at stud. D. A. Estep, Clearwater, Neb.

FOR Sale—Coon, Opossum, Skunk and Squirrel dogs; fox, cat and rabbit hounds. Trial allowed; summer price list and catalog free. Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Georgia.

CAT, Coon and Cougar Hounds, Bear Dogs. Fine cold trailers and tree barkers. Western trained. Also some young hounds partly trained. Essex, 519 Thirteenth North, Seattle, Wash.

HIGH grade English Bull Dogs. Utility and sporting Airedale Terriers. Eligible young stock for sale. Send 10c for photos. Tri-Angle Kennels, Jackson Center, Ohio.

TRAINED and partly trained registered Walker foxhounds, price $75.00. Have few cheaper ones, not Walkers. D. M. Casper, Louisville, Kentucky.

BUY a Chesapeake retriever, and (save the cripples) several litters. High class in every way. Dogs at stud. Lakeside Chesapeake Kennels. Taylor & Orr, Props., Clear Lake, Iowa.

TRAINED Coon Hounds and combination hunters, rabbit and fox hounds, setters and pointers. Trial. Catalog 5 cents. Frye's Kennels, Finger, Tenn.

WIRE-HAIRED Fox Terriers by Champion True Sport. Police pups, Airedales, $35.00 and up. All papers. Very best. Caswell Kennels, Toledo, Ohio.

SETTER Puppies—Sire, Shore Ben's Laddie. Dam by the field trial champion, Lamberton's Mack. Attractive pups moderately priced. John Schnellbacher, Quincy, Ill.

FOR Sale—Registered Pointer puppies from best blood and shooting strains. W. E. Blanchard, Eastport, Maine.

20 GOOD Fox and Coon Hound pups, 2 to 15 mo. old, from extra good hunting stock. Oran Walker, Dallas City, Ill.

FOR Sale—American Brown Water Spaniels. Guaranteed to hunt at one year of age or money refunded. Wolf River Kennels, New London, Wis.

LONG Eared Open Trailing Rabbit Hounds, $25.00 C. O. D. Trial. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Ill.

FOX Terriers—Beauties, males, ten dollars, females four. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisconsin.

WANTED—Springer Spaniel, 6 months old; or trained one. A. Kalivoda, Wheatland, Okla.

BULLDOGS—Trained fighters or pups. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas.

FOR Sale—Coon, Opossum, Skunk and Rabbit Hounds on trial. J. P. Clayton, Finger, Tenn.

BULL Puppies, Fox Terriers, Collies, $10.00. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind.

Firearms

FOR Sale—1 Winchester lever action repeater, 10 gauge barrel, in new condition, Jostam recoil pad, $40. 1 Winchester Model 97, 12 gauge, very good, $30. 1 Winchester repeating rifle 25x20, almost new condition, $24. 1 Remington automatic, 12 gauge, good outside, slightly pitted inside, $35. John N. Furseth, Evansville, Wis., R. No. 16.

Firearms

SPORTSMEN Exchange—We exchange guns, rifles, field glasses, cameras, watches, etc. Or will buy for cash. Write us what you have, what you want, or send us the article with a letter, and will make you an offer by return mail. E. Wanger, 502-O, Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR Sale—100 guns. 410 to 8 ga. shot guns. 22 to 401 cal. rifles. 22 to 44-40 revolvers and pistols. Send 10c for big bargain list. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

DOUGH Bait, guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs. $1.00 postpaid. Sour clams best of all catfish bait, $1.00 per quart, postpaid. I. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa.

SILK Fish Lines: 15% discount on all silk lines. A dandy 25 yd. line, 17 lbs. test for 75c. Send stamp for samples. Silk Line Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Ill.

Game Birds and Animals

PET Coyotes and Raccoon, $5. Foxes, $7. Prairie Dogs, $1.50. The very best in Greyhounds and Wolfhounds. Jimmie Kellie, Wauneta, Neb.

ENGLISH call ducks, wild mallards, wild Canada geese. Pure bred stock. Circular. J. E. Robar, Walworth, Wisconsin.

OLD Opossum with ten young, $7.50. Good tree dog $35.00. S. L. Demyer, South Charleston, West Virginia.

PURE Bred English Caller decoy ducks—best callers on earth—$2 to $5 each. P. C. Stephens, Columbus, Kansas.

SILVER Spangled Hamburgs. young stock, and a few two-year-old hens for sale. Henry Little, Crum, West Virginia.

Miscellaneous

PROFESSIONAL Politicians take all our taxes and defeat every attempt at economy. You won the war and the "Banbug" tries to disarm you. Does that caricature of an American who is selling his guns "for fear they will be confiscated" know what you think of him? Ship a stamp. See inside. Shiff the Gunman, North Woodstock, N. H.

INVENTORS: Send sketch or model for free opinion concerning patentable nature and exact cost of patent. Book "How to Obtain a Patent," sent free. Tells what every inventor should know. Established twenty-eight years. Highest references. Prompt service. Reasonable charges. Chandlee & Chandlee, 472 Seventh, Washington, D. C.

PARTNER wanted, September, big game hunting, Wyoming. Good elk, sheep, grizzly hunting. Guide and outfit reasonable. Eugene Swint, Freemont, Ohio.

PRISM binoculars, 10x50, $50.00; 4x20, $14.00. Cash. Norris Ingalls, 82 Purchase St., Newburyport, Mass.

TYPEWRITERS $20.00 up. Easy payments. Free Trial. Payne Company, Rosedale Station, Kansas City, Kansas.

BLUE FINISH your gun. Complete instructions, rust remover, nitro solvent, etc., only 50c. Will Ziegler, East Dedham, Mass.

TWO-DOOR Ford Sedan owners sleep in your car. Beds $6.50. Send for particulars. Milligan & Chrey, Bremerton, Washington.

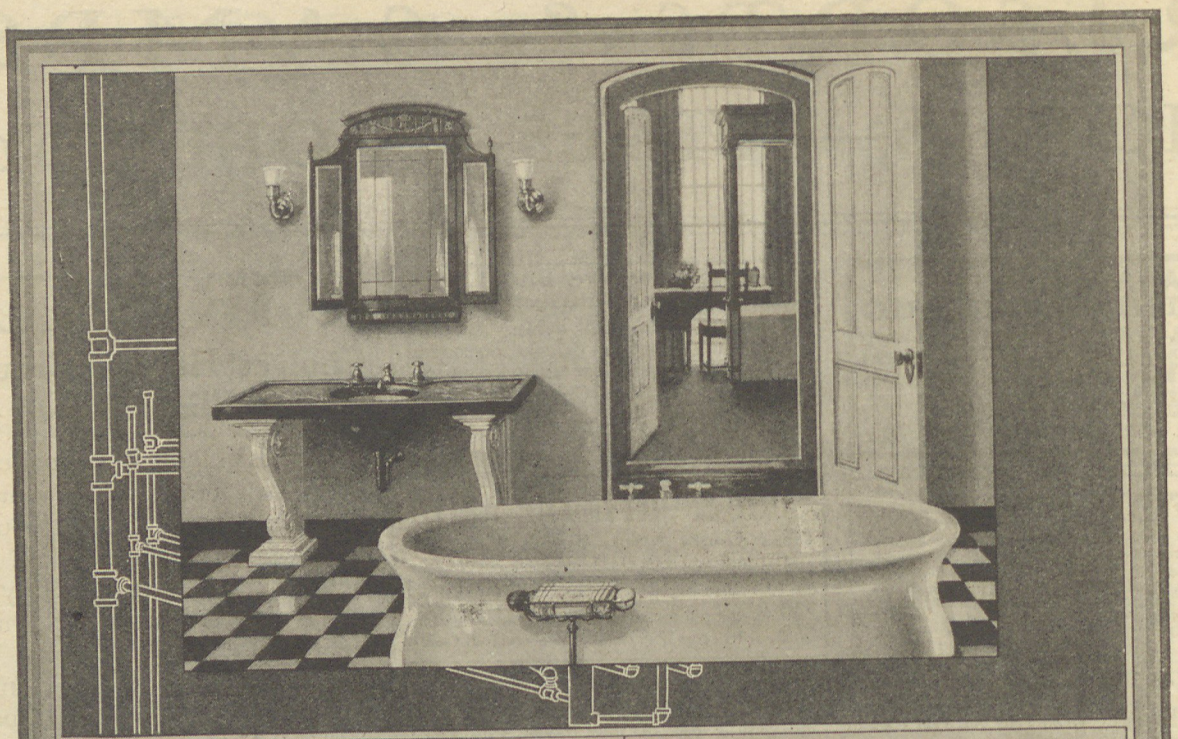
FOX Horns—30 days' trial—money back guarantee—illustrated booklet. Karl W. Kahmann, 2513 Lincoln Ave., Box 62, Chicago, Ill.

QUIT Tobacco easily, inexpensively with pleasant Florida root. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

ARMY Binocular $12 worth $40. G. Walker, Box 633, Cincinnati.

Taxidermy

FOR Sale—Moose heads. C. W. Erb, Pottsville, Pa.



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When you find the name CRANE on a valve, fitting or other hidden link in the plumbing or heating system of your home, it is your bond of faithful and satisfactory service over many years.

The design and manufacture of these obscure units are governed by the same knowledge and thoughtful care which give to Crane bathroom and kitchen fixtures their *balanced* comfort quality and charm.

For creating plumbing and heating essentials for simple or luxurious homes, Crane engineers have a fund of experience gained in supplying like necessities for countless residences and apartments, clubs, factories and office buildings.

With branches and offices in 145 cities to bring this proved material within easy reach of home makers, Crane products are sold through contractors everywhere.

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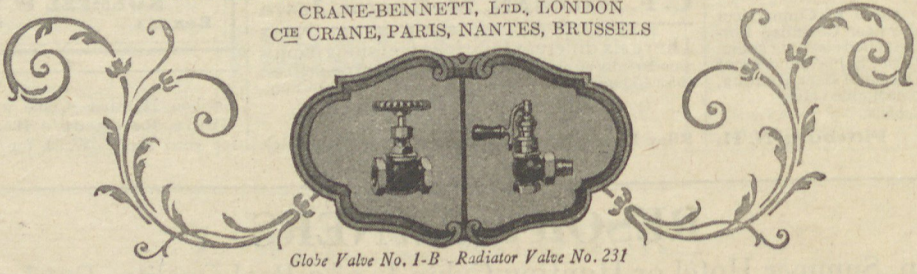
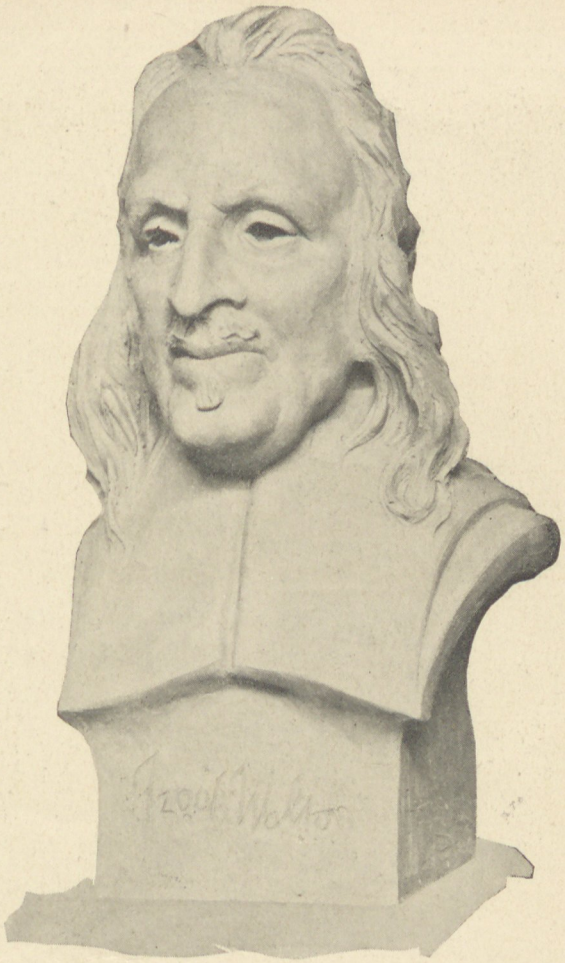


Globe Valve No. 1-B Radiator Valve No. 231



Here's the Bust of Izaak Walton!

As Unveiled at the Second Annual National Convention by Dr. Henshall Before Pathe Weekly Camera

WE hope every Chapter and every Izaak Walton League member will obtain one of these Busts. Unveiled at the Convention, before the assembled delegates, it was dedicated as the Official Emblem of the Izaak Walton League of America.

This is the only sculptural likeness of our Great Patron that has ever been created, either in past or present times. It is from the studio of James Cady Ewell, one of America's most eminent sculptors.

The life-size Bust is a work of art of the highest character. His deft fingers alive with genius, Mr. Ewell has empressed into clay the dignified, calm and gentle spirit of the beloved author of "The Compleat Angler."

These Emblems are offered for sale at actual cost to us. Our interest lies in the earnest hope that they will achieve widespread distribution among Chapters and League members.

PRICES:

Ivory Finish, $25.00
Bronze Finish, 35.00
Bronze Plated, 50.00
Full Bronze, 500.00

All prices F. O. B. Chicago.

Mr. Secretary: Bring this announcement to the attention of your members at your next meeting, and see that the purchase of a Bust for your Chapter is ordered promptly and without fail!

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Please ship one Izaak Walton Bust, (Life Size)

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WINCHESTER means *performance* in guns and shells. That is why Winchester means *success* in the field and at the traps.

Take Winchester's new Ranger Shell. Just out a few weeks, and already hailed by sportsmen as the greatest single achievement in shell manufacture in years.

Why? Because the Ranger all-purpose shell is the first shell made of genuine smokeless powder to sell at a popular price. And it gets the saucers and the birds!

Take Winchester's Model 12 Hammerless Shotgun—"the most beautiful shotgun in America". This "Perfect Repeater" has rolled up more records than any other shotgun ever made.

Winchester shotguns won more championships in 1923 than the next three makes of shotguns, combined! Last year, also, Boyd Duncan and Fred Tomlin smashed two world's records with Winchester shotguns and shells. Duncan broke 621 targets straight at 16 yards. Tomlin broke 248 targets straight at 22 yards.

Year in—year out—Winchester *delivers*. Always look for the famous Winchester name and buy at the store which sells Winchester guns and ammunition.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.